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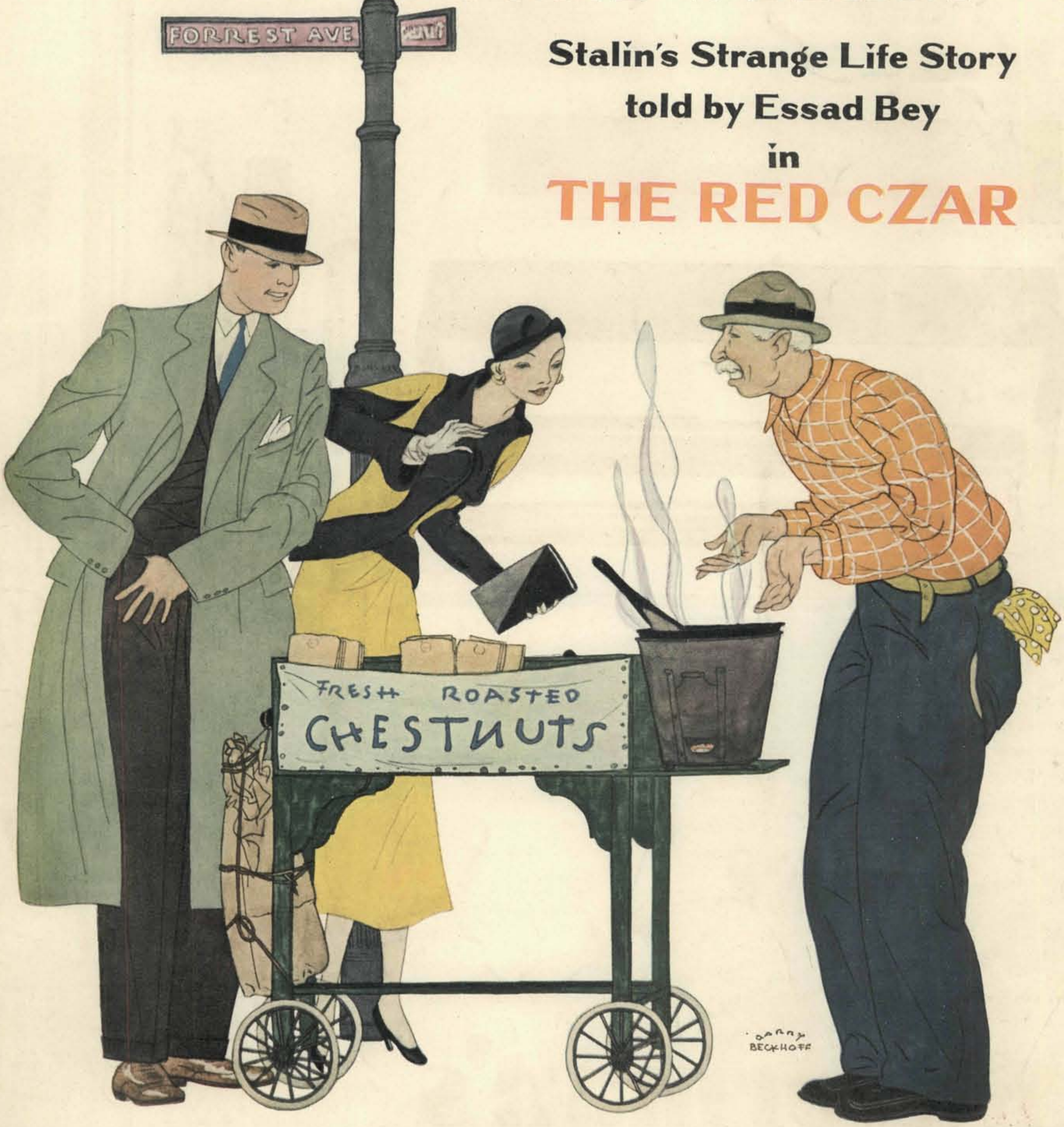
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Stalin's Strange Life Story told by Essad Bey in THE RED CZAR


FORREST AVE
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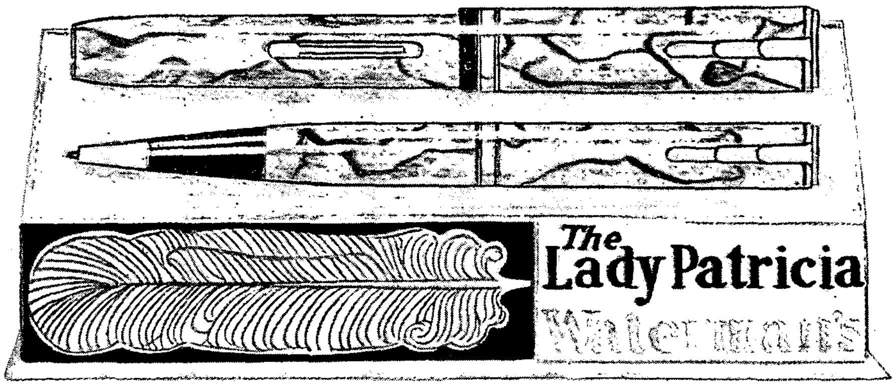
CHESTNUTS
HARRY BECKHOFF

Damon Runyon - William MacHarg - James Hopper - Grantland Rice

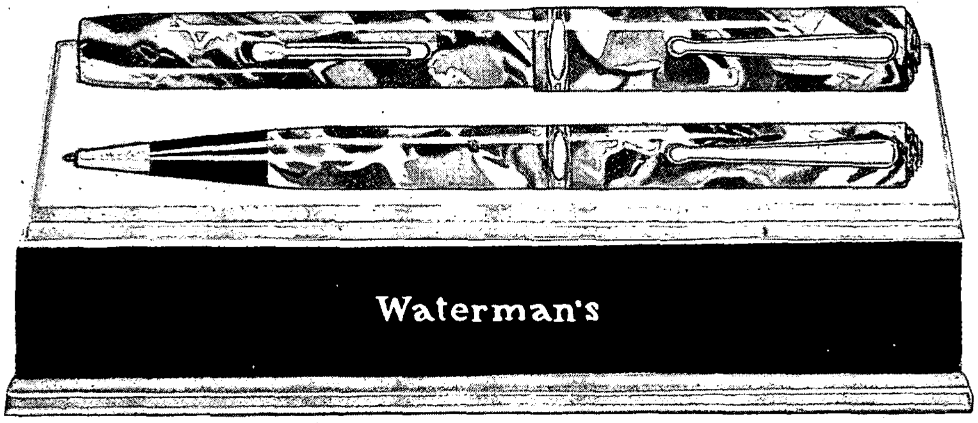
Christmas 1931

A WATERMAN'S GIFT

IS SUITABLE FOR EVERYONE



LADY PATRICIA, ONYX. PEN, $5; PENCIL, $3.00



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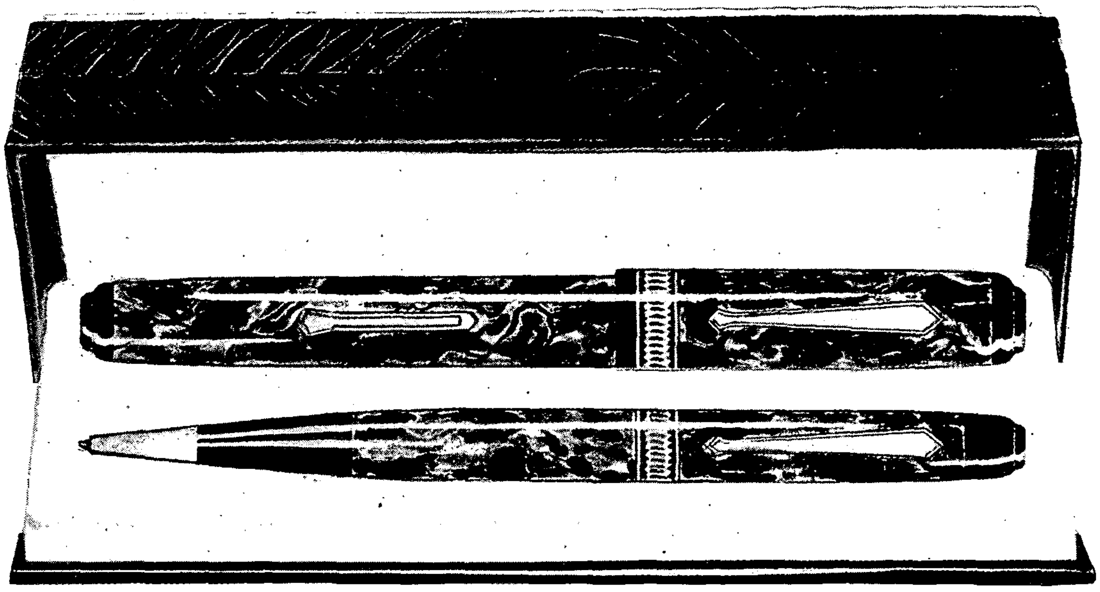

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To give the very possible best for the very possible least means giving a Waterman's pen or pencil . . . practical and efficient . . . beautiful and modern . . . built for long and perfect service : : What lovelier gift for a woman than Waterman's Lady Patricia? Or, for a man, the Patrician or the No. 94? For the student or school child Waterman's offers inexpensive models that will be welcomed joyously and used through long years of faithful service : : Waterman's point selection system makes Waterman's the *ideal* gift pen, for the recipient can so easily find exactly the pen point that suits his hand by a moment's test at any Waterman's dealer.

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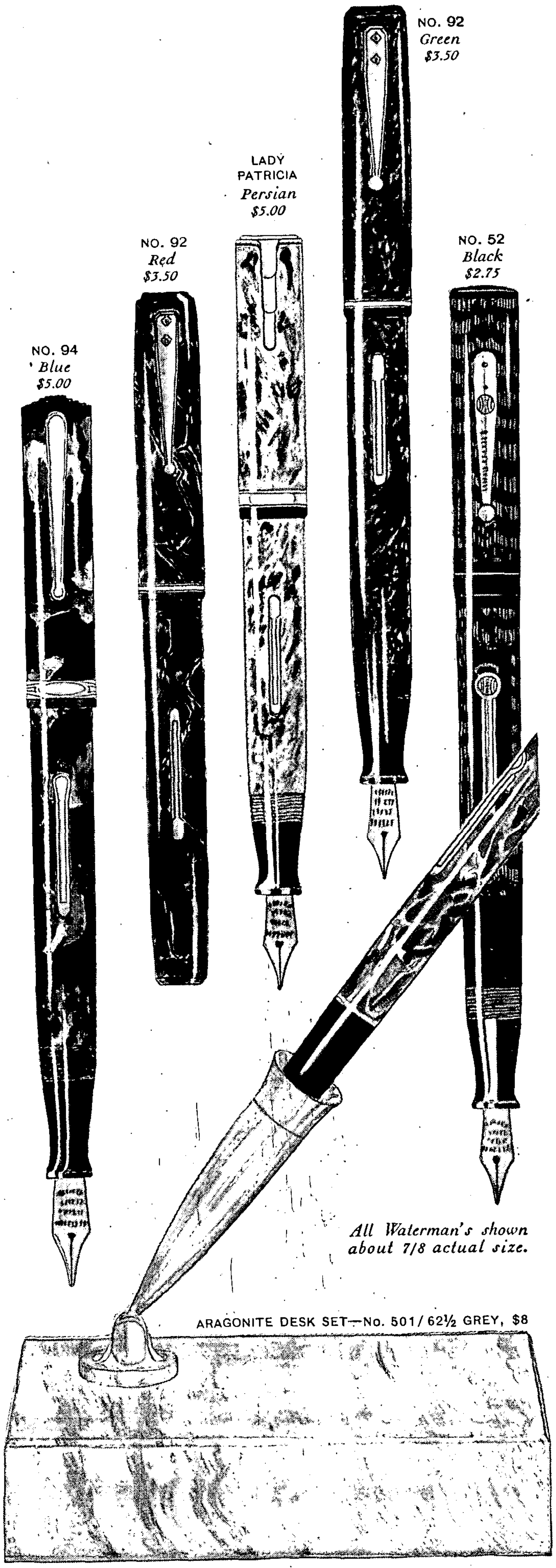

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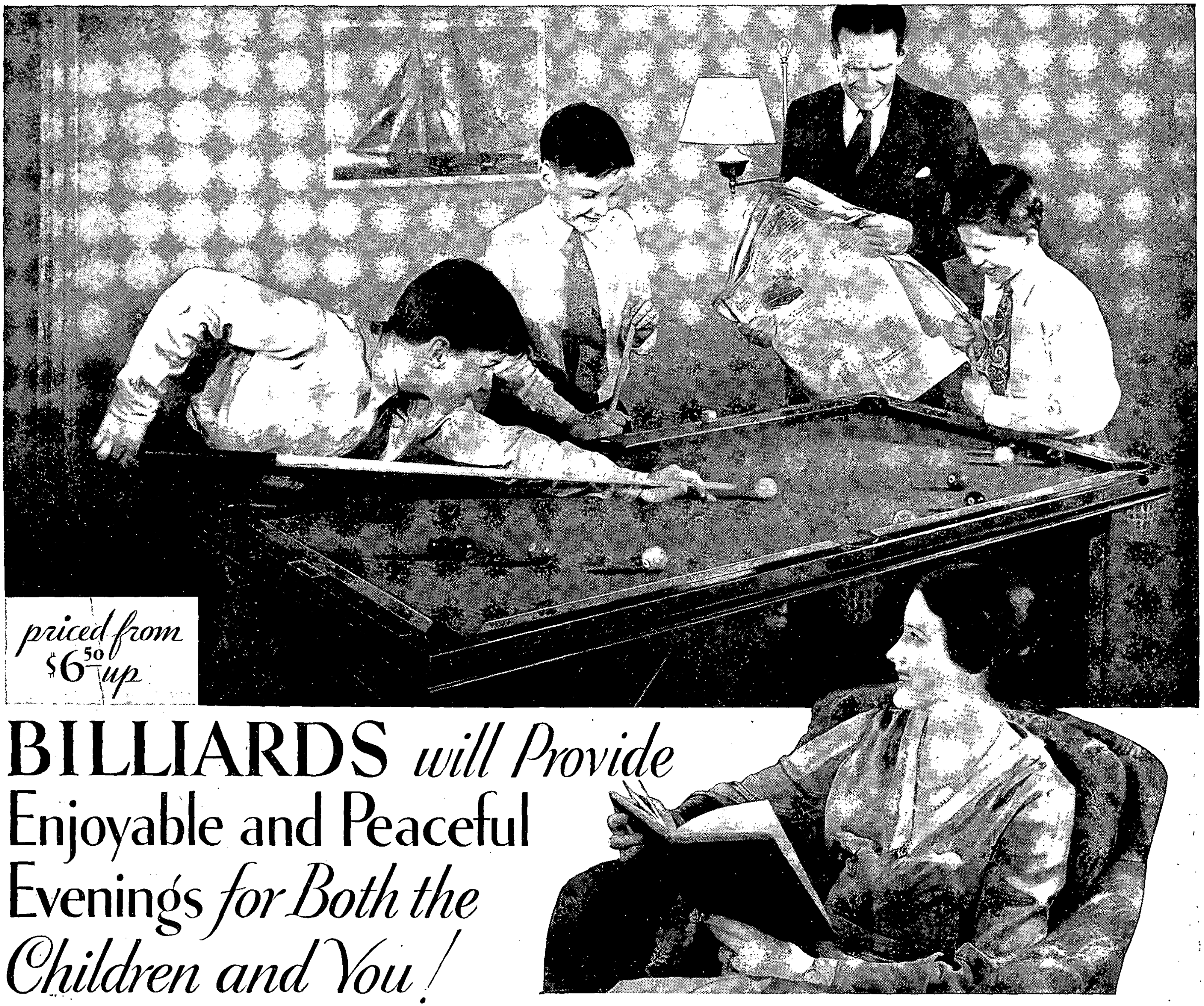

BILLIARDS *will Provide* Enjoyable and Peaceful Evenings *for Both the Children and You!*

EVERY normal child wants to move about—to be on his feet—and it's real punishment for him when he's kept pinned to a seat. Nature, too, knows it's better for any child to exercise his arms and legs. "The home," you say, "is not a place for running, jumping and tumbling about. It's hard on floors, rugs and furniture, and even more severe on one's nerves."

But the desire for movement and action on the part of children is a natural, physiological craving. We must make some allowance for it. The easy solution to the whole problem is a game that keeps children on their feet without turning the whole house into a playground. *Billiards does just this.* And how boys and girls love the game.

During the long winter evenings, especially, Billiards will transform your home. Children will play *quietly, contentedly, happily, eagerly, enthusiastically.* While they are playing they will be developing *character—unselfishness, sportsmanship, fairness,* and in addition, cultivating a quickness and keenness of eye that will be valuable to them in other sports. Bedtime will be all too soon.

When the spirit moves *you,* and it often will, you can join the young ones. For Billiards has no age limit. *You will get as much of a kick out of the game as the kids.* See if you don't—and what other game can you play with them on an equal footing, without undue fatigue?

Brunswick has developed a number of models, specially designed for juvenile purposes—strong, sturdy, lasting Tables, built to the same rigid specifications as the regular Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself. *Not toys, but real Billiard Tables reduced in size, they possess accurate playing qualities and are built to give years of service.*

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Mail coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

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623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 8-F, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE USUALLY see Grantland Rice two or three times a week and absorb a steady stream of sports gossip which we retail bit by bit, with a bored manner, when asked out to dinner. But we have seen him seldom this season and the strain of following all the games as well as Pop Warner's articles has been so great that we hardly know, when we go to the stadium, which player is Heffelfinger.

It's on account of the All-America Team, of course. Mr. Rice has been dashing about from game to game, eying a star player here, talking to a coach there. Back at home he has shut himself up with the reports his advisers have sent from every section of the country. It is a very serious business, this choosing an All-America Team, done with a great deal of judicial head-scratching and conferences that eat the night up, but we shall have the result for you later in the month.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

YOU keep on hearing that the West is no longer the country of red-blooded adventure and romance it used to be and we hope you take no more stock in the rumors than we do. When we printed Alan LeMay's "Gunsight Trail," dealing with certain strange twists of the cattle business, several gentlemen sat down at their ranch-house desks and wrote us that Mr. LeMay had written a Western story that had its facts right and its color on straight.

Therefore, we wouldn't want you to miss Alan LeMay's new novel, "Winter Range," beginning next week. Spend a few weeks at the Bar Hook Range and watch the curious romance of Jean Ragland and Kentucky Jones against a background of mysterious tragedy.

THE Christmas spirit arrives earlier each year, thanks to the Postmaster-General's warnings, and we remind you of it with two pieces of verbal holly and mistletoe. First is Harold Lamb's story "Home From Bethlehem," a brisk, stirring tale of a Crusader's return on the eve of Christmas to risk death for the children of a comrade-at-arms.

Then a sort of Christmas chatterbox, if you remember those things, by Helen Durham, with useful information about decorations and trees and breakfasts, dinners and suppers very tastefully presented.

ESSAD BEY continues his most un-Christmas-like story of Stalin, "The Red Czar." The dramatic incidents multiply with Stalin's exploits in raising money for the revolutionists, and you will wonder at the devotion of a man who could dare so much and endure so much for his cause, no matter what you may think of that cause.

LUCIAN CARY, Murney Mintzer, Grantland Rice, Hugh NacNair Kahler, Freling Foster, Milton Work and others are merry at their tasks. There aren't enough shopping days before Christmas.

THIS WEEK

December 12, 1931

Cover—Harry Beckhoff

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The Red Czar, Part I: The amazing career of Joseph Stalin.

Page 9—James Hopper
The Toy Parade: Don't pretend to be indifferent.

Page 10—Damon Runyon
Maybe a Queen: The love story of a girl with ambitions.

Page 12—Matt Taylor
Untamed Lady: When they struck oil near Hollywood.

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Rolling Stone: Charley Ruggles, his life and works.

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The Gift: By David Thibault.

Page 16—Hugh MacNair Kahler
The Big Pink, Part IV: In swift action.

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The First Fifty Years: To be carefully invested.

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Page 53—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Break Testing: To embarrass Mr. Roosevelt.

Page 57—Freling Foster
Keep Up with the World: Let's get down to facts.

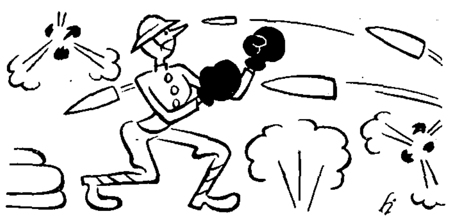
Page 60—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It? So you're going game?

Page 62—Editorial
Blue Sky Ahead.

Any Week

"I SUPPOSE I should have had more sense," writes Mr. Thomas B. Learn of San Francisco, "but I couldn't help attending the last rites over the remains of the last flicker of our town's glorious night life. It was the auction of Tait's—Tait's at the Beach. In the presence of a large number of strong, romantic native sons they sold everything from Bill Maguire's famous bar towel to the knocker on the big front door. The bidding was slow and joyless because we were all weeping. A sentimental man bought that bar towel for a nickel. Mr. Maguire could do more with it than Will Rogers can do with lariats or the facts. I shouldn't have gone. I've been terribly depressed ever since."

MR. C. CLASSMAN of Syracuse, New York, hopes he isn't too late to suggest that while President Hoover is "immunizing vessels carrying foodstuffs in war time, he will also plead for world-wide adoption of boxing gloves for infantrymen."



AND Mr. Luther A. Kleber, having read Grantland Rice's "These Long Drives," snatches a mashie-niblick and, right or wrong, informs us that "officially a fair 300-yard drive has never been recorded."

WE CAN just see Mr. R. E. Butt of Jackson, Tennessee, throwing down Collier's after reading William G. Shepherd's "Wort Money" and dashing off a letter to us:

"I would like," declares he, "to have the address of the best brewery in Detroit making this wort. I am a wine-brick dealer here and have made good with it."

TRY as we will, we can't recall reading a more solemn truth than Mrs. Amelia W. Tomlinson of Portland, Oregon, includes in her letter chiding us about our recent editorial—"Now is the Time."

"The Eighteenth Amendment," writes she, "could be enforced if we had officers who would do their duty."

SEVERAL readers appear to be in a horrible state of something over the following question, which we would like to have answered by someone. Suppose a couple of unemployed nations decided to go to war for a change: would the United States, England, France and the rest of the peace-promoters take contracts to supply the embattled governments with munitions, thereby providing many people with work?

AND last of all, Miss Eunice B. Larray of Mobile, Alabama, recalling W. B. Courtney's stirring collaboration with Commodore Hartley, once skipper of the Leviathan, wants to know "Whether Mr. Courtney is a sailor or just a writer." He is both. He is also an aviator. Mr. Courtney is a very busy man, Miss Larray.

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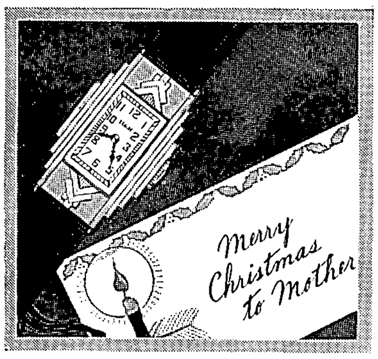
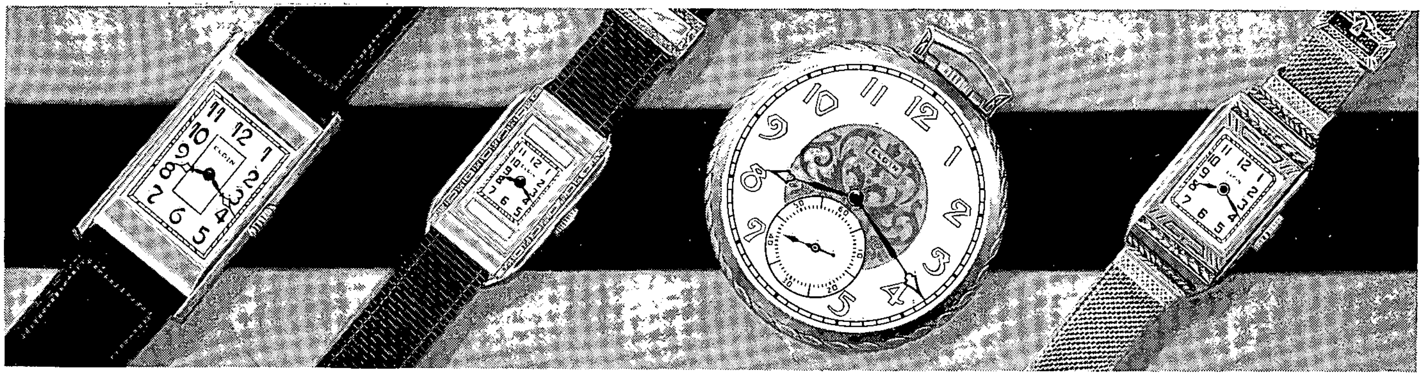
This year . . of all years

GIVE A GIFT THAT'S WORTH WHILE

Better by far one worth-while gift than a dozen odds and ends



A family gift for mother, sister, or the one among you who needs a modern, dependable Elgin. This new model is the smallest truly American made watch ever produced. Comes with 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold semi-baguette case $60

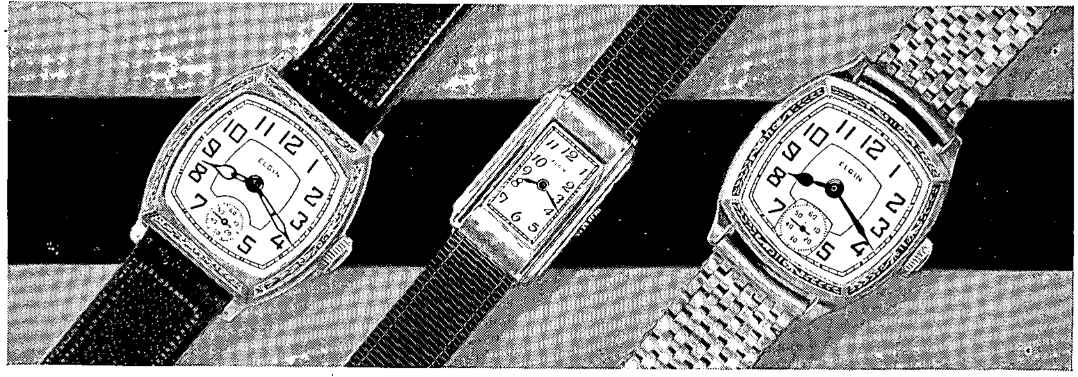


This new styled Elgin is a perfect gift for the man. 17 jewel movement and 14k white gold filled case with yellow gold filled side bars . . $50

A beautiful creation for the young lady. Comes with dependable 7 jewel movement and 10k white or yellow gold filled engraved case, $27.50

For the man who wants a pocket watch of unusual character. Comes with 17 jewel adjusted movement, and 14k white gold filled case . $45

Expressing a new note in jewelry design. 15 jewel movement, 14k white gold filled case. Comes with white gold filled mesh attachment . $40



For the young man . . . a handsome, sturdy Elgin. 7 jewel movement fitted in nickel chromium plated case. Luminous dial and hands . . $20

A lady's watch of unusual beauty . . . very modern. Comes with rectangular 15 jewel movement and 14k white or yellow gold filled case . . . $37.50

A new Elgin distinctly masculine in design. 17 jewel adjusted movement, 14k white or green gold filled case with gold filled band . . . $39.75

A beautiful Elgin . . . a gift from the whole family . . . is a remembrance to be cherished always. And think! An Elgin costs no more than the 3 or 4 ordinary things you would otherwise give.

IT'S GOING to be a thrifty Christmas, of course. But beware of the kind of thrift that expresses itself in a flood of cheap and unwanted trinkets . . .

Better by far to give one beautiful, useful and lasting gift, than a whole houseful of ordinary trifles . . .

Think, in years past, how you would have traded all the things that you received for that one perfect gift on which your heart was set.

This year someone in your family wants a fine Elgin watch. Even though this is more than you alone can afford to give, there is no need for disappointment . . .

Call a family conference . . . now! Choose from the beautiful watches on this page, and see how easy it is to give an Elgin when the whole family goes together.

Your jeweler is now showing these newest Elgin models in a wide variety of distinctive case designs. Priced from $16.25 to $500.

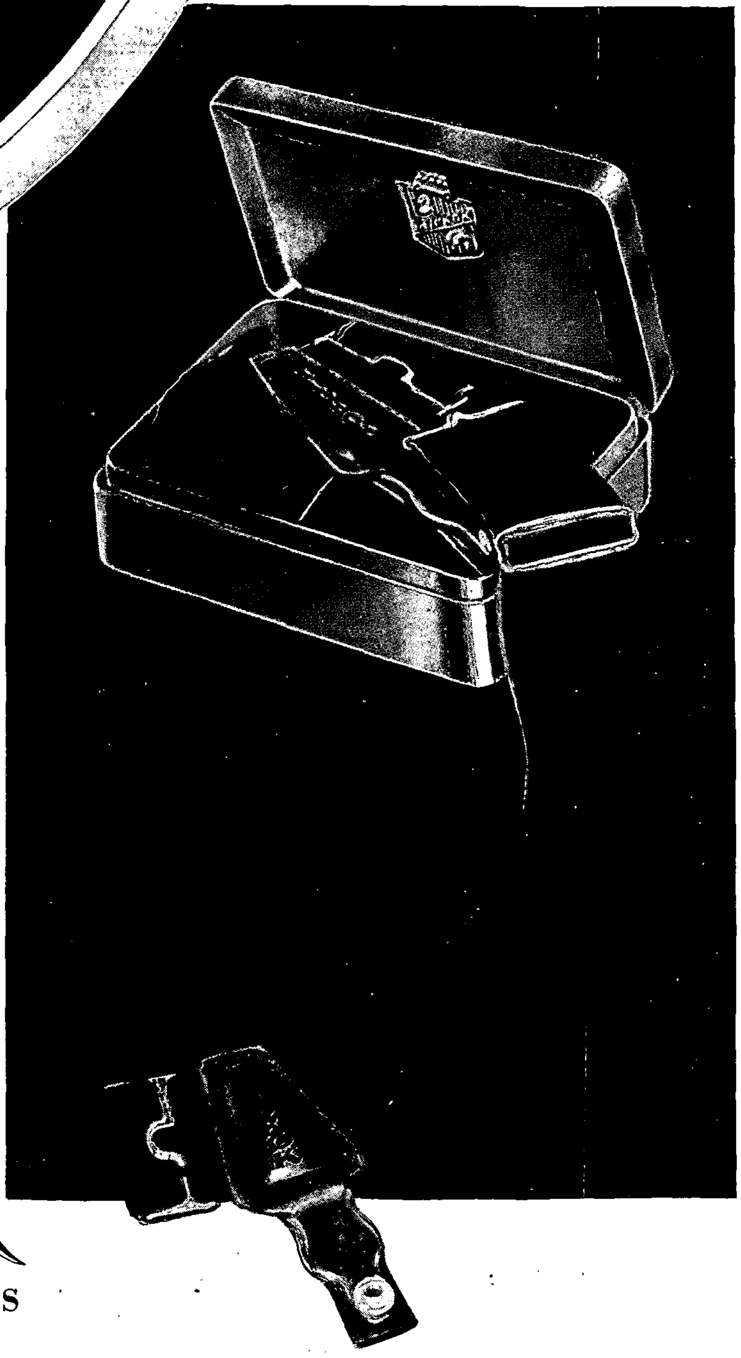
THE *accuracy of any watch rests mainly upon the precision with which its tiny parts are made. Many watch manufacturers still use the old hand-tooling methods of centuries past. But human hands tremble, and errors occur. To make its tiny parts unfailingly accurate, Elgin has developed marvelous precision machines. The wonders of these inventions are widely known, yet their secrets are carefully kept concealed.*

Though machines are used to give precision, the work of assembling your Elgin is done slowly and painstakingly by hand. It takes a whole year of this marvelous work to complete an Elgin.

ELGIN *made in America by American workmen*

Presto—this handsome Hickok Gift Box becomes a beautiful cigarette case for living room table or office—made of genuine Bakelite, this box would probably cost $2.00 by itself. Offered with the Hickok Set shown at no extra cost. The Belt is of genuine cowhide, cowhide lining, the Buckle of Hickok Master Plate (black enamel initial). Set complete including Bakelite Box $3.00.

Illustrated—the finest gift for a man one dollar will ever buy. The Garters are the famous Hickok Kurv-eez Garters—woven on a curve to fit the leg without binding. The box is of genuine Bakelite; it can be used as a cigarette or jewelry box—a One Dollar Garter and a One Dollar Box—both for One Dollar.



Distinctive gifts for men

For years "Hickok" has stood for "the perfect gift for man or boy"—but never has such a collection of outstanding gifts been offered by Hickok as are now being shown. Belt Sets featuring Initial Buckles (a personal touch *he* will appreciate), Braces and Garters—all beautifully boxed. Practical—long wearing articles—and handsome too!

For certain sets genuine Bakelite Boxes have been provided at no extra cost. These boxes are in three sizes: the $3.00 Belt Set (illustrated above) offers a box for cigarettes that will be a credit to any living room or office; $1.00 Kurv-eez Garter Set (shown at the right)—here you have a smaller size cigarette box; also a $5.00 Belt Set—packed in a box that makes an ideal traveling kit box for shaving outfit, brushes, etc.—washable.

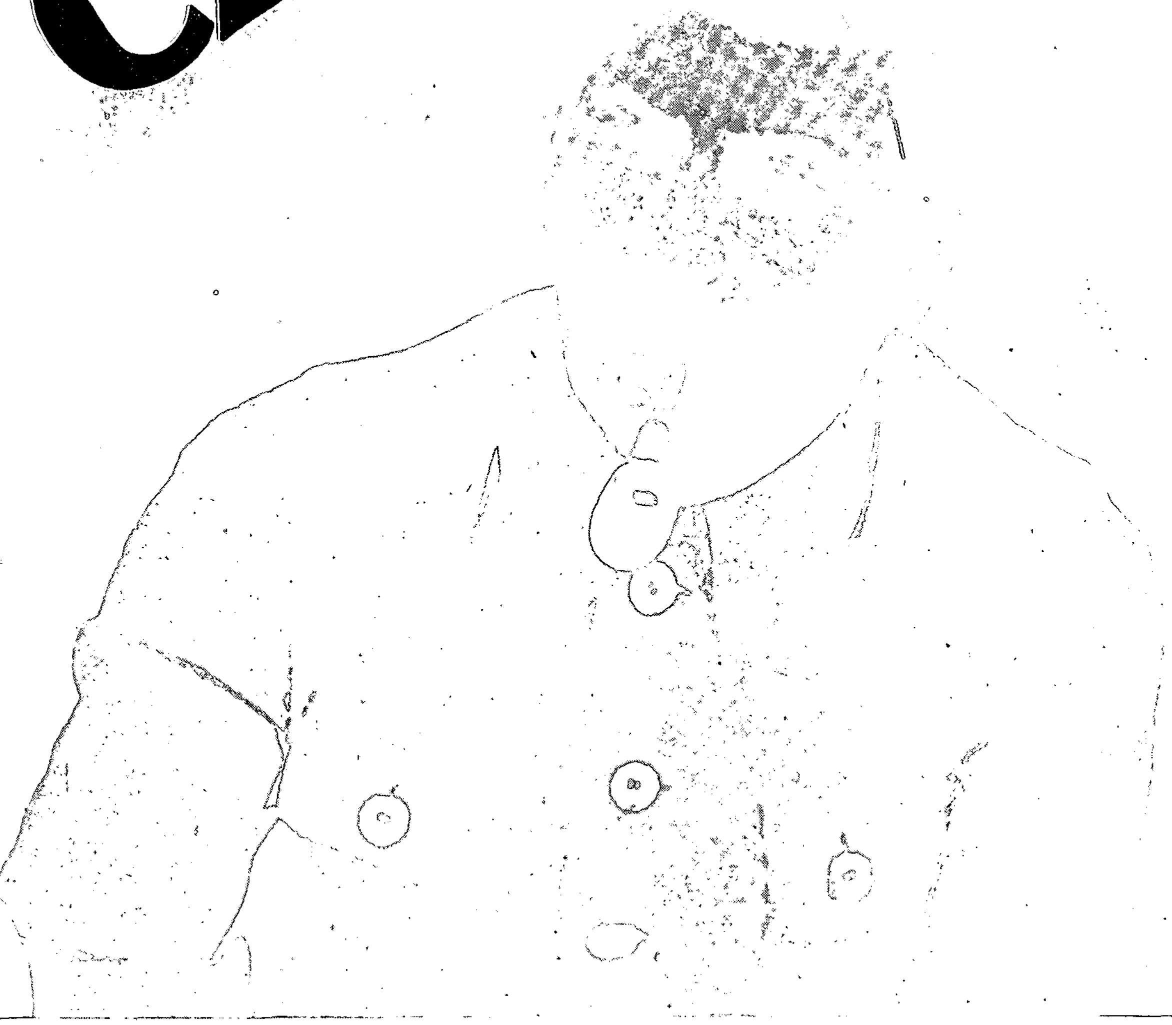
Can you think of any other gift for a man that will give the same satisfaction, the same service—the same value! These with scores of other Hickok gifts—Belt Sets, Braces and Garters—at your dealer's. Be sure to look for the name Hickok and—a word of caution—make your selections early.

HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BRACES GARTERS

STYLE LEADERSHIP

THE RED CZAR



Press Cliche, Moscow

Behind the walls of the Kremlin sits the most absolute ruler in the world—an Oriental tyrant who commands the unquestioning obedience of one sixth of the globe. His name is Joseph Stalin. Here Essad Bey, who spent his youth in Stalin's native country of Georgia, begins the amazing life story of this man whose fanatical devotion to a single cause led him through outlawry, bloodshed and conspiracy to supreme power in Russia

By Essad Bey

BEYOND the Caucasus Mountains, part of the great natural wall which from the beginning of history has separated Europe from Asia, lies the rich and fertile district known as Transcaucasia, the cradle of ancient races, prehistoric civilizations and myths pale and hoary with antiquity. Georgia occupies the center of this vast area, with its bright and smiling hills and valleys. The Georgian people are the oldest and most aristocratic of Transcaucasian races.

At the end of the nineteenth century Georgia became part of the Russian Empire. Across the bleak snow-capped summits of the Caucasus and through their myriad passes the Russians fought their way step by step until at last they became masters of the country.

On the banks of the river Kura, forty-eight miles from Tiflis, stands the town of Gori. Its inhabitants, who dwell among their vineyards in sight of snow-capped mountains, have in their blood the ice of the Caucasian glaciers and the fire of the Georgian grape.

Joseph Djugashvili, who ultimately became Stalin, the Russian dictator, was born at Gori in 1879. His father, Vissario, a cobbler, was a true Georgian who hailed from the rugged highland district of northern Transcaucasia.

Joseph, or Zozo, the cobbler's son, was not particularly interested in the pretty countryside around Gori. He felt more drawn to the mountains in the north which formed the southern boundary of Ossetia, whence his mother came. She was of that mysterious branch of the Indo-Germanic race which at some period in the dim and distant past had been driven from the plains up into the mountains of the Caucasus and has to this day managed to eke out a frugal existence in the rugged uplands. Nobody knows who the Ossetes are or whence they came; for ages they have inhabited the rugged mountains and, next to the Georgians, they are the most intelligent of the Caucasian races. It is from these two different and mysterious peoples, who are fundamentally unlike each other, that Stalin, the most remarkable among the present rulers of the world, is descended.

The cobbler's trade, in Stalin's boyhood, was going from bad to worse. Vissario was forced to break up his home in Gori and went with his wife and child down the river to Tiflis, where he obtained employment with an Armenian bootmaker. Thus Djugashvili the craftsman became Djugashvili the proletarian, and his son Zozo turned into a street urchin.

While he was still in Gori, Zozo had already learned to hit the bull's-eye by flinging his dagger from a distance of ten paces. And this sturdy provincial did not long remain in a state of tutelage to the street beggars of Tiflis. Soon the boy of fourteen became a fully qualified member of their free guild.

For months Zozo sponged on the people of Tiflis in the streets and in the public bars, enriched his vocabulary with Georgian obscenities and scraps of Armenian and Russian, and gradually began to feel quite at home in the gay and insolent school of street life. This experience left him with that cynical smile and crafty look which strike all who meet him. The streets of Tiflis make the gamin hard, jolly and tough as iron, and to the end of his days he retains this sturdiness and absence of shame, this ability in season and out of season to laugh cynically at his own and others' misfortunes and to snap his fingers at life and death.

In the center of Tiflis stood the square, barracks-like building of the Georgian Theological Seminary, an institution to which any boy could gain admittance, and the shelter of whose walls he left either as a priest or a schoolteacher. It provided free education, for the state defrayed the expenses of training its future priests. Moreover, textbooks and food were also given gratis, and the student was trained to acquire knowledge, to pray and to obey, in fact to practice all the virtues required in a prospective official in the state department of religion. In 1893 Vissario Djugashvili took his son to this gloomy building. The priests were extremely reluctant to take Zozo under their care. They already had more than they needed of such ragamuffins, and it was only after endless bowing and scraping on the part of the old cobbler, and the mild appeals of friends of a slightly more exalted station in life, that Joseph Djugashvili was ultimately taken in as a candidate for priestly honors.

The Georgian Theological Seminary is the guardian of Georgian faith. Yet, strangely enough, it was within its walls that Zozo, or Joseph, first came into contact with revolutionary and nationalistic teachings. Little red-bound pamphlets were smuggled in and read secretly during the long evenings, instead of the catechism.

Those who introduced the gospel of world revolution into the seminary were themselves not very well read in Marxian doctrine. They were members of the only genuine proletariat body in the city, men working at the Tiflis railway shops, the largest industrial center in the place. And Stalin has never forgotten the men who guided his first steps in the domain of practical revolution.

But the "priest" was not immediately allowed access to the temple of revolution, the house of the workman Sturua. A long period of probation lay before him. People who knew him intimately at this time declare that Stalin used to sit poring over books the whole night through, like one in an ecstasy, absorbing this new revelation from the western world which was so difficult to grasp. Here, in these thin pamphlets, he found what the cold and stilted catechism of the Russian Church had been unable to give him.

Even at that time there were evident in Stalin those qualities for which Trotsky afterwards took him to task—an overwhelming desire to dominate and to accomplish great feats, combined with a degree of spiritual indolence and stolidity so great that he felt at home only in a point of view established once and for all. This imperturbable inner calm, this capacity to devote himself unreservedly to the practical task in hand and to the necessity he has recognized and accepted in theory, this freedom from all spiritual constraints and intellectual doubts, and disregard for any provocation from without, are qualities which have remained the lasting possessions of the cobbler's son from Gori.

A Social Heretic at Seventeen

It took Zozo four years of the orderly and secluded life of a scholar and monk to grasp and master the fundamental principles of the new doctrine. To the workmen in the engine works this diligence on the part of the young seminarist came at an extremely opportune moment. True, they all distributed pamphlets right and left and were constantly discussing the approaching downfall of the bourgeois world; but only very few among them were able to sign their own names correctly, or even distinguish between their patron saints Marx and Engels, the heralds of their salvation. And, in spite of his ignorance at that time of practical revolutionary methods, they regarded the somber, taciturn and studious seminarist, Zozo, as a fully qualified exponent of Marxian theory; with the result that in 1896, when he was only seventeen, he was admitted into the ranks of Socialism, and became a member of the Tiflis branch of the Social-Democratic Labor Party of Russia.

In the year 1896 Stalin founded the first Marxist secret society inside the very walls of the Georgian Theological Seminary. At night the seminarists gathered round his bed, men who were destined to be the future lights of the Georgian Church and also to form the storm troops of the Russian Communist Party. In brief halting phrases, half Russian, half Georgian, he expounded the new doctrine to them.

As he bent over the candle, his brow deeply furrowed, his eyes staring in ecstasy, and tried to master a confused passage in one of the revolutionary authors, his pupils listened in reverent silence. No one dared to argue or contradict, for Stalin, who was their senior, would brook neither doubt nor opposition and his heavy fist was able to inspire respect for Marxism in those to whom his revolutionary principles failed to appeal. Stalin has never been tolerant.

But the authorities of the seminary were also anything but tolerant. They learned, somehow, that aspirants to the dignity of the priesthood were not taking the duties of a Christian life seriously enough. Blasphemous treatises and red pamphlets were discovered in Stalin's room, and in stern laconic terms the sacred council passed sentence: "The pupil Joseph Djugashvili has been expelled from the institution owing to Socialistic heresy."

Thus ended Stalin's ecclesiastical career, and there the matter might have dropped, had not a strange and unforeseen complication arisen. On the day after he had been convicted and expelled the director received a letter from the miscreant containing a detailed denunciation of all those who had attended the nocturnal gatherings, and who, if the Georgian Church was to be saved, should also be expelled from the seminary. This circumstantial denunciation, apparently prompted by a low lust of vengeance, had the result of bringing down similar punishment on the heads of Stalin's fellow delinquents.

In the eyes of every Georgian, to act as an informer is one of the worst and most shameful deeds of which a man can be guilty, particularly when it is directed against his closest friends and collaborators. Even on the teachers of the seminary Stalin's action made the most painful impression, and they did not conceal from the culprits the name of the man who was responsible for their expulsion. Soon the whole community knew the facts, and there was great indignation in Socialist circles in Georgia. A Georgian, a member of the party, had turned traitor! To the simple, honest, and romantically chivalrous Georgians, the very thought of such an act was blasphemy.

Trial by Friends

In the house of the workman Sturua, who had been the first to introduce Stalin into the revolutionary party, the Court of Honor of the Social-Democratic party was convened.

"Did you, comrade, denounce your fellow Socialists and revolutionary schoolmates to the authorities of the Seminary?"

"I did," replied Stalin.

"So you admit it!" cried the chairman in bewilderment.

"Of course," answered Stalin; and, suddenly springing to his feet, he bowed his head, as he always did before making a speech, and addressed the meeting in low emphatic tones. "Comrades," he said, "our party has too few members; the pupils of the seminary were all destined to be priests and monks. Now, in view of the decision of the authorities all access to the ranks of the bourgeoisie has forever been barred to them, and they have no alternative but to become and to remain our associates! By my denunciation I have added to the party a dozen learned and faithful revolutionaries, the very men we most require!"

The Court of Honor acquitted Stalin. The party had urgent need of men like him! Nor was he mistaken in his judgment of his fellow-students. These former seminarists all became faithful members of the party and Stalin's supporters in times of great difficulty and danger.

Immediately after his expulsion from the seminary, Stalin, in spite of his tender years, was called upon to help in the organization of the Es-De (Social-Democratic) and Es-Av (Social-Revolutionary) parties. In these labors he became immersed in the crowd of Tiflis workmen; he organized a strike and was obliged to go into hiding, and in the space of a few months he learned to know all the suffering and danger to which an outlawed and revolutionary existence is exposed.

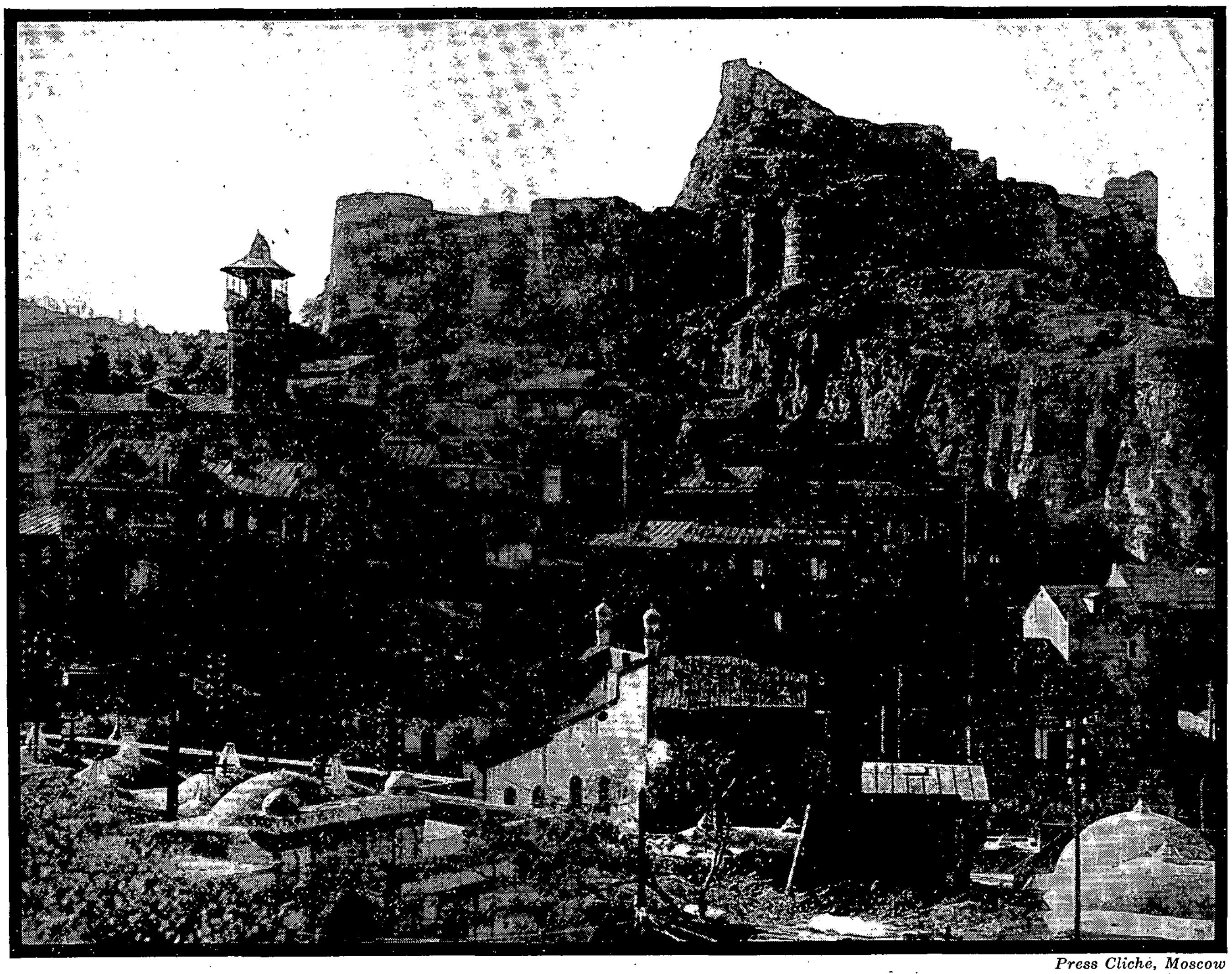
Stalin—"The Man of Steel"

He was soon forced to give up his name. In exchange the revolutionaries christened him "Koba," which means "the distinguished one," an appellation by which he was known and under which he worked in the Caucasus up to the time of his final banishment to Siberia.

In addition to this name and his own Christian name of Zozo, or Joseph, he adopted from time to time in various districts and for various reasons other names. It was only shortly before the War, while he was working for his party in St. Petersburg, that Lenin himself gave Zozo the name by which he is best known to the world—Stalin, which means "man of steel." Among the old Bolsheviks in the Caucasus he was always, and is still to this day, known as Koba.

The restless life of the professional revolutionary meant wandering from town to town and from one place of concealment to another. Constantly harried and shadowed, Stalin soon became a past master in the methods of conspiracy and in the art of secret flight.

(Continued on page 30)



Press Cliché, Moscow

A part of Tiflis, where Stalin lived as street urchin, theological student and apprentice revolutionary

The Toy Parade

Here it comes. You'll see many old friends of your childhood; and some lively newcomers, not all meant for the children. Catch this glimpse of the gay parade on its way to your Christmas tree

By James Hopper

WHEN, this Christmas of 1931, the sleigh of Santa Claus goes jingling across the night sky, it will not be bearing toys for children alone; it will be laden with an unusual proportion of toys for grown-ups. How can we so confidently foretell this? Because of the Toy Fair.

For there is a toy fair in America every year. Where does it take place, this gay and charming fair? At the very kernel of formidable New York. When February comes around, the toy men—importers and manufacturers—who, strange to say, exist in large numbers in this great and grim city, stir with a sort of pre-spring fever; their stores, their windows, shelves, counters and cabinets suddenly bloom with the color, the shimmer, the frail but irresistible appeal of toys. At the same time, from all parts of the land, the outside toy men come to town to display their own bright-hued wares.

Failing to find in Manhattan many sandlots on which they might raise tents, they rent rooms in hotels instead. Last February, in one of the monster city's most gigantic hotels there were two hundred rooms out of which the commonplace real people had been shooed to make way for the toys. Imagine two hundred rooms side by side, with doors open, along narrow corridors, and in each room a bevy of dolls, clowns, harlequins, polichinelles and tin soldiers; bunny rabbits, stuffed dogs and kittens and ducks and geese; rocking-horses and velocipedes and trains of cars. . . .

Your mind reels as you wander through this glittering labyrinth. You cannot help wondering what happens at night, when the real people have left for dinner, and the doors at the ends of the long corridors have been locked till morning. It is to be supposed that the swings and the ping-pong sets, even the locomotives, sailboats and airplanes, remain on their shelves. But what about the dolls — the Mary Anns and Raggedy Anns; the Miss Americas and kewpies, the little ladies from Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia and Japan? The polichinelles and gendarmes from the puppet shows from France? And the soldiers—the little knights and crusaders, the Valley Forge Americans and the Redcoats of 1776, the firemen, the cowboys, the gobs, the Abyssinian guards and Zulu spearsmen? Surely, at night when all is still they come out and promenade the long, long halls. There must be a great rustling of skirts, and murmur of polite conversation, and bowings, and small groupings here and there for exchange of compliment or greeting, or maybe courteous small talk about the weather. Maybe the bunny rabbits flop off their shelves and hop in and out of the parade as it swishes slowly to and fro from end to end of the long halls. Surely that is what happens in the fair at night, when man has gone. Here at the fair, Santa Claus must come in February to stock up for next Christmas; you therefore keep an eye peeled for him as you wander through the fair. You don't find him; he must come incog.

Photo by F. A. O. Schwarz

As you stroll you see what the small boy, the small girl, will find beneath the glowing tree this Christmas

But as you stroll you are seeing what the small boy, the small girl, will find beneath the glowing tree this Christmas. It is natural then to be alert for what is new, there being nothing more pleasing than to prove a prophet. What ho, then! What is there new in the toy world this year?

Toys for Grown-Ups

One of the novelties about this Christmas, already stated, will be the great number of adult games carried in the Santa Claus sleigh. The saint has been observing men from above; he has discovered that they are spending much less money this year on cabaret and theater and ball, and spending much more time at home.

So, at the Toy Fair of 1931 were found backgammon by the ton, and camelot and ping-pong and chess. Miniature hazards for a reduced golf played on carpets, between chairs, tables, cabinets, the radio and the piano. All of out-of-doors domesticated and brought under the roof—shuffleboard, hockey, baseball, football, tennis. And the hunt—or shooting at least—fitted to the ten-by-twelve sitting-room of the twenty-by-thirty flat.

But at the fair the new is to be found also at the other extremity of the play-life line—in the toys made for babes. Technically these are known as the "pre-school" toys. There was a time when the pre-school child was given something to suck at and something to rattle, and let go at that. No more. The psychologist has passed this way and the Toy Fair of 1931 had many rooms given to the display of playthings for the child called pre-school.

(Continued on page 54)

Maybe a Queen

The romance of a siren who should have known better

By Damon Runyon

IF you go to Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street and take a peek at Bryant Park behind the Public Library, you are bound to say to yourself, well *this* is a terrible-looking spot for a romance, because nowadays Bryant Park looks somewhat seedy and out at the elbows, and generally it is filled with guys who are also somewhat seedy and out at the elbows sitting around on benches. In fact, some of these guys are nothing but bums.

However, a matter of maybe twenty years ago Bryant Park is a much more pleasant-looking spot, with green grass growing all around and about, and it is there that a romance starts that finally becomes the oldest romance anybody ever hears of in this town, and very historic. In fact, it finally becomes such an old romance that everybody considers it practically incredible. It is the romance between a doll by the name of Ida Peters, and a guy by the name of Jack O'Donahue.

Now of course everybody that reads the newspapers the past twenty years hears of Ida Peters, because at one time she is getting more publicity than the Prince of Wales, what with being married to some rich guy about every Monday and divorcing him early Tuesday, and wearing more diamonds than Boston has beans. But very few hear anything whatever of Jack O'Donahue, because he is nobody much in the beginning, and he is still nobody much at the finish.

He is a tall, skinny, good-looking young guy of maybe twenty-five twenty years back, and at this time he is clerking in a haberdashery store on Fifth Avenue and is rooming in a joint on Sixth Avenue not far from Bryant Park and it seems that of an evening he is fond of sitting on a bench in the park and smoking cigarettes and thinking of very little, and the reason Jack O'Donahue thinks of very little is because he is such a guy as cannot think of very much.

Anyway, it is while he is sitting in the park one evening that he meets up with Ida Peters, who is then in the chorus at the old Hippodrome, and who happens to go over to Bryant Park this particular evening after a rehearsal to take a load off her feet, which become very tired, indeed, from standing around at the rehearsal. And it seems she sits down on the same bench with Jack O'Donahue, and one word leads to another, and the first thing you know they are well acquainted.

But Ida Peters does not hang out in such places as Bryant Park as a rule. Generally during her spare time she is hanging out in the Beaux Arts Restaurant across from Bryant Park, or in Bustanoby's over in Thirty-ninth, and in Murray's, and other spots where they have what they call tea dansants in the afternoon, although a tea dansant is nothing but dancing and personally I never hear of much tea being connected with such propositions.

But these spots I name are swell spots a matter of twenty years back, and some very swell guys and dolls patronize them, and it is by no means usual for a chorus doll from the Hippodrome to be hanging out in these spots. In fact the chorus dolls from the Hip are more apt to be hanging out in Jack's, where no one ever hears of such a thing as a tea dansant, especially the tea part, or in the back rooms of the beer joints along Sixth Avenue, for I am now speaking of the days when beer is to be had without fear of mortification setting in immediately after drinking same.

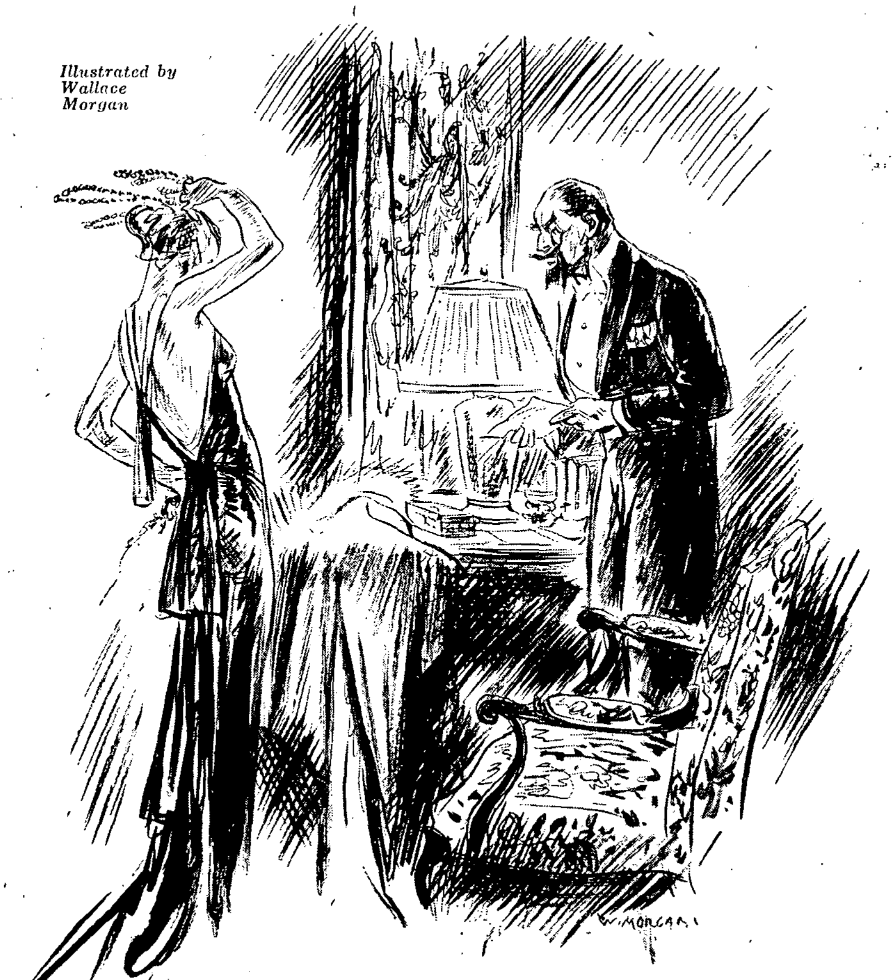
But you will never catch Ida Peters in a beer joint, for from the minute she hits New York from her home town, which is a town in Pennsylvania by the name of Allentown, Ida Peters declares herself as out for nothing but the old do-re-mi, and her idea is to hang out in spots where the old do-re-mi is apt to be found. She especially declares herself one evening to Jack O'Donahue when they are sitting on a bench in Bryant Park, which is the first night he tells Ida Peters he loves her, and wishes her to be his ever-loving wife.

"LISTEN, Jack," she says, "I am in this town long enough to tell the difference between a guy who is on the level with a doll and a guy who is just on the make, and I think you are on the level. I think you really love me, at that, Jack, and," she says, "I am going to tell you something else. I like you. But Jack," she says, "you are poor, and I size you up as a guy who will always be poor. It is no crime to be poor," Ida Peters says, "but personally I am sick and tired of being poor.

"I am raised in poverty and despair back in my home town," she says. "My mother is dead, and my old man is a drunken bum. My three brothers are drunken bums. I am twenty-two years old," she says, "and I never have a new dress in my life until I come to New York two years ago and earn it myself. I never have a plaything when I am a kid. I never have enough to eat. I get little schooling. I do the family washing and ironing and cooking, and the best I get is a smacking around now and then from my old man. I never have a sweetheart. I never have anything whatever.

"Now," Ida Peters says, "I wish nice clothes and diamonds, especially diamonds. I wish to live in fine hotels, and have servants and automobiles, and all this and that. I look in the mirror," she says, "and I see I am no worse-looking than a lot of dolls who have these things, and there is no reason why I shall not have them, too. They call for money. Well," she says, "who has the money? Guys have the money. All right," she says, "I make up my mind long ago that I will get the money off these guys, for guys with money are mostly saps, anyway. But," she says, "I will get this money legally and honestly. I will marry these guys with money.

"I wish to go to Europe," Ida Peters says. "I wish to have a château in France and a villa in Italy. I even wish to be a countess, or a duchess. Yes," Ida Peters says, "maybe a queen. I know I am talking crazy," she says, "but other dolls get these things and why not me? Why not Ida Peters? I like you a lot, Jack," she says, "because you are nice and sweet and clean, but you are not for me. Now," she says, "if you wish to keep on seeing me you must never speak of marriage again to me."



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

She begins stripping off her pearls and her diamonds and bracelets and one thing and another

Well, of course, these are most astonishing sentiments to hear from such a young doll, and as she says more or less the same things to other parties, it finally gets around that Ida Peters is nothing but a sharpshooter, and is taking dead aim at rich guys. Of course many dolls around this town are doing the same thing, but they are not so outspoken about it and many citizens claim that Ida Peters is entitled to much credit for her frankness.

However, Ida Peters does not always remain so frank, especially about her family, because in later years I hear her say her family is of old Revolutionary stock, and that her great-great-grandpap freezes his toes when he is with Washington at Valley Forge, and once when someone speaks of Allentown to her and asks if she ever hears of the place she wishes to know if it is in this country.

OF COURSE the idea of a doll who is nothing but a chorus doll at the Hip saying she is going to grab herself a rich guy is very laughable indeed to one and all, especially such a doll who is no better than Ida Peters, for Ida Peters is by no means a raving beauty. Many a time in later years I try to figure out why she has such a power over guys, but I never seem able to find the answer.

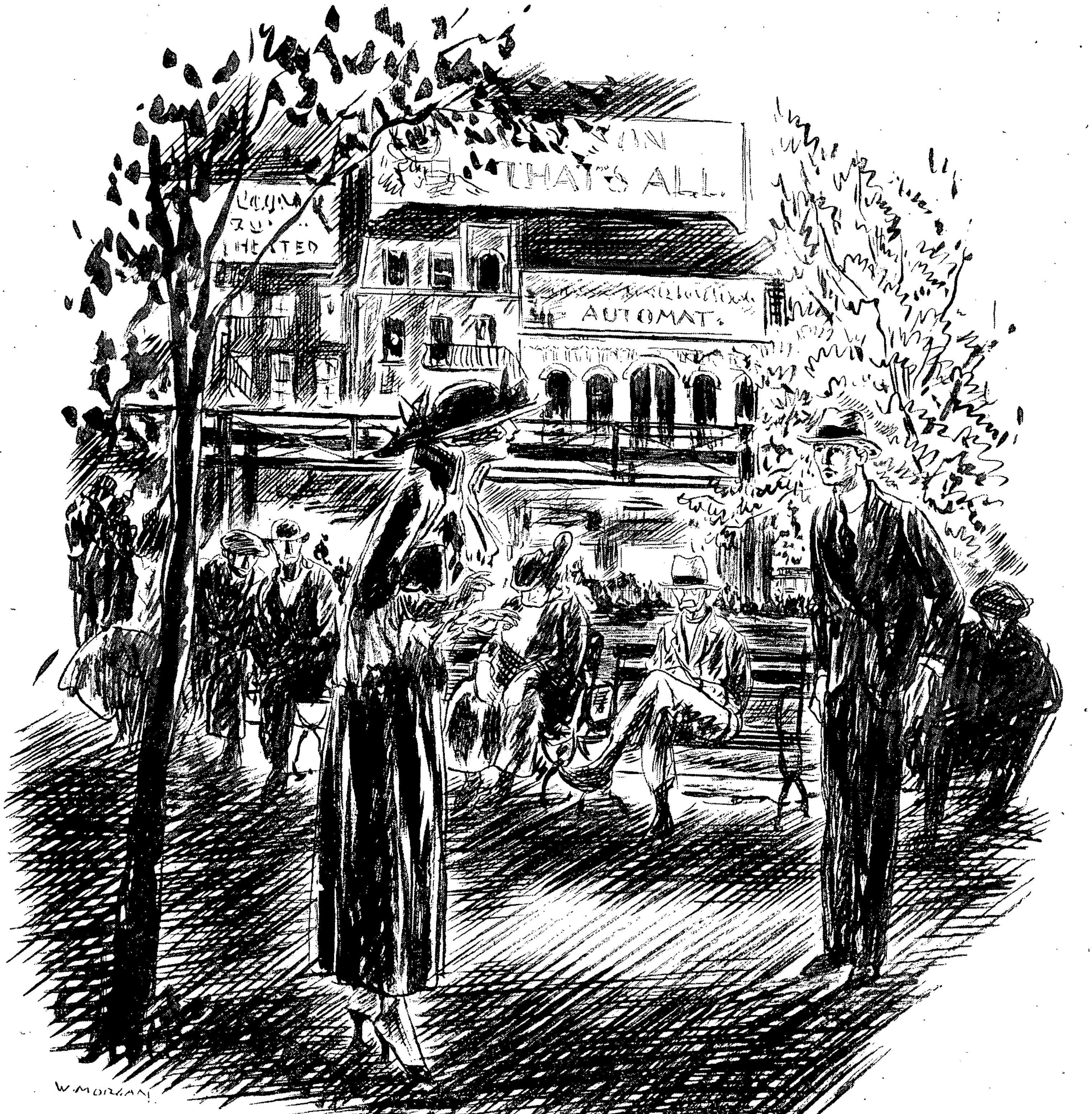
She is about medium height, not very tall, and by no means short, and she is thin and flat all the way up and down, with very thin legs. She has soft blond hair, and a lot of it, and her skin is white and smooth, and always looks as cool as polished marble. Her eyes are blue and cold and never seem to change expression. She very seldom smiles, and when she does she shows plenty of nice teeth. Furthermore, she has a nice nose, and small hands and feet, and in their time these hands and feet cost more dough than the German war debt.

I once hear a guy say Ida Peters looks mysterious, although personally I figure she looks a little dumb, but of course I am not much of a judge of dolls. In fact, if I am looking for a doll I will never choose Ida Peters. I will choose a doll who has more zing in her. As far as I am concerned Ida Peters has no appeal to me whatever, but then maybe I have no appeal to Ida Peters either, if anybody ever asks her.

But other dolls tell me that Ida Peters has what they call style. Other dolls tell me that she is always what they call a clothes horse, claiming that when she is hanging around the Beaux Arts and Bustanoby's and other spots in a little tailored suit that may not cost her more than fifteen bucks, tops, she can wear it better than most dolls can wear something that may cost a couple of C's.

FURTHERMORE, other dolls tell me that Ida Peters' strength with guys is playing the old hard-to-get, looking them over out of her cold blue eyes in such a way as to make them feel about two feet high, no matter how high they may really be, and also causing them to wish to have some truck with this faraway doll. Other dolls do not care for Ida Peters personally, and are always putting the blast on her behind her back, but they all admit that she has a certain something which makes guys a little dizzy in the head, and also makes them wish to send her orchids, and so forth.

But Ida Peters will have no part of any guy unless she thinks he has plenty of potatoes, and she drops him in a second if she finds out she is wrong. Furthermore, she has no sympathy or any



Nearly every evening she meets Jack O'Donahue in Bryant Park

consideration whatever for such a guy, even though he may spend plenty on her for a while, and even though he may be caring about her more than somewhat, and she always drops him in as cruel a way as she can think of, such as looking right past him the next time they meet as if she never seen him before.

Afterwards when I read about guys scragging themselves over Ida Peters I can see how this can be. And while many citizens claim that Ida Peters is nothing but a guy-hater in her heart, I can see how she is only sticking to a campaign she maps out in advance. Anyway she always gives me a nice hello, so I do not have any kick coming. In fact, I always claim other dolls have a right to be giving three cheers for Ida Peters at all times, because the way she chucks guys around gets a lot of dolls in this world even for the way they are chucked around by guys.

Nearly every evening at seven o'clock she meets Jack O'Donahue in Bryant Park and sits there on a bench talking to him for an hour before she goes to work at the Hip, and even after she leaves the Hip and gets a job with Ziegfeld and becomes a famous show doll, she keeps on meeting Jack O'Donahue, for cold and hard as she is, Ida Peters is now in love with Jack O'Donahue, and there is no doubt about it.

BUT from the first night he mentions it, she will never again let him talk of marrying her, although she does not mind him talking to her about how much he loves her, and in fact she encourages it, because such talk is always very pleasant to any doll's ears. Then when it is time for her to go, she kisses Jack O'Donahue on the mouth, and this is all there is to it until the next time. She never lets Jack O'Donahue take her places, because she says she knows Jack O'Donahue cannot afford it, and she must not waste time going places with a guy who cannot afford to take her places, no matter if he does love her and she loves him.

Now of course Jack O'Donahue does not believe Ida Peters means what she says about marrying for the old do-re-mi, figuring that she is only talking to hear herself talk as dolls will do, and that some day she will haul off and become Mrs. Jack O'Donahue, because he is such a guy as believes in the power of love, and is probably the only guy in this town in the past fifty years who does believe in this. In fact, if you ask me, Jack O'Donahue never in his life has any real understanding of Ida Peters.

He is personally somewhat innocent about one thing and another, and I always figure he must be a little simple because if he is not a little bit simple he will tell Ida Peters to go and take a jump in the East River for herself, and find himself a doll who is not so daffy on the subject of dough, if there are any such dolls left in the world, and if he simply must have a doll. But Jack O'Donahue lets Ida Peters chuck him around to suit herself as she chucks every guy she meets around, when she wishes, and as far as anybody knows he never complains of the arrangement.

Now then it is seven o'clock of a Thursday evening on September 10, 1912, after Ida Peters is meeting Jack O'Donahue in Bryant Park nearly every evening for over a year, that she shows up there and speaks to him as follows:

"JACK, dear," she says, "I have something to tell you, and I am not going to stall around with you in telling it. Jack," she says, "I marry a guy by the name of Watkins this afternoon in the Little Church Around the Corner, and we are going away tonight on our honeymoon. He is a rich wholesale grocer from Minneapolis," she says, "and we will live there."

Well, as Jack O'Donahue sits looking somewhat confused as any guy must do when such news busts right in his pan, she begins crying and throws her arms around his neck and states as follows:

"But Jack, dear," she says, "I will never love anybody but you, and every year on this same date and at this same time I will meet you here for our little hour together."

(Continued on page 46)

Untamed Lady

Hollywood folk are curious in many respects—but they are human, too. They can't help falling in love just like the rest of us

By Matt Taylor

IT WAS the fall of twenty-nine. The market was crashing; the wail of the desolate rose to heaven, but Theo Irving serenely played pinochle in her compartment with Billy McGuire. The train rolled into a sun-drenched station; newsboys screamed headlines from the platform, and Theo melded a hundred aces. She was vaguely conscious of the world outside, but disinterested.

Worldly knowledge, however, she did not lack. She knew Monte Carlo, army life in India, Newport, and New York gangland—knew them all from the scenarios she had read and the movies she had starred in. At the moment, for instance, she felt intimately acquainted with St. Moritz. She was returning from Lake Tahoe, where they had filmed some snow stuff.

"Sixty queens!" she cried triumphantly. "Call game!"

Billy McGuire threw down his cards. "How about finding a couple of cameramen?" he suggested. "We'll play some poker."

Theo arched a sophisticated eyebrow. "Pinochle's my game," she said. "Grandpa taught me. He's a wiz." She settled back and meditated. "What kind of stuff do you think we got, Billy?" she asked.

The wiry young man opposite lost momentarily his perpetually worried look. "Good snow stuff," he replied. "Damn' good stuff. I'm going to get a paper."

Theo settled back and her feet kicked a place for themselves on the compartment seat opposite. Billy McGuire had not quite understood. The technical perfection of the scenes concerned her not at all.

She would have been pleased if Billy had told her she looked like a million, and that the love scenes would knock 'em cold in the aisles. She would have rejoiced had he remarked that she had Helene Valerie—the seductive, exotic, Mona Lisa-ish Valerie—lashed to the mast, looking like a plugged nickel. The confusion of metaphor would not have bothered her in the least.

There were many girls who had tried being languid since the Valerie star had risen above the horizon but only Theo had been eminently successful. The studio had made her a star a year ago, and turned out a very creditable sophisticate.

It is a simple enough trick to learn, if you have the face and the manner for it. It consists chiefly in remaining bored when you are being made love to. You are expressionless except for a slight drooping of the lids over the eyes, which are embittered and cynical, as though they saw a phantom procession of all the world's faithless lovers. As the love-maker becomes more intense you smile wanly, as though the echoes of ten million empty vows were ringing in your ears.

Billy returned with the papers and threw one at her. "Read about the market," he said cheerfully. "You've probably lost your shirt."

Theo glanced at the headlines casually. The savings of her long career were in the hands of a solemn investment broker who annoyed her with technical language. "It must be terrible," she sighed after half a minute. "I can imagine because I made a Wall Street picture once.'

She scanned the front page for news of real importance. There was none. But there, on page three, Helene Valerie's image smiled at her tauntingly from beside a two-column story.

"Hang!" she exploded. "Hang! Billy—she's getting more publicity."

"Just who is that?" he asked.

"Valerie. She's the head of a Save-the-Eucalyptus committee. Why can't I save something?"

"Try bottling the sunshine," Billy suggested. "Hello! What's this?"

HE READ in silence for a moment. Theo didn't care what was what. She was thinking of Helene Valerie, who was mean, spiteful and jealous because her throne was threatened.

"Did you or did you not," asked Billy, suddenly lowering his paper, "tell me that Valerie bought a lot next to your place at the beach?"

"She bought it all right," Theo said grimly. "I built a nice little place for the summer, because Grandpa is goofy about the ocean—he always lived in Nebraska, you know—and now Valerie's going to crowd me in with a twenty-room palace. Trying to show me up, of course."

Billy shook his head slowly. "No. She isn't going to build any house. She's going to build an oil well."

Theo jumped. "Oil well?"

"Didn't you know they brought one in near your place?"

"That was half a mile away—up in the hills."

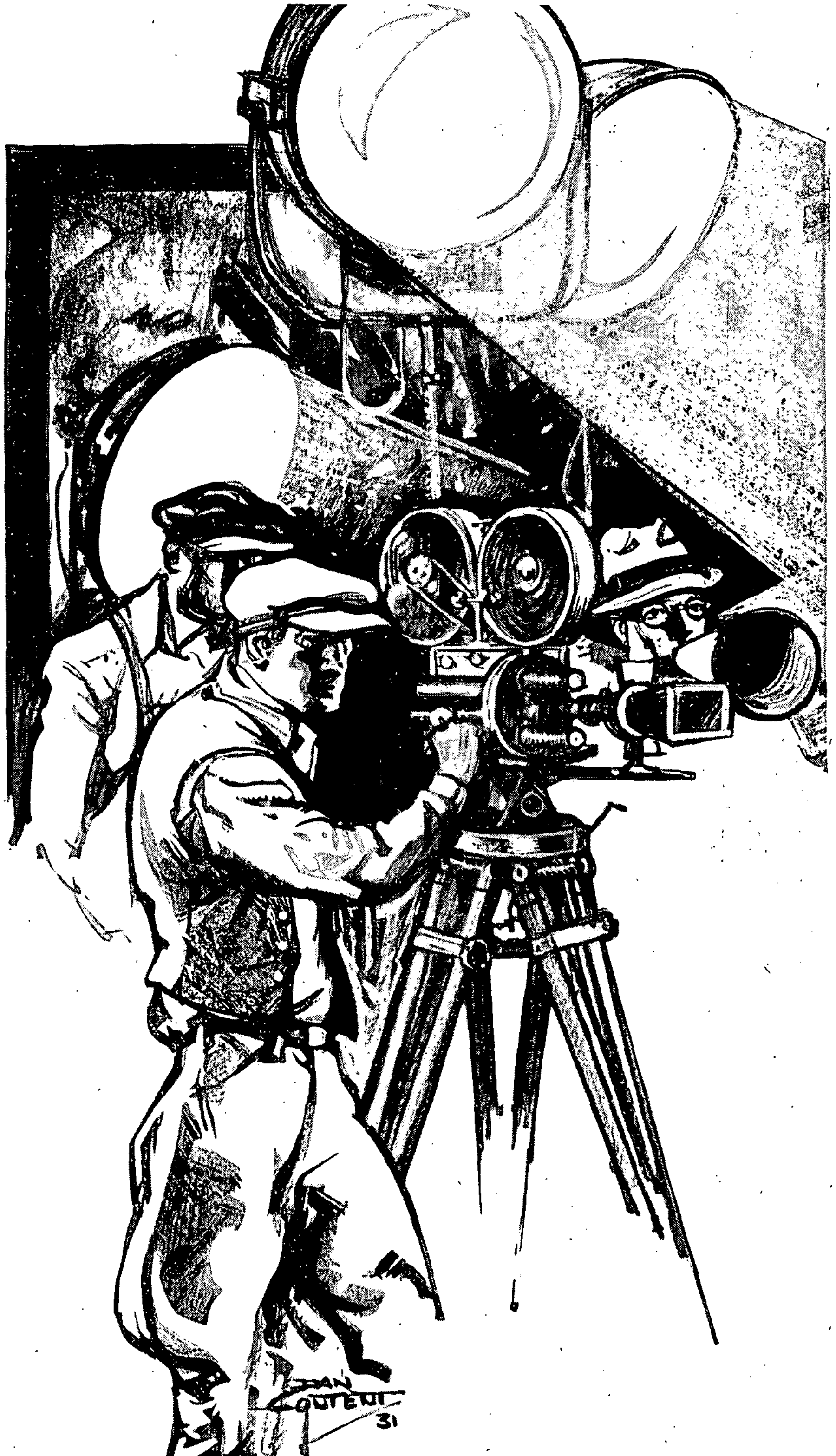
"The oil," suggested Billy, "must run downhill. Anyway, it's in the paper about the field's development. And it says that Valerie is forming her own company to drill immediately on her beach lot."

"If there is oil on her lot," Theo mused after a short moment of silence, "there must be oil on mine."

"Maybe so," Billy sighed, "but it takes a pile of money to find out. My dad tried once in Oklahoma." He eyed her and thought what her salary must be. "Why bring coals to Newcastle?" he asked.

"Oil, you dumb-bell," she said, flashing her eyes on him, "not coal. And my place is called Castle-by-the-Sea."

Grandpa was at the station to meet her. He waved from the front seat of the maroon sedan, where he was sitting beside the chauffeur, smoking his pipe. Then he ran forward with amazing agility, kissed and hugged her, and poured forth his greetings in a thin, crackly voice.



Tom Welsh lifted Theo in his arms like a leading man and carried her to safety

They started immediately Beverlywards. Grandpa settled back and mopped his bald head and lit the evil-smelling pipe. He was too full of gossip to notice that something was amiss.

"That new secretary you hired for me," he said, chuckling, "is a right smart young feller."

Theo had almost forgotten. She had found a secretary for him just before she left. He needed one for his work.

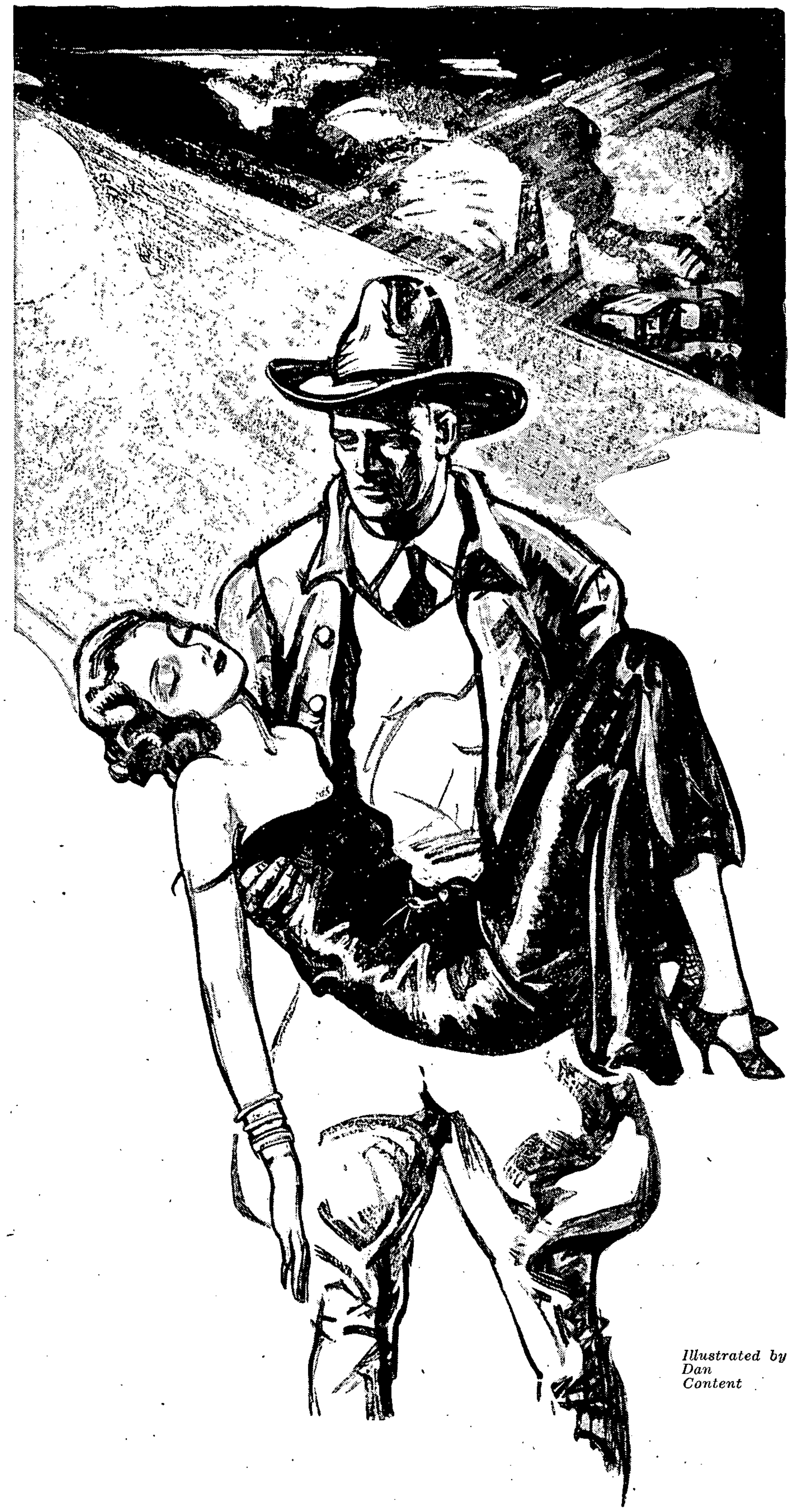
FOR Grandpa, although he was seventy-two and long since a retired small merchant, was not the man to live off a successful grandchild. During the four years he had made his home with her, Grandpa had insisted upon working. He wrote scenarios. His stories rode to the studio with Theo, resting on the expensive cushions of the maroon sedan. They were read—and after a suitable time they rode home again.

He had been glum about Theo's going away, and she had decided he needed a secretary. Her search ended when she found a retired court stenographer in his mid-fifties. Grandpa soon discovered that the court stenographer played an excellent game of pinochle.

"Yes, sir, a right smart young feller," Grandpa sighed meditatively. "He's helpin' me with my story. It's about—"

"Wait till after dinner," Theo said quickly. "It'll be cooler. Who's been looking for me?"

"There's that investment feller," said Grandpa, "and another feller—a Texas



Illustrated by Dan Content

feller. It's something about oil, he says. Acts kind of excited, that feller does."

"Good," murmured Theo.

"He's waitin' at the house to see you now."

"Swell!" murmured Theo. "Step on it, Frank," she called to her driver.

But Mr. Nelson, the investment feller, phoned before she could get to the patio to meet Mr. Welsh, the oil feller.

"I just wanted to tell you not to worry," said Mr. Nelson.

"Worry? About what?"

Mr. Nelson, frayed and exhausted after one of the most nerve-racking days in his financial career, sat at his desk and cursed movie stars under his breath. "The market," he said, permitting himself mild sarcasm, "has been slightly unsteady. I got out of all that I could at pretty good levels. You have seventy-two thousand cash in your account now. I'm waiting before I reinvest."

"Seventy-two thousand," murmured Theo, into the phone. "Is that all?"

"All?" roared Mr. Nelson. "You ought to be glad—"

"I MEANT, is that all you wanted to say? Someone is waiting for me."

Mr. Nelson sputtered and choked and hung up. It was all, at the moment, that he could do.

Mr. Welsh paced in the walk between the banana trees. He was, as Grandpa had said, excited. Many people became excited when they met Theo Irving, but Mr. Welsh was not thinking of her as a screen star, but as a landowner. He had brought in plenty of wells for other people, and he thought it was about time he brought in one for himself. He knew men in Texas who had capital.

He seated himself gingerly at Theo's command on a frail metal chair and cleared his throat, preparatory to getting to business. Theo appraised him quickly, drawing back her head and offering her pensive smile more from habit than interest. He was a square, bronzed man, not too much over thirty. A good outdoor-heavy type, Theo thought, only his eyes were too nice.

"I'm in oil," he announced curtly. "I want to lease your lot on the beach. Usual landowner's royalties." He watched her sharply. "I might manage a small bonus."

Theo understood the first part of it. "I don't think," she mused, "that I want to lease my land. I want to have my own oil well."

Tom Welsh glowered. "It's a risky business," he said. "Why bother when you can get one sixth and let me do the worrying? It's hardly a woman's game."

"Helene Valerie has one!" she snapped at him.

He tried another tack. "It takes quite a heavy investment," he said.

"Money," she replied quickly, "is no object. How much would I need?"

"Seventy-five thousand might do it. With perhaps a little in reserve—trouble money." She looked at him blankly and he translated: "It's a little like mad money—you have it in your shoe just in case there's trouble."

She nodded gravely, ignoring his pleasantry. "If you'll ride to the beach with me," she said, "I'll decide."

THE beach landscape, which Theo found so satisfying as she viewed it on late summer evenings from the pinochle table on the porch, was ruined. It was marred and splotched up and smelly. Steel derricks pyramided all over the place. Machinery chugged like a hundred locomotives climbing a hundred mountains. Overalled, grease-smeared drilling crews labored where once lithe-limbed young men had sported in swimming suits. Tool shanties dotted back yards; boilers were being installed next to household incinerators.

Theo jumped out to look around. And then, as if the derricks and the pipe-line ditches and the squat round storage tanks were not enough, she saw Helene Valerie. She saw more than that. She saw at her side that handsome, fascinating, most desirable leading man, Howard Rigby; and Theo wanted—even more than she now wanted an oil well—Howard Rigby for her next leading man.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Miss Valerie. She always called Theo a dear child. It was deadly to a sophisticate. "I'm so thrilled to see you. Isn't it exciting what I've got here?"

She meant, one is to suppose, her oil derrick. But she led Howard Rigby forward as she spoke.

Mr. Rigby greeted Theo politely and stepped back. He gave his attention to lighting a cigarette. As yet he hadn't decided which of the two would better further the career of a young stage leading man—who was just taking a crack at pictures for the fun of it.

"Darling!" murmured Miss Valerie sweetly. "I'm so sorry I had to put it right next to your bedroom window. But my driller insisted. It's in the interest of industry, you know. There is —er—no force that—er—"

"That can stop the great forward march of progress!" Theo said. She remembered it quite clearly. It had been a subtitle in one of her earlier Westerns.

"Precisely," said Miss Valerie, with a stiff smile. "You must come to the christening. Oil wells have names, you see. We're going to have quite a party. Naturally the press will all be here. It's to be Saturday afternoon, when we—ah—spud in. That's technical—you wouldn't understand. It means—ah—getting really started."

Theo retained her deadly, cold politeness. She murmured that it was all so interesting.

"IT'S to be a girl," said Miss Valerie. "There are too many male wells around. That one is the Pete Duffy No. 1, and that over there is the Savage Petroleum No. 2." She nodded at Theo serenely. "If you'll come I'll show you."

She led the way behind a shanty which completely shut off Theo's dining-room from the light. A painter was at work on a large square sign, but the lettering was legible. Theo read: SATAN'S WOMAN NO. 1.

Miss Valerie drooped her eyelids. "I decided," she said, her voice contralto and dramatic, "to name it after my next picture. Clever name, isn't it?"

Theo nodded grimly. "Terribly," she said. She hesitated—and plunged. "I haven't decided what I'll call mine."

"My dear child! I didn't know—"

"Haven't you heard?" Theo laughed lightly. "I expect to put several in my back yard. I'm—er—spudding in next week." Her eyes darted quickly to Howard Rigby. She smiled and made her escape.

But she had to use every wile, every tremulous, pleading pitch of her voice, before Tom Welsh gave in. He kept repeating that he didn't want to drill for someone else—he wanted his own well.

Theo let a catch come into her voice and her eyes moistened. You've seen and heard her do it on the screen. He gave in, and they shook hands on it.

"Just one thing more," she added sweetly. "The well must have a name."

"Irving No. 1 will do," he growled.

She shook her head. "No. It's going to be—Untamed Lady No. 1."

"Un—Un—Untamed Lady!" he gulped. "An oil well?"

"It's the title of the picture I'm making."

Tom Welsh set his lips and his jaw came out. "Never!" he whispered. "Never!"

She held him by the arm. "Please! It means so much to me—"

"What about me?" he snapped at her. "If it ever was known in Texas that Tom Welsh had a well called the Untamed Lady, it—it—well, some day I want to go back to Texas."

Never in her career had she clung so distraughtly to anyone. She turned on everything. He was weakening. She could read it in those pleasant eyes of his. "I'm a fool," he said, with a gurgle, "but I'll do it." He went off muttering.

TWO days later Howard Rigby signed a personal contract with Helene Valerie. The star, when interviewed, said she wanted to protect the young man against inferior pictures. It was a point nicely scored—for everyone knew that Theo Irving wanted him. Miss Valerie was one up.

Satan's Woman No. 1 was christened ceremoniously. It was in all the papers. The rotogravures showed Miss Valerie with her famous severe haircomb, wearing coveralls and doing something with a shovel at the base of the derrick. Miss Valerie was two up.

Theo took it like a game one. She worked hard on interior scenes, hot and uncomfortable in the furs that had to match the snow stuff. But her heart wasn't in it, and this day they sent her home early. After dinner Grandpa told her his new story, but she didn't listen.

(Continued on page 55)

Paramount Columbia Paramount

Rolling Stone

A rôle Charley Ruggles despises is the one he plays best and most consistently—a drunk. It all started as a joke (he thought) when no one would believe that he was merely impersonating a sot. Now it's just as difficult for him to convince producers that he can act as well in any other part

By John B. Kennedy

On a moving-picture lot in Astoria, Long Island, a director was sitting in deep thought. A knotty little problem had arisen. Something to bother the quick-fire dramatists of the screen. Here was a girl meeting her lover, and everybody expected their meeting to be blissful. In their last close-up they'd indicated that all was well. Yet some change had suddenly come over them. The girl had to show distaste for the young man. It was a false touch in the script and it annoyed the director.

Suddenly he had an idea, and everybody waited to approve and applaud.

"I've got it," he said. "Charley will have to come in teed."

Approval and applause issued from all—save one. He was a dapper young welterweight actor with a pleasant, fresh face, a trim upper-berth whisker and fine gray-blue eyes. He was Charley; surname Ruggles.

"Anything but that," he moaned.

Discipline, however, is discipline, even to the stars of the screen. He vanished from sight. In a few moments he reappeared. Walking-in the path of the lens, smoking a cigarette, he chuckled to himself—as earnest and eager young men about to see the loved one do not chuckle. His steps were ever so unevenly distributed, and his level accent bent in at the edges of phrases.

When Is a Man Drunk?

Quietly, persuasively, he put across the idea that he was a young man-about-town who had been too much about town. He was slightly inebriated. That explained the girl's sudden coldness after an affectionate scene. It saved the situation.

But it did not please Mr. Ruggles.

At lunch, following his reluctant approval of the shot scene in negative, he explained why he objected to the constant repetition of drinking in his character acting.

"There was once a dinner, at which several actors were present and a few managers," said he, in a brisk, businesslike tone that is as different from his baritone drawl in the talkies as his conventional dress differs from the flashiness of screen apparel. "Somebody started one of those intellectual discussions as to just when was a man drunk. I think it was Edgar Selwyn said a man was drunk the minute he was led to say something he wouldn't say when sober, whether he had taken one drink or several.

"That gave me an idea. I talked in the wrong place, not long, but loud. I slapped important men like Sam Harris on the back. In odd corners of the room I swayed a little. A fleeting, inanimate smile when somebody addressed me, and one or two other little tricks resulted in Selwyn going to Tommy Meighan and saying:

"'Ruggles is in a bad way. Don't you think we'd better send him home?'

"Thereupon I straightened up and talked soberly, acted soberly and swore that I had had nothing to drink. All the credit I got was from a celebrated comedian who shouldn't be so celebrated. He said: 'Don't fool us, you carried your own.' And the fact remains that with all the kidding I felt drunk—and appeared more intoxicated, so they told me later, than when I'd pretended to be soused. Probably because I was angry."

Mr. Ruggles is still a little angry, for following that display of feigned tipsiness a great motion-picture director, and it's well for the young to remember that all motion-picture directors are great, said that Ruggles was the best souse he had ever seen.

It has come to haunt Mr. Ruggles. Personally, he likes a drink—say, a cocktail or two before dinner. He never drinks straight whisky, abhors it, and only good beer can begin to make him feel bacchanalian.

"Frankly," said he, "there are times, when going through a screen drunk part, that I wish I had stayed in the chemical business."

The fact that Mr. Ruggles is insincere in this utterance cannot stop a brief flow of biography.

From Drugs to Drama

As clerk in a wholesale drug house Charley Ruggles ostensibly was preparing to study medicine. His father was a druggist, running a small chain of stores. Ruggles had no desire to follow in Father's footsteps. He was a romantic young man who loved smart dress and imagined he made something of an impression on women. There was one girl who said he reminded her of an actor, and Ruggles envied actors.

One day he met a chap who formerly had worked in the drug company. This young man was elegantly attired and unbound by the tyranny of a time-clock. To Ruggles he explained that he was now an actor—working in small parts with a Market Street stock company.

"It's easy," said he, "and I make thirty-five a week."

Ruggles considered his own twelve a week with the drug company and promptly went with his friend to the stock-theater. There the casting director said he'd hire

(Continued on page 59)

Paramount

Charley Ruggles, who started out to be a doctor but found fame on Broadway and in the movies instead

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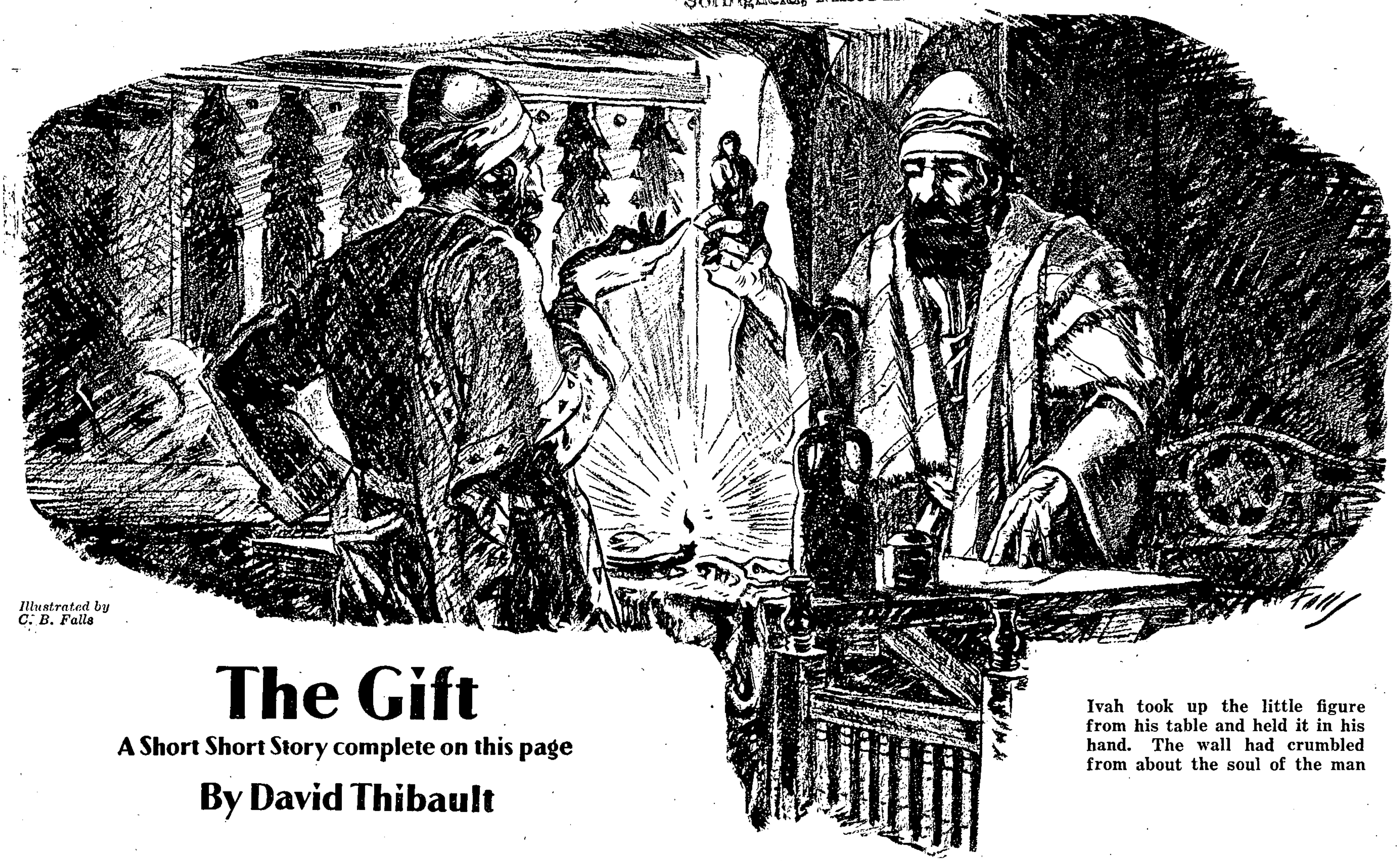


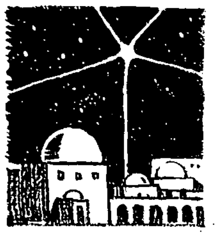
Illustrated by
C. B. Falls

Ivah took up the little figure from his table and held it in his hand. The wall had crumbled from about the soul of the man

The Gift

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By David Thibault



MAACHAN was a righteous man, a kindly, lovable man, but as stubborn as a camel colt. His mind was like a goat's skin that has been stretched and dried and cannot be altered again either in the shape or the size of it. Instead of confessing error such a man becomes reckless and bitter when his business no longer prospers.

And through the past season Maachan's business had not prospered. On the lands he let to farmers not far from Bethlehem the grain crop had been poor. Augustus Cæsar had laid the new tax upon all the world, and his collectors, with iron hands that clutched, got the last exacted mite. Against advice Maachan had seeded grain in ill-prepared fields; against advice he had trusted a servant who proved to be a thief, and into one of his wells, after neighborly warning, a score of his prize ewes had fallen because the curbing was ruinous.

And now, as an ass is struck over the head for its stubbornness, events smote Maachan. His child, a little girl, lay sick; and Maachan and his wife suffered hunger. Maachan's heart was bitter, and he blamed everyone but himself, though truly Cæsar's tax was not a tithe of that imposed upon the man by his own unbending spirit.

For miles about men and women had flocked to Bethlehem to pay this new tax. They filled the inn; they slept upon beds made down upon the floors of houses of their kin; their tents were pitched as far out as the plains where the shepherds kept their flocks; and in the very stable of the inn a man and his wife, big with child, were lodged.

But Bethlehem slept under the clear night sky when Maachan left his own house and passed along the eastern skirts of the town toward the house of Ivah over beside the stable of the inn. The air was chill and still, and the stars seemed to grow larger as one watched them, like the eyes of children who await wonders.

Maachan thought of his child asleep with fever on her brow; he thought of his wife, of his bare house. He had borrowed money of Ivah, and not only could he not repay it, but he must have more money if he and his wife and child would live.

IVAH, Maachan knew, was an iron man, a soldier, just with the justice of sharp steel, right with the righteousness of a bludgeon which obeys laws while it dashes out lives. Maachan, walking through the starlit dark, pictured Ivah sitting behind his table, a chair over opposite, his tablets before him, the lamp on his left hand, and on his right the little earthen figure of a maiden which always stood on that table. The people of Bethlehem whispered that this little statue was an idol to which Ivah offered as incense his hard dealings and pitiless exactions; but a woman, spying upon Ivah alone, said it was a toy that had belonged to a child whom he had loved. Maachan laughed aloud bitterly in the night at the thought of Ivah having loved; for terribly deep pain sometimes makes a man believe that no one in the whole world but himself can feel.

Maachan was nearing Ivah's house by the inn, when behind him he heard the creaking of leathern cordage and under that sound the dulled thud of camel's feet upon sand. Across the stars the black shape of the man who rode lurched to the swing of the beast's stride. "Peace!" called the rider to Maachan; and Maachan's lips called back, "Peace!"

Behind the first camel another came, and behind that a shadow that might have been a third; but Maachan had walked on, and could not be certain. It seemed to him that the word Peace hung curiously in the air. That was because the night was so still and clear, and because there was so little peace in Maachan's own heart.

Maachan came into the room where Ivah sat behind his table. Before Ivah were his tablets; and on his left hand the lamp, and near his right hand stood the little earthen figure of a maiden. Maachan knew well enough these meager furnishings. He had stood in that room many times and had had bitter dealings with this hard man. Always before, Maachan had paid his debts. In his heart he knew that Ivah had for him the contempt which a hard man has for a stubborn man who is not hard. He believed that Ivah had the mercy of a rock, an oak—a leopard.

Maachan sat down in the chair opposite Ivah. "My debt cannot be paid," said he. "Advance me a little more for the purchase of breeding ewes and the hire of new fields, and all shall be paid."

Oxen and windlass could not have pulled from him that it was for very bread the money was needed. He was a stubborn man, and proud.

Ivah pressed his great hands palm downward upon the table. A white scar scored the swart back of his left hand; Maachan thought it looked like a ravine gashed in a black, scorched plateau. "I gave you hard money, Maachan, and hard money will I get, or a hard settlement. You have forfeited your promise."

"My grain has paid little." Maachan shrugged his shoulders. "A man cannot make the seasons."

Ivah leaned forward and thrust out his great black beard. "Twenty men saw the break in the well curb and told you of it before the sheep fell into the water. Twenty men warned you that your servant, Jonas, was a thief; twenty men who had tilled the field near the spring Abelmaim spoke to you, saying that the land would not produce. Thank your own stubborn heart for the pit you have digged beneath the soles of your own feet. As for me, I never remit any portion of money lawfully my due."

"I have driven my business as well as it could be driven. Do what you will." Maachan stood up, and Ivah stood up over opposite him across the table, between the lamp and the little earthen figure on the table. Maachan looked into the eyes of Ivah, and Ivah glared back: A man who was never wrong, and a man without mercy, each whetting the edge of the other's fault.

Through the open door a breeze swayed the flame of the lamp, and from the stable of the inn opposite there came on that breeze the thin, wailing of a new-born babe.

The men's eyes clung together and the hairy great sword-hand of Ivah reached gently for the earthen figure which the people of Bethlehem believed to be the image of an unclean god, but which Maachan in this instant knew to be all that remained of a little life which Ivah had loved and lost. Thinking of his own daughter lying sick, Maachan felt that tiny wail stab sharp through his very entrails. Maachan spoke, starting at the sound of his own voice, which shook like the voice of a man when first he sees men fall about him in battle. And he uttered words that crucifixion could not have drawn from his lips:

"MY stubbornness has been my bane. That were well. Others—innocent ones—go hungry because of it. I have a child lying sick. . . ."

"I did not know you had a child, Maachan." Ivah took up the little figure from his table and held it in his hand. The wall had crumbled from about the soul of the man. "The loan you ask is yours. Is the child a boy?"

"A girl." Maachan's beard spread against his breast; he could not speak.

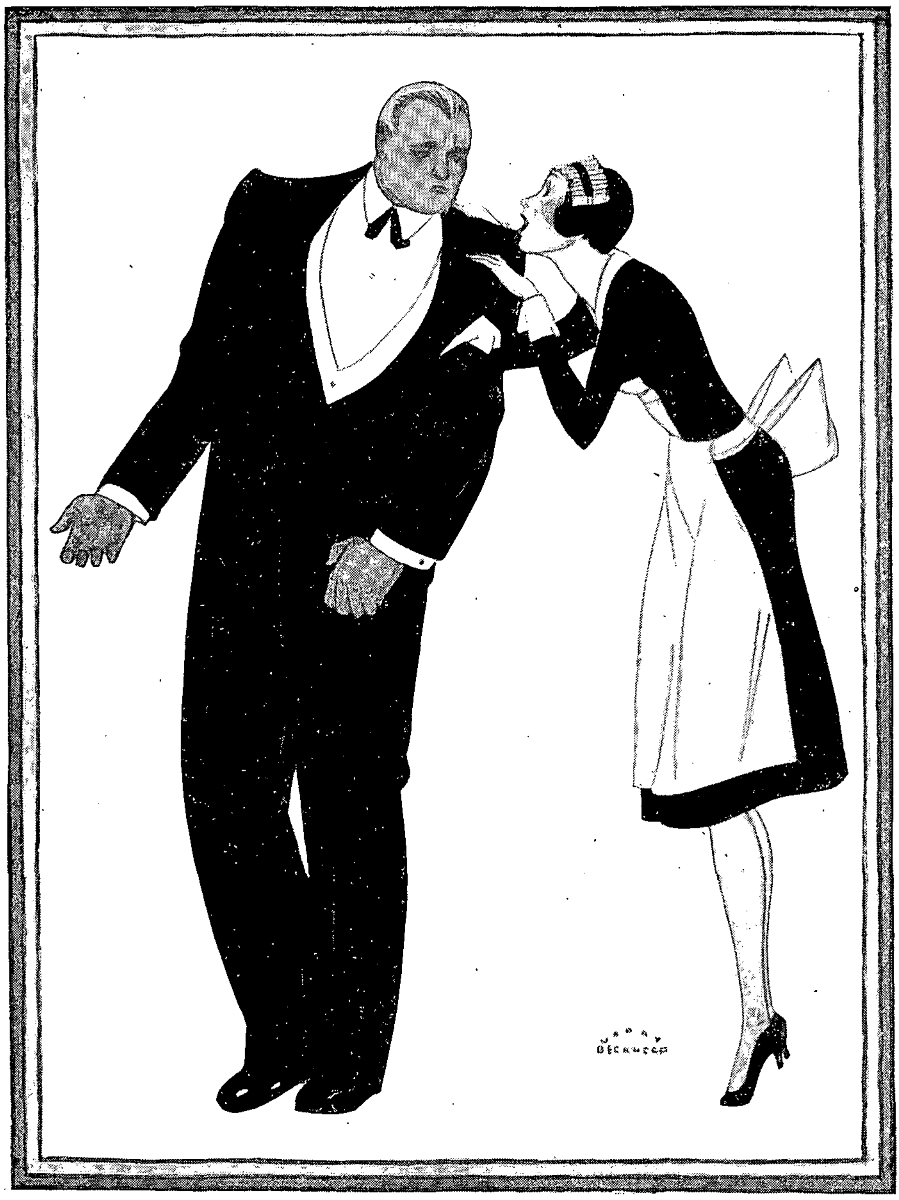
"If she smiles—as a child once did—when you lay this toy in her hand," Ivah's own hand shook when he handed the little figure to Maachan; "if she smiles, let me come into your house and see the child."

"And the debt?"

"It is I who shall owe you."

The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler



"I juss wanted to tell you it's all oke about the bulls"

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE motoring to Narrow Harbor, where they are to spend the summer, Edwin Bleecker Jewett III (a young gentleman with a colossal sense of humor and a strong aversion to tutors), Beatrice ("Beechy") Gwynn (with whom Edwin is in love), and Dr. Beekman Winship, Edwin's tutor, stop at a road house. Three bandits appear. Winship, a large but timid college professor, amazes himself by attacking one of the intruders.

In Eddie's car, with the bandits in hot pursuit, Winship receives a painful bit of misinformation. He has a beard—a weird pink one—of which he is proud. Eddie informs him that the bandits are cops. The beard must come off! . . . In the doctor's pocket is a bottle of "Jiffo, World's Greatest Hair-Remover," purchased for use on the doctor's hands. Jiffo does the job.

At the establishment of Dan McGurk, trainer of pugilists, Eddie inveigles Winship (who has no desire to be recognized by the police) into donning various weird garments, once the property of a gentleman of the ring. . . . At Narrow Harbor the trio are welcomed by Eddie's Aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe). Aunt Julie and her husband are guests at Dr. Frisbee's exclusive neurological institute. Aunt Julie is much surprised at Winship's appearance, *sans* beard. And well she might be: Dr. Beekman Winship no longer looks like a gentle scholar; he looks like—a *prize fighter!* . . . McGurk arrives on the scene. He hovers about, watching Winship. Following him comes Trooper Wilbur Dill, of the New York State Police. Something, it would seem, is about to happen—something in which our large friend appears likely to play an important rôle.

IV

WAKING to the grateful coolness of waning day, Beekman Winship harbored, for a few moments, the illusion of bodily and mental peace.

His room was filled with the salt breath of the Sound and the whispering music of little, lazy waves. He lay upon a bed of extraordinary softness, a bed that gave him a sensation of weightlessness quite new in his experience. He was aware, too, of another unfamiliar feeling, a sense of release, of escape from bonds and trammels. It was this untrammeled feeling that lifted his hand, experimentally, to his chin.

Instantly, as he touched the naked smoothness of that jaw, the illusion of well-being vanished. He groaned. Rising, he sought the mirror, to gaze in morbid fascination at his image, shaven, clad in the geranium pajamas of Signor Lupo Primavera. To his deepened horror something base and primitive within him seemed to take pleasure in the revolting spectacle. For an instant he almost admired the bigness of the mass that filled the geranium pajamas, almost liked the brutality of the naked, undershooting jaw.

ONLY, however, for an instant. Quickly his nobler nature regained its sovereignty. He closed his eyes and, bathing, kept them resolutely shut. Compelled to array himself in lavender-striped silk underwear, he shuddered decently at its touch. He discovered, among the wire-hangered garments in the closet, a dinner suit, slightly flamboyant as to cut but, after the pin-checked raiment of the morning, almost scholarly in its reserve.

Eddie and Beechy had been thorough. There were evening shirts and collars in the dresser drawer; there was even a set of studs and cuff-links, which had almost the sanguinary hue of actual rubies. There were black silk half-hose and black pumps. Sighing, Winship arrayed himself. Almost hopefully he faced the mirror to inspect the finished effect.

Once more he groaned. In dinner dress he looked even less scholarly than in the pin-checked atrocity he had worn this afternoon. More than ever he looked like a—was it only yesterday that he had used that epithet in jest?—like a prize fighter.

There was a gentle tapping at his door. He did not turn.

"Come in."

The glass witnessed the entry of the parlor-maid. He remembered her name. Ellen. It occurred to him that he had not remembered her to be so comely as she now appeared.

She closed the door behind her and approached him. He felt, rather than observed, a certain furtiveness in her manner. She spoke in a whisper.

"I juss wanted to tell you it's all oke about the bulls."

"Oak? Bulls?" Winship stared.

"Yeah." Nellie nodded in the slantwise fashion of one who knows, as the saying is, all. "It's all jake. I juss happened to bump into the one that's tailing you, down by the gate, and, say, I got him eating right off my hand."

She smiled, a little self-consciously, and rearranged a strand of hair.

"I don't—I don't understand—"

Nellie closed her right eye. "You don't haf to keep up a front with me, Big Boy. I'm on your side. Lissen—"

Steps sounded beyond the party wall. A latch clicked. Nellie withdrew swiftly, but not quite swiftly enough to avoid the interested glance of Mr. Jewett, now entering through the bathroom. This glance, below arched eyebrows, transferred itself to Beekman Winship. It became, somehow, a glance that required answer.

"She—she—"

"Yeah?" Eddie spoke with a certain dryness. Winship decided, abruptly, to tell the truth.

"SHE came to warn me," he said. "The police have—have tracked me down."

"Police?" Eddie's eyebrows achieved a more semicircular elevation. His mouth opened. "What do you mean, police?"

"Ellen met one of them at the gate. She—"

"What did he want?" Eddie's face became more bewildered.

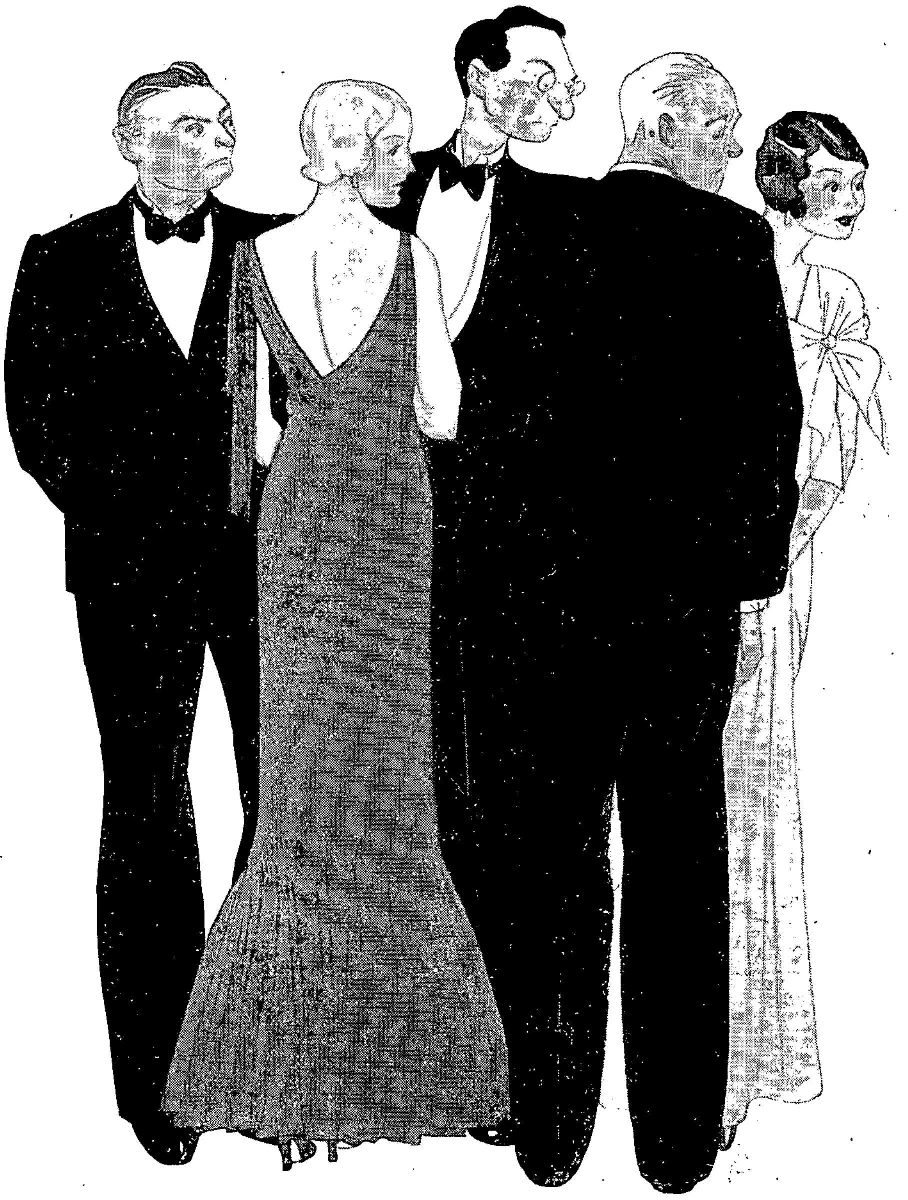
"Why—why, me, I suppose."

"Did Nellie say so?"

"She—she came to warn me. If the man had not been asking for me, she would have had no reason to—"

"That's right," Eddie meditated. "Stay here till I get back, Doc. I better see her myself."

He vanished. Winship paced the room until he returned, looking, Win-



Self-consciousness came back to him as he received ship thought, relieved and yet more profoundly puzzled than before.

"It's true that there's been a state trooper here trying to find out about you, Doc." Eddie shook his head. "I can't understand it, but—"

"What is there to understand?" Winship interrupted. "The alarm has been sent out and the police have spread the —uh—the dragnet, I believe they call it. Surely that is self-evident."

It seemed, however, not wholly self-evident to Mr. Jewett. He shook his head. "I can't understand it unless"—he paused, brightened. "Unless the cops were after you for something else—something that happened before last night. Look, Doc, if that's how it is, come clean, will you? We're in this jam together, and if you were in wrong with the bulls before last night, you ought to own up. I won't give you away, but—"

Winship indignantly denied the suggestion. Eddie, visibly convinced, continued to look troubled.

"There's something mighty funny about this somewhere."

"We're wasting time," Winship said. "I ought to be making an effort, at least, to escape, before—before the police close in on me. I must—"

"You can't do that," Eddie said. "We've got to wait, anyhow, till it's dark. If we beat it now Aunt Julie'll be telephoning all over the island—just helping the cops catch us."

Winship saw the force of this. He groaned.

"We've got to wait till she's asleep," Eddie went on. "And there's Beechy, too. She's in this hole as deep as we are, Doc. We've got to get her out of it. And she might help, too. She's pretty dumb, of course, but she's had a lot of experience getting out of jams. We'll go down there after dinner and see her, anyway."

"But meanwhile that policeman—"

Eddie grinned faintly.

"We don't need to worry about that bird, Doc. He's got a date with Nellie."

"Ah!" Winship experienced a curious relief. He seemed to know with certainty that a policeman who stood committed to an evening in Nellie's company would not be dangerous, while that evening lasted, to any fugitive from justice, innocent or guilty.

"So there's no hurry," Eddie continued. The sound of muffled chimes floated up from the hallway. "We might as well go down and eat, as long as dinner's ready."

THE suggestion carried a notably powerful appeal to Winship. He was, he discovered, singularly hungry, hungrier than he had ever been before.

"If you're sure it's safe—"

"It's pretty nearly always safe to eat," Eddie said. "Specially if you don't know when you're going to get another chance to do it."

He led the way downstairs and Winship, slightly reassured in spite of the ominous suggestion of the qualifying clause, followed him.

Self-consciousness came back to him as he received the converging stares of the group assembled in the living-room—stares singularly alike and eloquent. In every one of these looks Winship read, as plainly as in print, that although Mrs. Bedloe had warned her guests of the change in his appearance, to each of them this change appeared more radical than had been expected.

It was also clear that the other guests were deep enough in Mrs. Bedloe's confidence to have received her explanations as to the reasons for this altered aspect. These people, he saw, knew that he had sacrificed his beard in order to gain influence over Eddie Jewett.

None of the faces, however, that were now turned toward him seemed wholly to accept these explanations. There was doubt in every look, a doubt that somehow troubled Winship. It was, he felt, almost suspicion, as if these people had guessed something of the real reasons underlying his disguise.

Too, something in Mrs. Bedloe's softly rose-colored glow informed him that she herself imagined reasons other than those she had herself invented. What these imaginary reasons were Winship could not guess, but Mrs. Bedloe's blue gaze made him uneasy. He ministered with one of Signor Primavera's silk handkerchiefs to the sudden moisture of his brow.

He was presented to Miss Cecilia Mellish, a tall young woman of clear, calm, patrician beauty. He already knew young Arthur Maybury, of whom, as an undergraduate of admirably studious habit and decorous behavior, he found it possible to approve. The others barely registered upon his notice. He bowed and murmured and went, with unwonted gladness, in to dinner.

In the place of honor at Mrs. Bedloe's right he found himself compelled to resist an impulse to wolf down the jellied consommé before him. He discovered that he bitterly resented the minuteness of his portion.

Always he had enjoyed dining with the Bedloes. At their board he was not tempted to gratify the appetite that frequently tormented him. Other hostesses, urging him to generous refreshment, sometimes cost him bitter battles with himself, but as Mrs. Bedloe's guest a man was always safe from such incitement. Soup, roast chicken, salad and sweet composed a meal that should have been ideal, but tonight Winship discovered that this wisely simple fare served only to exasperate and pique his hunger.

OVER a thin shaving of chicken breast he thought wistfully of his wayside breakfast—a breakfast of roasted franks, red hot and richly daubed with mustard and sandwiched in buns that were stale enough to offer pleasing resistance to canine teeth. Fair water in a crystal goblet only made him think of coffee in a great stoneware mug, coffee magnificently mud-colored and scalding hot, coffee in which a tin spoon, stirring, found an inch-deep silt of melting sugar.

He gave inattentive ear to Mrs. Bedloe's low-spoken conversation. Nellie, coming and going in the smooth routine of service, found occasion for covert, reassuring glances. These, though they fortified him against fears of immediate disaster, troubled him with vague, uneasy forebodings. He felt, obscurely, that Nellie might prove to be a dangerous ally.

"It's all working out so much better than I dared to hope!" Mrs. Bedloe cooed. "See how *thoughtfully* the dear boy's listening to Cecilia!"

Winship's glance followed hers. Eddie, listening to Miss Mellish, did, in fact, look down thoughtfully at his empty plate and idle fork. It was easy for Beekman Winship to interpret that thoughtfulness. He knew that Mr. Jewett was contemplating a summer that had suddenly revealed itself as very long and lean.

"Just *see* how serious the dear lad looks!" Mrs. Bedloe said. "If we can *only* keep him with us long enough to—"

Winship had a sudden, happy inspiration.

"That isn't seriousness," he said. "It's nothing but hunger. I'm afraid you won't be able to keep Edwin here all summer unless you—unless you give him quite a lot to eat."

"But Dr. Frisbee says—"

"I'm fairly sure that your nephew would not see eye to eye with Dr. Frisbee," Winship interrupted. "I had breakfast with him this morning. He ate four roasted franks and—"

"Roasted franks?" Pained bewilderment was in the blue gaze.

"Frankfurters. Sausages, you know. You spread mustard on them and put them inside of a kind of bun, and eat them like sandwiches, holding them in your fingers."

MRS. BEDLOE'S face expressed the pain of shocked, sensitive delicacy. Immediately, however, it recovered its wonted, lovely thoughtfulness. "I'm afraid you're right," she said. "I remember now that he wanted both eggs and bacon for breakfast yesterday."

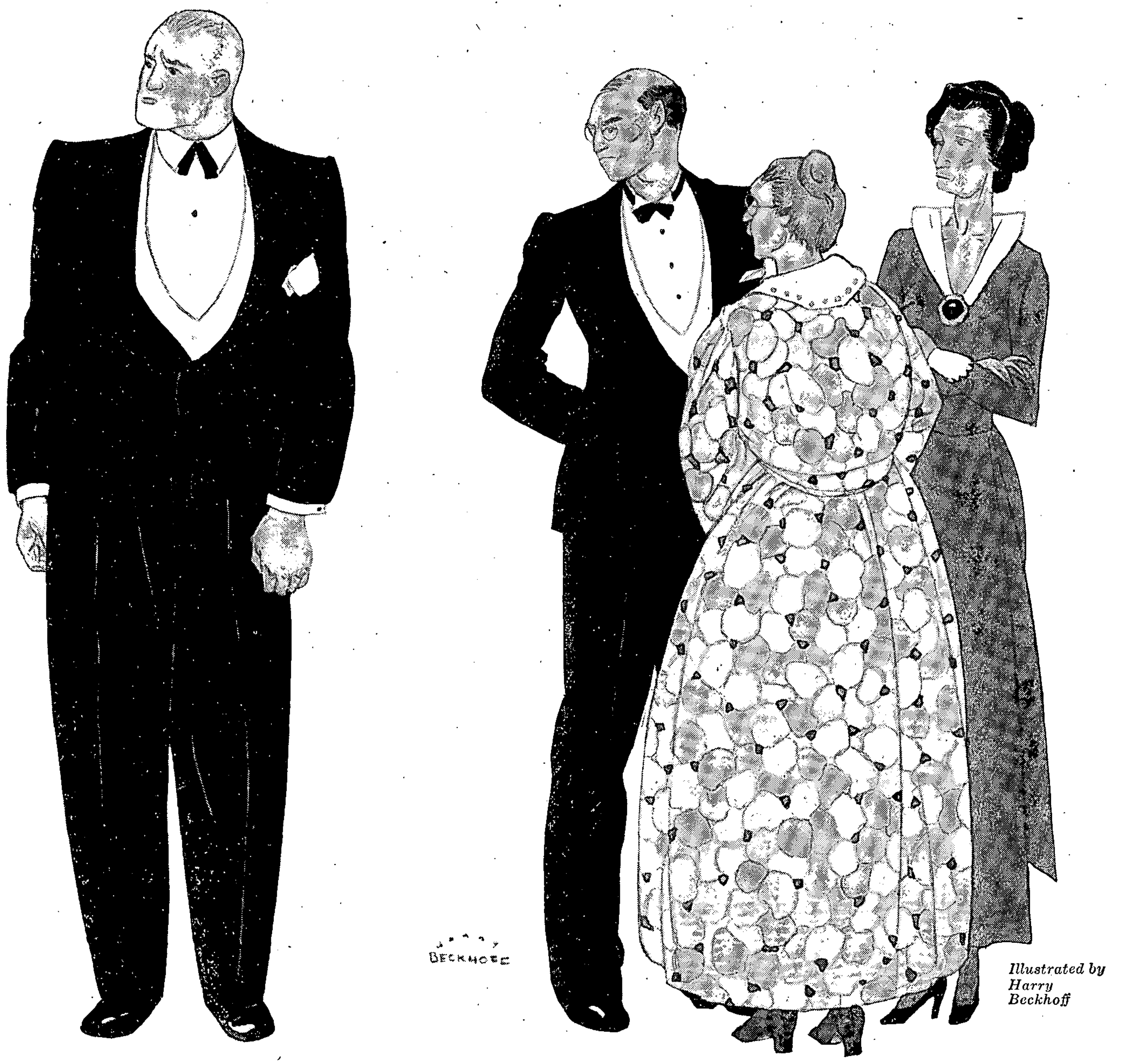
Her eye summoned Ellen. The silver platter of chicken began another circuit of the table. Mrs. Bedloe, of course, refused it, but Winship, still afflicted by the poignant memory of roasted franks, helped himself largely, and Eddie Jewett, taking heart from this example, also replenished his bare plate.

"Oh, thank you so much!" Mrs. Bedloe said softly.

"For what?" Winship, his base hunger still unappeased, spoke almost roughly.

"Why, for pretending that you're

(Continued on page 42)



Illustrated by
Harry
Beckhoff

the converging, eloquent stares of the group assembled in the living-room

The First Fifty Years

By Clarence W. Lieb, A.M., M.D.

Here's a piece of advice that should please many of us: Don't work too hard! Seeing many "an old man at fifty" has convinced Dr. Lieb that hard work can become a bad habit

It's hard to slow down•for a day when your life is speeded up.

SOME years ago a business man consulted me for a train of symptoms which were rather alarming. I examined him, but brought out nothing on which I could hang a diagnosis.

Finally I asked him if he would take me to his office. He looked at me in astonishment, because he knew that it is my rule ordinarily to see patients only in my own office. "I want to diagnose your environment," I explained.

Characteristically he said, "Let's go." We got into a taxicab and went. He ushered me into a large room in which sixty typewriters were noisily strumming. An elevated train rumbled by on one side and automobile horns were raucous on the other side of the building. Several associates were waiting to see him. "Attend to them; I'll wait," I said.

He dashed eagerly across the room to a desk, which was not separated by partitions from those of his employees. He sat down and went to work with terrifying intensity. In fifteen minutes of watching him I saw what was wrong.

I went away and wrote him a letter in which I told him that I could cure him by treating his office. I outlined a plan by which his office was to be partitioned off by sound-proof walls, a comfortable couch was to be provided, and a new desk chair, low and comfortable, substituted for the back-breaking one he had been using. His secretary was to have a noiseless typewriter. It was suggested that he use a dictating machine to give himself more privacy. Actinic glass was to be put in his windows and a ventilation system installed. He was to drink a glass of water every two hours. He was to lie down for five minutes mid-morning and mid-afternoon and for half an hour directly after he returned from lunch.

I saw him two months later, completely cured. He had been big enough to put into effect every suggestion made.

I realize that many of my readers, like many of my patients, have not yet progressed so far in the business world as to be able to control their office environment. But I maintain that no man, no matter how humble his position, can afford to let business take a deadly grip on him.

The hypersensitive life of today is certainly taking toll of men's health. I am not at all sure that its effects are not shown in the health of business itself. Many business calamities are traceable to men who are burned out by the time they come to authority. The pace we have been setting these past ten years is tiring out not only our influential leaders but also the sub-executives upon whom depends so much of the handling of great affairs.

Nor am I talking solely of the older man. Competition is striking hard at young men today. Particularly it affects the faithful, plodding types, men who fear that they will not get along as fast as the more brilliant men against whom they are pitted, and who work longer hours, take home stuffed brief-cases every night, and drive themselves with an intensity that is foreign to their real natures.

The Pivotal Point in Life

I have been looking over my records of one hundred cases of men whom I have treated for various disorders all of which can be traced back to fatigue. I was struck by the fact that the great majority of these patients were just about forty years old when they first came to me. My inquiries usually drew out replies which showed that during the previous ten years they had been working harder than the human system should work.

Middle age is the pivotal point in life. Men who do not learn how to live before they reach the meridian of life rarely *can learn how to live after that period.*

Periodic health examinations are being advocated widely and with good effect. But many men place a loose interpretation on the adjective. "Oh, yes, I have had periodic examinations," said a new patient recently, "—every five years." We doctors should drop that word "periodic" and substitute "semi-annual." Twice a year everybody should go to a physician for a complete physical inventory. This will often reveal what we call pre-clinical signs of disease, those danger signals which are of no immediate moment but which warn of trouble ahead, next year or five years hence, unless you change your way of life.

One man who comes to me twice a year told me what started him on the road of physical righteousness. When he was twenty-seven he applied for additional life insurance. Several times before, he had passed the examiners with flying colors. But this time they turned him down; his blood pressure was too high. The insurance doctor gave him a severe lecture, saying, "I don't know what you're doing, but it is clear that you are not living properly, for a man as young as you are should have no such condition."

The young man placed himself under the guidance of a doctor and, by watching his diet, his exercise and his manner of work, gradually got himself into such shape that a few years later he passed the examination easily.

The Unlucky Ones

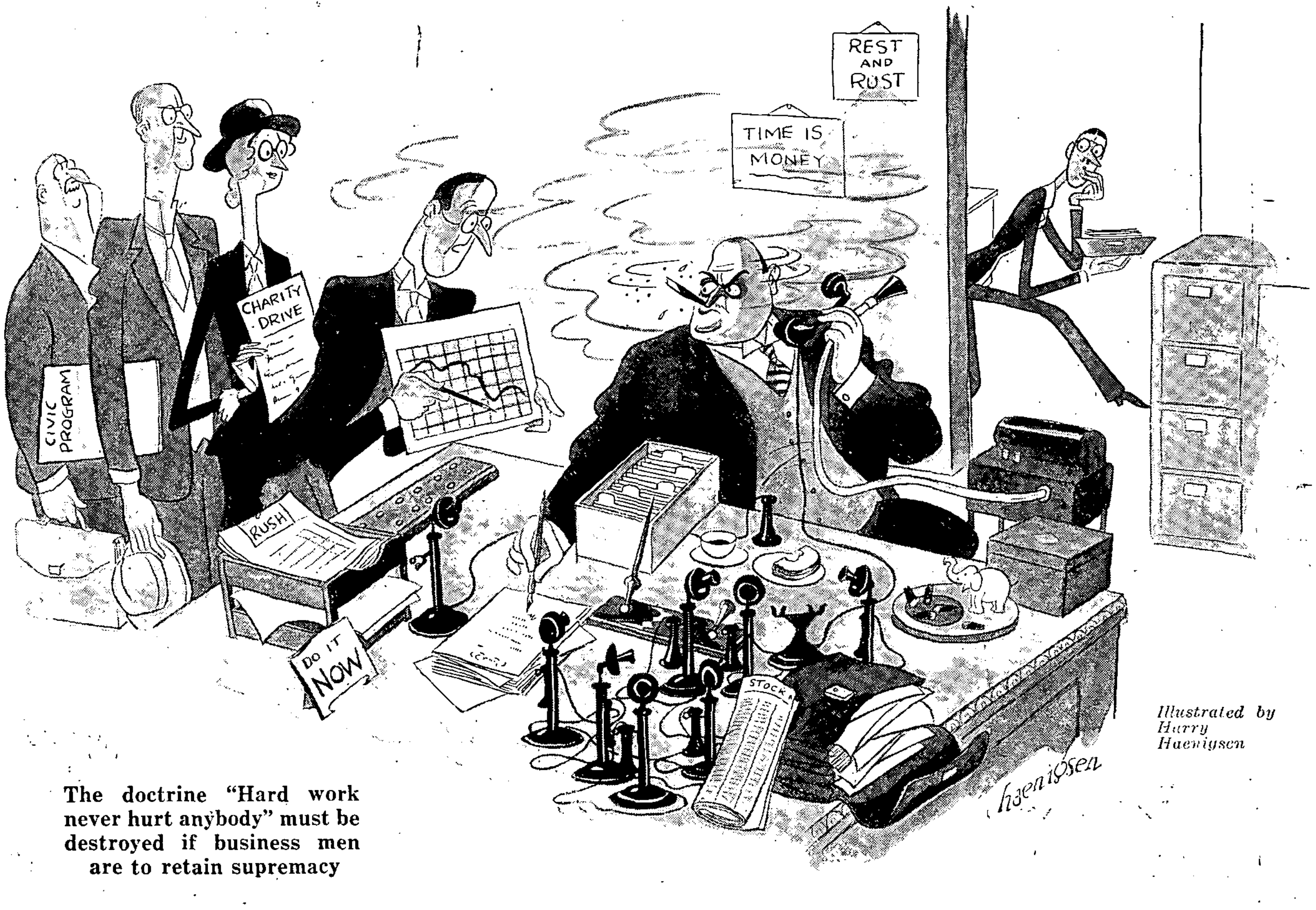
Because of his previous record, this time it was the head physician who examined him. And this wise old graybeard said, "You know, you are one of the lucky ones. You found out before you were thirty that something was going wrong, and you have been able to correct it. *The unlucky ones are those who don't find it out until they are forty.*"

Beginning at the bottom and working up, that ancient rule of the business world, is responsible for many a tragedy.

Here is an actual case from my records. The chairman of the board of one of the most famous corporations in America died not long ago. He was only fifty-six years old. He had gone to work at the age of fourteen, earning three dollars a week and studying shorthand and typewriting in the evening. At eighteen, although working hard in an office all day, he took up the study of law at night. He later formed the habit of working at the office every night long after all other employees had gone. His idea of a holiday, as he himself confessed, was to take away a stack of documents and study them without interruption.

He became a director, then treasurer, then vice president. When he was fifty years old his health began to fail. The board of directors ordered him to go to Atlantic City for two weeks. He went, stayed one day and telegraphed that he was coming back. They sent a relative to take him to Pinehurst and make him stay a month. Two more days passed

(Continued on page 44)



The doctrine "Hard work never hurt anybody" must be destroyed if business men are to retain supremacy

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Tiny Timber

Frank Hinkey used to tackle and maim opponents fifty pounds heavier than himself. And Little Bill Johnston called upon all of his 118 pounds to crush foreign champions on the tennis courts. Mr. Rice has elected them the two biggest little men in sport

By Grantland Rice

YOU know how these things start. Someone started talking about the things that Albie Booth could do in football in spite of the fact that he had to spot faster opponents from thirty to sixty pounds. Naturally from there the talk moved on back to Frank Hinkey. And it soon took in Little Bill Johnston, Cyril Walker, Rabbit Maranville and other giant-killers who had reached the top against heavy physical handicaps. And so one gets to wondering as to what names should be selected as the most remarkable in sport along this line, standard-bearers of smaller, lighter frames that gave hope to so many others of the tribe.

If I had to name the two outstanding figures in this respect I am quite sure they would be Frank Hinkey and Little Bill Johnston, not only for what they did, but for the way they did it.

Many little men in football have been stars. But they were usually stars because of their speed, craft, skill and alertness. Booth, Metzger and Sturneman are good examples.

Yale's Gift to Football

Now consider Frank Hinkey. His average weight was 148 pounds. And Hinkey did not play in the day of the forward and lateral passes, the shift and the spinner. He played back in the day of the flying wedge, the V-rush, tackles-back and other mass-momentum plays where weight and sheer power played a tremendous part, when 200-pounders came stampeding along in mass formations. He had to be a leader in smashing these flying walls of human flesh and bone, and on one occasion in the face of defeat he switched from end to halfback and bucked the line for sixty yards for a touchdown. In those days only the massive backs were supposed to do that.

Hinkey was more than fast, alert and elusive. In modern games there has been a tendency to protect the smaller men. Heavier tacklers have been "booed" for hitting them too hard. But forty years ago the complaint often came from the other side. There was no squawk about anyone roughing Hinkey. But there were many squawks, especially from Harvard, about little Hinkey roughing up and rumpling up the giants.

That, to me, is one of the most remarkable facts of Hinkey's career. Playing in a rough game and in a rough age, where almost anything went, it was the 150-pound Hinkey who did most of the heavy spilling. Not that he played dirty football. It was simply that he struck with such fury and spirit that he almost tore 190-pound rivals apart.

Harvard broke off football relations with Yale for two or three years because Crimson supporters felt that Frank Hinkey had turned football into something more closely resembling a war than a mere game. It was just as if Booth last season had been charged with roughing Ben Tichnor of Harvard and Jack Price of the Army and manhandling Catfish Smith of Georgia. When collisions resulted back in those days it was nearly always the other fellow who took time out or left the field—not Hinkey.

Hinkey, weighing 148 or 150 pounds, playing in the days of mass play and physical giants, when forward lines often averaged 200 pounds, cut his swath through the enemy and for four years was Walter Camp's first pick as All-America end. And after forty years the name of little Frank Hinkey still belongs around the top and his story has become a football legend that may never be forgotten.

Then there was Little Bill Johnston of California. Little Bill had no such game to face as the football of the early '90's. But championship tennis is one of the hardest physical tests.

I recall watching Johnston some years ago step on the scales after a hard title match. He weighed just 114 pounds, having started the contest at the mastodontic displacement of 118 pounds. His body was slender and he had a slight chest. His legs were thin and his arms about the size of your wrist. Yet a short while later I saw him literally blast big Patterson of Australia off the court in straight sets with a withering fire the 190-pound tennis star could not meet.

Johnston, looking too frail and too slight to have anything even approaching power, called on more power in his forehand drives than most of the leaders he met in his ten years of tennis stardom. Naturally, he had skill and he was master of most of the fundamentals, but amazed crowds used to wonder from what hidden physical source he drew that slashing power.

In September, 1916, Little Bill Johnston eliminated Dick Williams, the reigning champion, in the semi-final round. A day later he stepped out against the hard-hitting Maurice McLoughlin, who won the first set at 6-1.

The big crowd looked for another McLoughlin slaughter. Instead the little Californian blazed his way to the championship in three straight sets.

Inspired by Patriotism

Three years later, after Navy service during the war, Little Bill returned to beat Big Bill Tilden in the final match for the 1919 championship and for the next six or seven years as a Davis Cup recoverer and defender he was an unbeaten factor in repulsing every attempt the Japanese, British, Australians and French made upon the famous Cup.

All this time Johnston weighed from 115 to 120 pounds. It was not only his perfect timing but also the fiery spirit of his attack that developed such stroking speed. After 1919 Johnston could never quite match Tilden's all-around combination of height, speed, reach and hitting force. But in match after match he fought Big Bill to a standstill and in several championship competitions he was close to victory, only a point or two away.

One of the features of Little Bill's play was the intensity he put into every Davis Cup match. Whenever a foreign invader came upon the scene the 118-pound Californian immediately caught on fire. I have seen him in matches where it appeared that he was bent upon driving his foreign opponents off the court and out of the country. Apparently he could hit the ball with the strength of a young giant, a 180-pound stalwart.

This was not a matter of one or two years. It began in 1916 and ten years later Little Bill was still a terror for every man he faced on the courts. For there was a spirit back of his play that has rarely been equaled in any game, the same spirit that carried Frank Hinkey to the heights and gave football a tradition and a legend that should be handed along.

There have been many other big little men of sport. Joe Sturneman of Illinois, a great quarterback weighing 139 pounds, starred in professional football year after year; Joe Walcott, a welterweight, fought anybody that came along; Cyril Walker, weighing 110 pounds, won a U. S. Open golf championship; Harry Greb, a middleweight, slaughtered heavyweights; Kerr, the little left-hander, starred for the White Sox; Rabbit Maranville, the shortstop, has starred for nearly two decades.

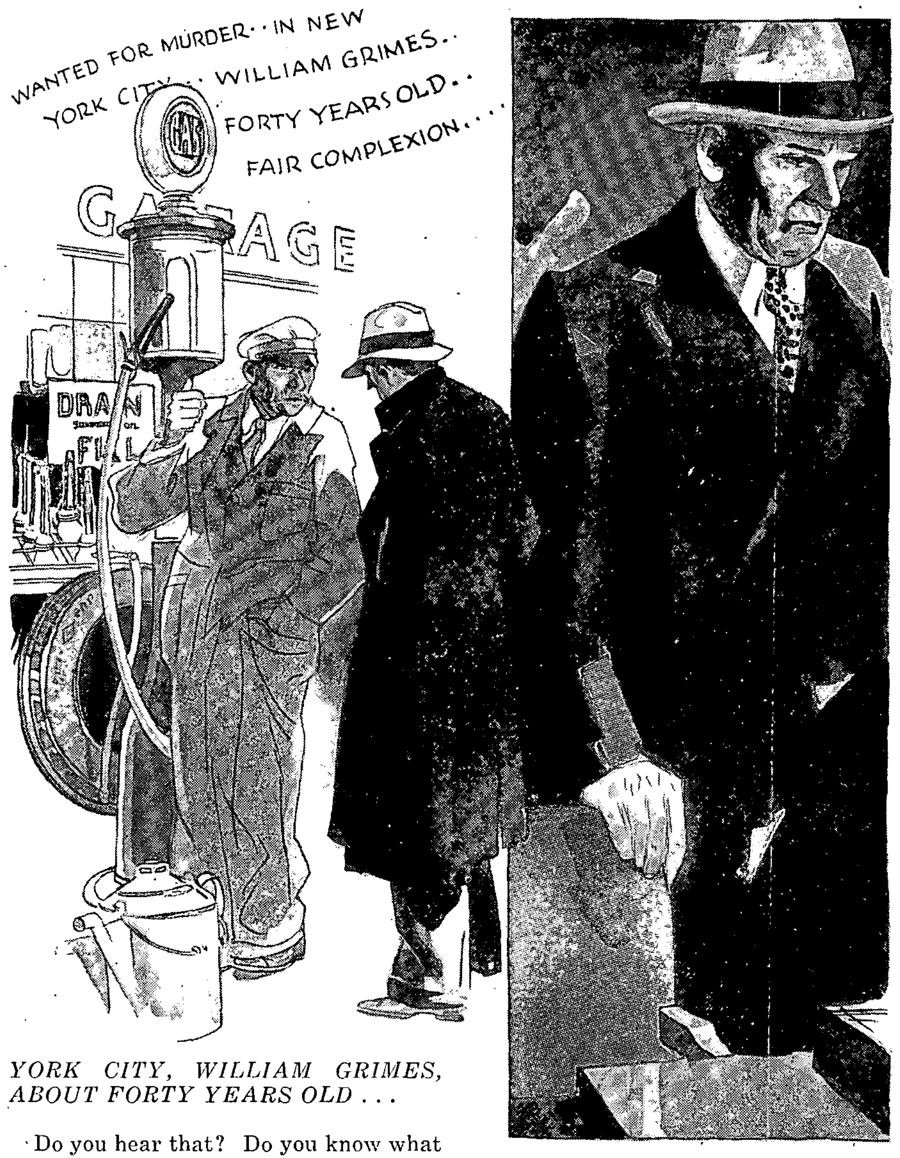
These are only a few. But in sizing up the entire lot of big little men my vote still goes to Frank Hinkey and Bill Johnston.

Underwood & Underwood

Bill Johnston, the diminutive tennis champion whose speed and power balked heavier rivals

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy


WANTED FOR MURDER · · IN NEW YORK CITY · · WILLIAM GRIMES · · FORTY YEARS OLD · · FAIR COMPLEXION · · · ·
GARAGE
DRAIN
FILL

"He's innocent. It was

The Story Thus Far:

WANTED FOR MURDER, WILLIAM GRIMES.

This is how it happened. Grimes is a radio man, a continuity writer at Station WBLA. He is in love with Laura O'Neal, the radio soprano at the station, but he is married and his wife won't give him a divorce.

Laura and Bill are desperate about the situation. It has been going on like this for ten years and it is driving them both mad. Bill takes to drink, and Laura tries to commit suicide. Mrs. Peters, who lives in the apartment next door, saves her life.

Bill's wife Alice has been having an affair with Dr. Paul Linden. Dr. Linden gets tired of her and goes away, leaving no address. Alice is frantic, hysterical, almost out of her mind.

On Christmas Eve, Bill decides he can stand no more and starts to leave home for good. Alice tries to stop him. He roughly pushes her away. She falls, hits her head. When Bill bends over her she is already dead. In mad panic he flees with Laura in his car.

Laura has two younger sisters—Sally and Honey. Sally is in charge of the reception desk at WBLA. Judge George Lawrence Considine is her assiduous admirer. Honey used to work at the station, too. Larry Barnes of the Promotion Department there is in love with her. Now she is in charge of the Celebrity Quarter Hour for the Morning Tab.

When he hears of the murder, Ted Russell, editor of the Tab, tricks Honey into telling him about Bill and Laura. He then publishes the story with lurid trimmings and institutes a radio man-hunt for Bill Grimes.

And so, as they flee, Bill and Laura are hounded by "this tremendous voice of the radio, this modern jungle drum, beating from coast to coast"—THIS MAN MURDERED HIS WIFE AT SEVEN-THIRTY THIS EVENING. . . . It's Christmas Eve, but there's no asylum for them in any nook or cranny of the land.

Conclusion

1. Laura O'Neal and Bill Grimes.

Bill . . . Bill . . . Wake up, Bill! You've got to wake up. We've got to keep going. Bill, listen to me. Bill! I know. I know, you poor darling. But we've got to keep going. We've got to get to Key West. We've got to. Come on. Come on, Bill. Bill, listen to me. Listen to me, Bill. We've got to start. How I wish I could drive! Bill, do you hear me?

I can't. I've got to sleep. I haven't had any sleep since—

I know. I know, Bill. But we can't stop. They're broadcasting our description everywhere. We've got to get to Key West before they catch us. Come on. Come on, darling.

If I could only sleep, Laura. If I could only get a square meal.

I know, darling. But we'll be there soon and then we'll get on the boat and go to Havana and then we'll be safe.

They'll be waiting for us. They're going to get us. What's the use?

Maybe not. Maybe if we hurry. But we've got to go. Come on. Bill, start the car. Bill, don't fall asleep again. There, come on. I'll talk to you. I'll keep talking to you and keep you awake while you drive. I'll talk to you. What will I talk to you about?

If I could only eat. Just one square meal. If I could only sit down to a table and eat one square meal.

I know, darling. But it won't be long now. We'll be in Havana in just a day or two. We'll be on the boat tomorrow. It isn't far. We went through West Palm Beach before you fell asleep.

How long was I sleeping?

Just an hour. Not more. I dozed a little myself.

Don't you think we could take a chance and stop at one of these little restaurants? I can't go on like this, eating hot dogs and oranges.

We don't dare take a chance. Every restaurant has a radio. Every time we stop in one we hear them broadcasting our description and everybody looks at us. And every hotel lobby.

We just think so. Good lord, we don't look so different from everybody else.

I know, but we're strangers. Remember how the hotel clerk looked at us in—in—what was that town?

Charleston! I bet he's still wondering why we didn't come back after going out to the car for our baggage.

He probably notified the police.

Maybe they've stopped broadcasting. Anyway, I've got to eat.

Don't you think I'm hungry, too?

I know. I'm sorry, darling.

Don't you be sorry. Let's just hang on until we can get on that boat and get out of the country and then we'll eat and sleep for a week.

There are some lights. We're coming into some little town. Maybe we could take a chance.

We can't afford to, at this stage, Bill. You stop the car near some restaurant and I'll go in and get some sandwiches and a bottle of milk and some fruit. I'll say we're touring and I have a baby in the car. I'll tell 'em anything.

And while you're doing that, I'll get some gas.

You're not going to drive up in front of the station and get it, Bill?

Of course not. I'll tell 'em I'm stuck down the road a-ways and to lend me a can with four or five gallons in it.

Here we are. Slow down. I hope nobody recognizes us. Do you think they might? Better keep off the main street, Bill. Park on the side street. I'll get some food and you get some gas.

If I could only sleep. Three days of this—day and night.

Don't, Bill. Come on. We'll soon be there. Stop here in the dark. There's a restaurant across the street.

2. Restaurant: Laura O'Neal and Proprietor.

Farewell, Juliet, my soul, my love!
Farewell, oh, Romeo. Angels above,
To you, to you, I now confide my love!

And so we leave those two immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet, on the brink of eternal tragedy and poetic sorrow, but neither sorrow nor tragedy can enter your home if it is equipped the New Art way, with shiny rustless metal fittings, and New Art Plumbing Fixtures designed to fit your personality. . . .

Anything else, lady?

That's all, thank you.

Going far tonight?

We'd rather drive at night. It's cooler.

Nice place to spend the winter down here in the South. I see by the papers they're having a big blizzard up north.

. . . with the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel. Stand by one moment, please . . .

WANTED FOR MURDER IN NEW YORK CITY, WILLIAM GRIMES, ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLD . . .

Do you hear that? Do you know what that is, lady?

Could I have my change, please? I have to hurry back to my baby.

They're trying to catch a murderer. That's been going on for the last two or three days. They'll get him, too, don't you think so?

I—I guess so.

Sure they'll get him. Everybody's looking for him. Why, that's all they talk about in this town. I guess everybody'll be glad when they catch him. They'll stop spoiling the programs. Here I am listening to a good piece of music or some nice singing or something—

. . . LICENSE NUMBER EIGHT D THREE ONE FOUR SIX, NEW YORK, AND ACCOMPANIED BY LAURA O'NEAL, AGE THIRTY, ABOUT FIVE FEET FOUR INCHES, WEIGHT, HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, DARK HAIR, DARK EYES, WEARING . . .

Here, lady. HEY! LADY, YOU FORGOT YOUR CHANGE . . .

3. Garage: Proprietor and Bill Grimes.

. . . is equipped with shiny rustless metal fittings, and New Art Plumbing Fixtures designed to fit your personality. Ask your own plumber or write to the station you are listening to or the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company of Wheeling, West Virginia, for our new brochure in full colors, entitled Your Bathroom: The Heart of Your Home . . .

I'm sorry, neighbor, but I'll have to ask you for a dollar deposit on that can.

I'm only down the road a couple of blocks. I'll bring it right back to you.

Sorry, neighbor, but that's the way I lose cans in this business. Tourists come by going south, "Lend me a can, will you, mister?" and it winds up in Miami or Key West someplace. They don't mean no harm but I lose a can, and they cost money.

But I haven't got the dollar with me. I'll have to go back and get it.

I'll send Jack back to your car with you. He can tote the can back if it ain't too far. Hey, Jack! JACK! . . . Sleepin' in a car back there, I bet.

. . . direction of Arturo Garfinkel. Stand by one moment, please.

WANTED FOR MURDER IN NEW YORK CITY, WILLIAM GRIMES, ABOUT FORTY YEARS OLD, FAIR COMPLEXION, LIGHT BROWN HAIR, BROWN EYES, ABOUT FIVE FEET EIGHT INCHES TALL, APPROXIMATELY HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS . . .

I bet that guy isn't getting much sleep.

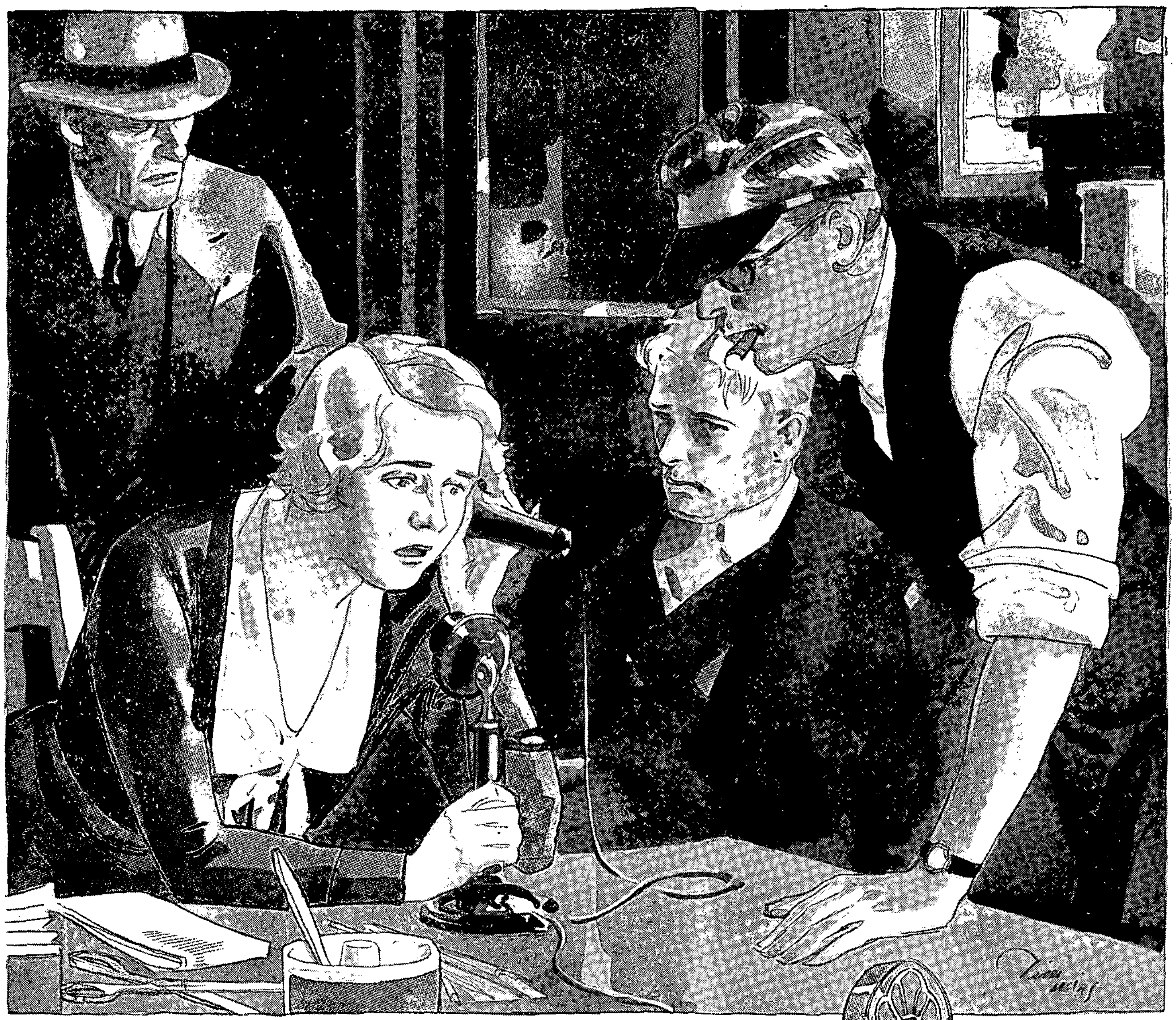
Who?

That William Grimes they're broadcasting for. Haven't you heard? He murdered his wife. They've been chasing him on the radio for three days now. Every program. We're all getting pretty sick of it.

I should think you would.

They'll get him pretty soon, I guess. Everybody in the country knows what he looks like by this time. And that woman he ran away with. Hey, Jack! JACK! I guess he's gone somewhere. Well, I'll go down with you. I can't take a chance on that can. Don't mean no offense, neighbor. Everything costs money these days.

. . . FLEEING PAIR LAST REPORTED IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, BELIEVED TO BE HEADING SOUTH. THE MIAMI



an accident. Oh, you've got to help him, Mr. Russell. You've got to help him"

CLARION, FLORIDA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER TO WHICH YOU ARE NOW LISTENING, OFFERS A REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION LEADING TO THEIR ARREST . . .

That's a lot of money. I could use a little of it.

Me, too. Listen, let me hurry right back with this can. Do you think you should leave your station when there's nobody here?

I'll risk it. You ain't far, are you? Anyway, it's a nice night for a little stroll.

4. Laura O'Neal and Bill Grimes.

Faster, Bill. Faster.

I'm going as fast as I can, Laura.

That garage man suspects us. I know he does. He asked too many questions. Didn't you see the way he kept walking around the car looking at the license plates?

Oh, they always ask a lot of questions in these small towns.

We might catch a boat in Miami. Don't the boats go from Miami to Havana, too?

I think so.

We'll try to get one there then. The sooner we get out of the country, the better. Oh, Bill, darling, I'm so afraid! Suppose they catch us before we do get away. That man in the restaurant looked at me so funny when the radio was broadcasting my description.

Now, you're the one that's getting scared. We're doing the best we can. We'll just have to trust to luck.

If we could only get out of the country. Maybe we should head for Mexico.

We can't now. We'd have to go all the way back to the north of Florida and all around. If we can't get a boat in Miami, we'll have to get one at Key West. Once we get to Cuba, we can go to one of the little islands and lie low and watch our chance to get on some fruit boat going to South America. And then everything will be all right.

Oh, it's got to be, Bill! It's got to be! We've got to get away and be happy together. We've had nothing but unhappiness for years and years. If we can only be together. Anywhere. I wouldn't care what country. It could be a desert island. Just so we can be together. Bill, we've got to make it! Faster, Bill. Faster!

5. Office of the Miami Clarion: Editor and Ted Russell.

Hello, New York? . . . Hello, WBLA?

Yes.

This is the Miami Clarion calling. Let me talk to Ted Russell. The Tab just told me I could reach him there.

Just a minute. I'll try and find him. It's important. Rush it.

O. K. . . .

Hello, Russell? This is Pierce of the Miami Clarion. Can I talk?

Sure. What's up?

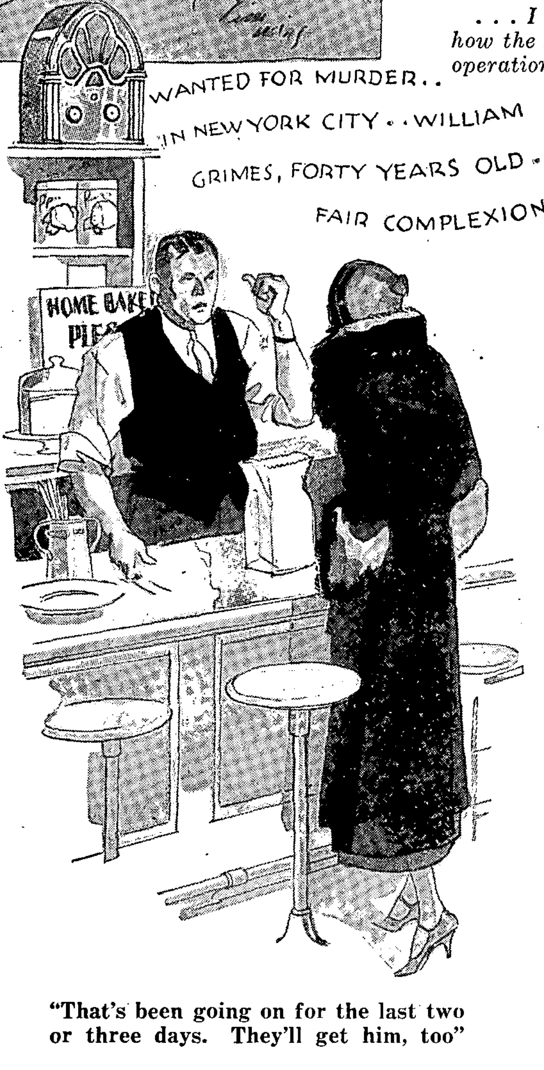
We've caught Grimes and the girl.

NO!

Yes. We got the tip from a garage man a few miles north. Telephoned us that Grimes stopped to get gas and aroused his suspicions.

Where are they?

I've got 'em both here in the office. The police don't even know it yet. I sent our car out with a couple of private dicks to intercept 'em just outside of Miami and brought 'em up here. What's the next move?



"That's been going on for the last two or three days. They'll get him, too"

Just a minute . . . let me think. They can't hear you, can they?

No. They're locked up in my private office.

All right, now. Listen. We haven't any time to lose. The Tab quarter hour goes on at eleven fifteen. It's eleven five now. Tell Grimes you've been talking to me. That now he's been taken I am satisfied. I have no desire to persecute him. I want to help him. I'll get the best lawyer in New York to defend him. We've already been working on the case secretly and can make out a good defense for him. He may not have to serve a day if he'll just coöperate with us. Tell him all I want is to have him get on the phone and talk clearly and distinctly, so we can identify him and be sure he's the right man. There are plenty of people here at the station who know him and can recognize his voice. That's all.

What's the point?

Very simple. Before you put him on the wire I'll announce on our radio program that he and the O'Neal girl have been captured through the coöperation of the Tab and the Miami Clarion, and in just a few minutes the radio audience will be able to hear him speaking from Miami where he has just been captured.

I don't get you.

All you do is keep this wire open. When I give you the word put him on. He'll think he's only talking to me, but as a matter of fact it will be rebroadcast here from the station and sent out over the entire network.

That's marvelous!

It's never been done before. It'll knock the country for a loop.

O. K., Russell. But don't forget to give the Clarion credit for the capture.

I won't forget. Get busy. Talk to him. Talk to both of 'em. Tell 'em what I said and have him ready to talk on the phone when I give you the word. I'll handle the broadcast myself tonight and stall until it's all set.

O. K.

. . . I will not go into the details of how the New York Morning Tab, in coöperation with WBLA and its network, within thirty minutes after the crime was committed, blanketed the country with a complete description of the murderer, so that every home, every restaurant, every garage, every filling station, yes, every hot-dog stand throughout the length and breadth of the country shouted his name; his age; the color of his eyes; the name of his paramour, for whose illicit kisses he crushed in his bare hands the soft white throat of a good wife. This was a man-hunt like unto no man-hunt in the history of the world. It was not the baying of one bloodhound, but a thousand, a hundred thousand, a million!

How could William Grimes and Laura O'Neal hope to escape? Vain hope. The New York Morning Tab knew, when it spread the invisible net of relentless radio over the country, they were doomed. And so it has come to pass. Prepare yourselves, folks. Sit up in your comfortable chairs, in the warmth and privacy of your homes, and listen. The New York Morning Tab has good news for you. William Grimes is no longer at large. He was captured only a few minutes ago in Miami, Florida. Only a few minutes ago, and yet so wonderful is the age in which we live that millions who are listening to my voice, millions who are as far apart as the two oceans, not only know now that he has been captured when but a few seconds ago he was free, but in only a few seconds more—and prepare yourselves, people, for this new triumph of the radio age—in just a few seconds, all *of you will hear the voice of William Grimes, the murderer, coming over long-distance telephone from the office of the Miami Clarion, and rebroadcast by special arrangements with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, into every home in the land. . . .*

Hello. . . . Hello, is this you, Grimes? . . . Hello. . . . Can you hear me?

Yes.

This is Ted Russell, the Editor of Morning Tab. I want you to speak clearly and distinctly so that we can recognize your voice here in New York. Where are you now?

Miami.

Is Laura O'Neal with you? . . . I said, is Laura O'Neal with you? . . . Look here, Grimes, we can't identify your voice if you don't answer questions. How did you get to Miami?

Drove.

Did you hear the broadcast descriptions of you and Laura O'Neal? . . . Can't you hear me? . . . Don't you want to answer? . . . It's going to be better for you to coöperate, Grimes. . . . Well, then, answer just one question. Are you the William Grimes who murdered his wife, Alice Grimes, on Christmas Eve?

He didn't murder her! He couldn't murder anybody. He's innocent. It was an accident. Oh, you've got to help him, Mr. Russell.

Who is this speaking? Is this Laura O'Neal?

Yes. You've got to help him. He didn't kill her. It was an accident. The man here said you'd get him a good lawyer to defend him. You've got to save him. Listen, listen, can't you hear me? . . . Answer me. ANSWER ME! . . .

Wasn't that a thrill, folks? That was Laura O'Neal, the woman in the case, pleading for the life of her lover, and before that you heard the cold, surly voice of the killer himself. I hope you realize what The New York Morning Tab, your favorite newspaper, has been able to accomplish for your entertainment this evening. And don't forget to get your copy tomorrow morning, for on the front page will be spread the pictures of Grimes and his mistress, the car in which they escaped, the scene of their capture, all taken tonight down in Miami, and, even as I am talking to you, humming over the wires by the marvelous telephoto process, to be served to you piping hot with your breakfast toast and coffee. . . .

6. Judge Considine and Laura O'Neal.

You must try to see this clearly, Laura. I know it's hard, but you must realize how much worse it might have been.

But ten years, George! Ten years! He'll be fifty years old when he comes out.

It may not be ten years. He may be out in six or seven. That isn't so bad. Just realize if the newspapers had had their way, he'd be in for life. They tried to crucify him. They always do.

Russell did. If ever a rat deserved killing! I could kill him with my bare hands. I could tear his heart out. If it hadn't been for him and his dirty rag, Bill and I would have got away and been happy. We were almost on the boat. But, no, he had to hound us. What did we ever do to him?

It's over now, Laura. And it might be worse. Try to think of it in that way. Manslaughter isn't like murder. You should be glad he didn't get life. Ten years in this state means not over seven if he behaves. Maybe six. I'll use my influence.

What would we have done without you, George? I'll be grateful to you all my life.

I'd do it all over again for you, Laura, and more if I could. And I can do more. I'll do everything that's possible to make it easy for him in Sing Sing. Now don't start crying again, Laura.

Sing Sing! Sing Sing!

You must be brave. It'll only be a few years and then he'll be out. He won't be treated so badly. He's not a criminal. What happened to him could happen to any of us. If he takes his medicine like a man, the warden will treat him like one. He's human. He believes in giving every man a chance. Bill will be all right. You'll be able to see him once a week. In a little while he'll be given the kind of work he can do best. If he deserves privileges, he'll be given them. A few years will pass and then he'll be free.

When can I visit him?

Once a week. And you can bring him things. Meanwhile, be sure I'll be on the job all the time to help you both in any way I can. Don't hesitate to call on me. Is this where you live?

Yes.

You won't want me to come up with you. Your sisters will probably be home from work soon. I'll say good-by, Laura. Good-by and good luck!

Good-by, George.

Good-by, Laura. That's better. Why, that's the first smile I've seen on your face for weeks. You're a fine, brave girl, Laura. Keep your chin up.

I'll try, George.

7. In-a-dor Apartment: Sally and Honey O'Neal.

Give me a rest about Larry, will you, Honey? You've been yapping about him all evening.

Well, for Pete's sake, Sally, why shouldn't I yap? You'd yap too if you'd been done out of fifty bucks a week and left only a few measly parts.

Maybe I would. But I'm tired of hearing about it. Larry's got to do the best he can for his clients. Business is business. He throws you jobs when he can, doesn't he?

Yes, and throws me out of them, too.

Larry's damn' decent. Don't forget what he's done for Laura.

I know, but still—

Don't be such a selfish little pig.

Who's a pig?

He was the only one who fought for her around the station and got her back.

Yes, hanging around and filling in with a song every once in a while!

I suppose he might have got her Amos and Andy's job? I don't see why you're yelling if Laura's satisfied.

She's got to be. Why, she can't even have her name announced any more.

Of course she can't! Honey, sometimes I don't think you've got the brains you were born with. What does it matter so long as she's got a job—something to do? It's better than sitting around here all the time grieving and brooding.

I guess so.

You know so. When she went back to work tonight for the first time, she was an entirely different girl. That's what Larry has done.

Oh, I guess he's all right at that, but the Exterminator job was the only one left since I quit the Tab hour.

I wish I had somebody like Larry crazy about me. Why don't you marry the man and put him out of his misery?

I think he's trying to starve me into it. Taking my jobs away from me. I wouldn't put it past him. He's probably got statistics on that, too. Clever devil.

He's a nice boy.

Oh, he's nice enough. But I want more than that.

All right. All right. Your mascara is running all over your face. There . . . there . . . go ahead. Have a good time with Larry tonight. Everything will come out all right.

Walter and his smug "I told you so. See what I told you. Now don't you think you ought to come home with your mother and me?" Go home with him! I'd rot first!

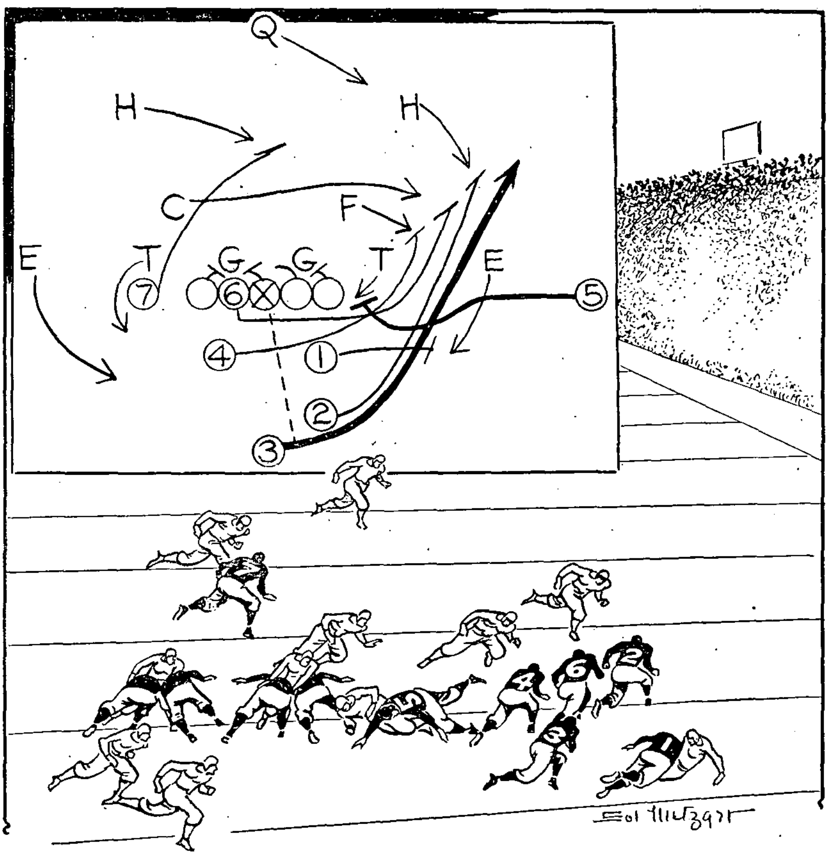
There! There! Now, you look better. Powder your nose. Forget it. Who knows what's best? Who knows what is the right thing to do?

8. Middletown: Mrs. O'Neal and Walter.

. . . are listening to Cab Calloway and his Joy Boys, direct from the Cotton Club in the heart of Harlem. The final number in this program of hot dances will be, You Can't Stop Me from Lovin' You.

You better let me fix you a cold snack before you go, Walter.

(Continued on page 48)



Man-in-Motion

By Sol Metzger

PLAYING defensive end against Pop Warner's 1902 Carlisle Indians and eager to turn back a threatening attack near our goal by charging under the mass of oncoming backs should the play come my way, I saw an Indian headed my way at full speed along the other side of the scrimmage line. Four yards short of me he veered to the rear. Then the ball was snapped.

With all the accumulated speed of his flying start he again came at me. Charging forward was furthest from my thoughts. As I leaped back the pesky Redskin, hurling his body at where I had been, bit the dust. The way thus cleared, I nailed the runner.

I protested the play as being "flying interference," and was officially told that one man might be in motion at snap of ball, provided at that instant his course was to the rear. The wily Warner was first to foresee the wonderful possibilities in this rule.

Why Warner abandoned the scheme I never found out. But so vivid was the incident that nineteen years later I wove into my South Carolina Gamecocks' offense an off-tackle smash, based on this principle, with telling effect. I discarded this play for fear that our man-in-motion might deal a death-blow to opposing ends.

Before that, in 1919, Bill Roper built his Princeton punt-formation attack on this same invincible principle. Thereupon misery descended upon their Blue and Crimson rivals until the rules committee banned the play. Roper's conception was the most effective ever.

Right end (5) lined up some ten yards out from the right tackle. Unseen by the opposing left tackle, 5 opened hostilities by sprinting toward him along the scrimmage line. Before reaching this foe, 5 veered slightly to the rear, as the ball was snapped, whereupon the unsuspecting tackle launched his charge at the Tiger backs. But he, too, bit the dust en route. Like a ton of bricks 5 catapulted himself into the tackle.

To appreciate the power of this play, remember that two men are invariably assigned the task of blocking an opposing tackle. Even they find the job no sinecure. Roper's plan released one of them without leaving doubt as to the outcome. Thus the backs (1, 2 and 4) and guard (6) could swing ahead of 3 to lead him.

The rules committee then required the man-in-motion, in from the line, to be at least five yards back of it at snap of ball. The idea, though, is copied in modern attack. One back may yet be legally in motion at snap, as you may have noted at games this fall. And even that grizzled strategist, Pop Warner, now coach at Stanford, is again making use of this principle.

You *can't compare* Mars Confections with other candies

THEY ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES

Milky Way
5¢
CHOCOLATE

Chocolate Milky Way has a center of highly beaten fresh egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk—flavored with delicious breakfast cocoa. Then, a layer of soft creamy caramel. The thick coating is of the very finest, smooth milk chocolate.

Milky Way
5¢
New VANILLA

New Vanilla Milky Way has a center of highly beaten fresh egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk—flavored with genuine vanilla. Then, the layer of soft, creamy caramel. The bar is thickly coated with the finest quality *true vanilla* chocolate.

YOUR first taste of any one of these Mars Confections tells you how completely different they are from all other candies. Their ingredients, quality and *taste* put them in a class completely alone.

And yet you buy these *super candies* for only 30c per pound . . . whether you buy one 5c bar, six bars that make a pound or twenty-four bars that make a full box!

More and more families now buy Mars Confections by the box. Have your dealer mix a box . . . six bars of each of the four kinds. That gives complete variety of taste: four distinctly different candies, alike only in their topmost quality and their taste-thrilling deliciousness.

Why buy just "any kind" of candy, when you can have the quality, the wholesomeness, the deliciousness and the *value* of Mars Confections! Insist upon getting them. Look for the star and the words "A Mars Confection" on the wrappers.

A Mars Confec
Honey Almond
5¢

Honey Almond has a center of highly beaten fresh egg whites, sugar, syrup and *finest strained honey*. . . chock full of wonderful, crisp, whole almonds, of which the average bar contains 12. It has a thick coating of delicious *true vanilla* chocolate.

A Mars Co
SNICKERS
5¢

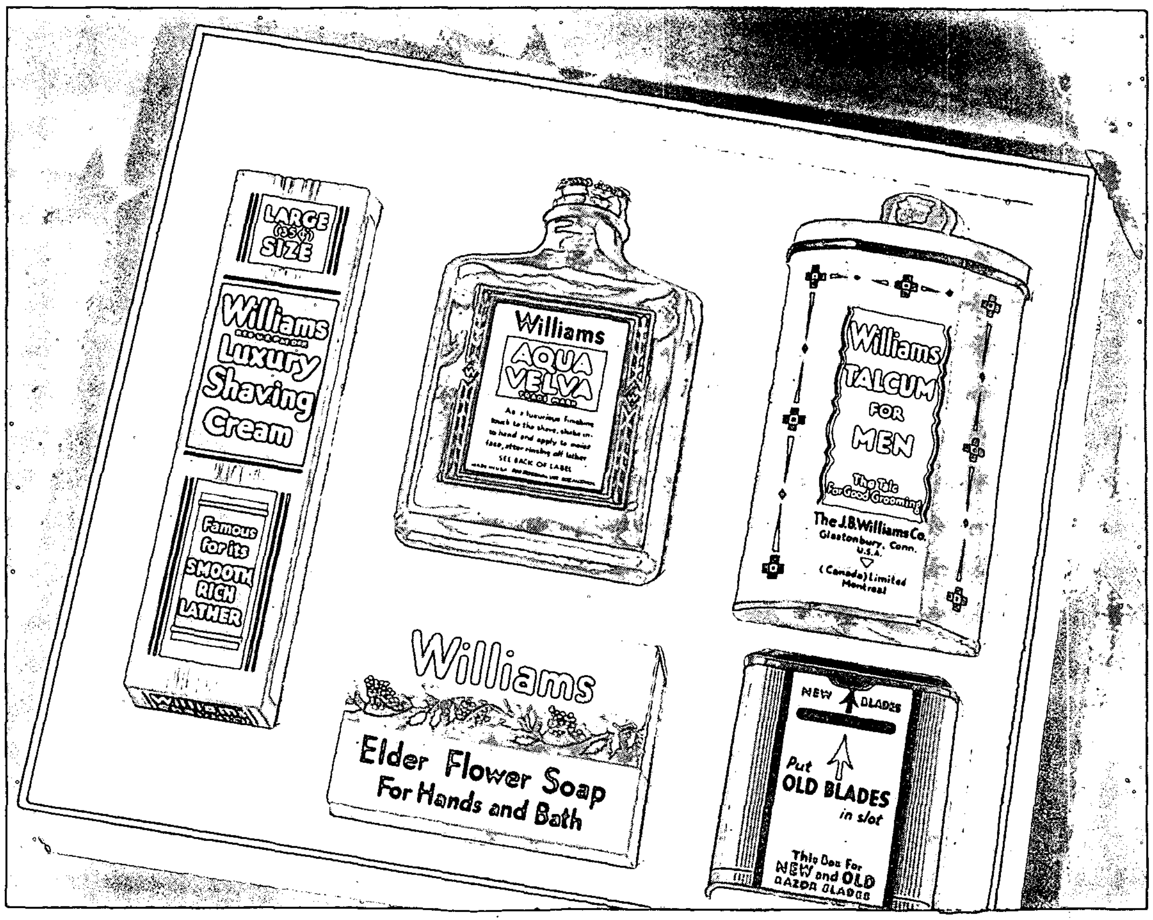
Snickers has a center of highly beaten fresh egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk—flavored with fresh, sweet peanut butter. In its flavory caramel layer are freshly roasted, selected whole nuts. It is thickly coated with delicious, smooth milk chocolate.

MARS CONFECTIONS GIVE COMPLETE VARIETY

Give a man a Gift he will Use!

Sure of a welcome, certain to summon a quick, appreciative smile from every man on your list—Williams Holiday Package. It's only a dollar, yes—but it's *the* great gift for men.

This cheerful, colorful gift-box contains five things that every man needs, every day. A big tube of Williams Shaving Cream—to keep his Face looking Fit. A bottle of bracy, fragrant Aqua Velva, the perfect finish for the perfect shave. A can of Williams Talc, of the color and lightness men like. A cake of toilet soap—his *personal* soap. And—he will thank you again when he sees this—a convenient safe for his razor blades . . . a place for *used* blades, and a storage place for *new* blades.



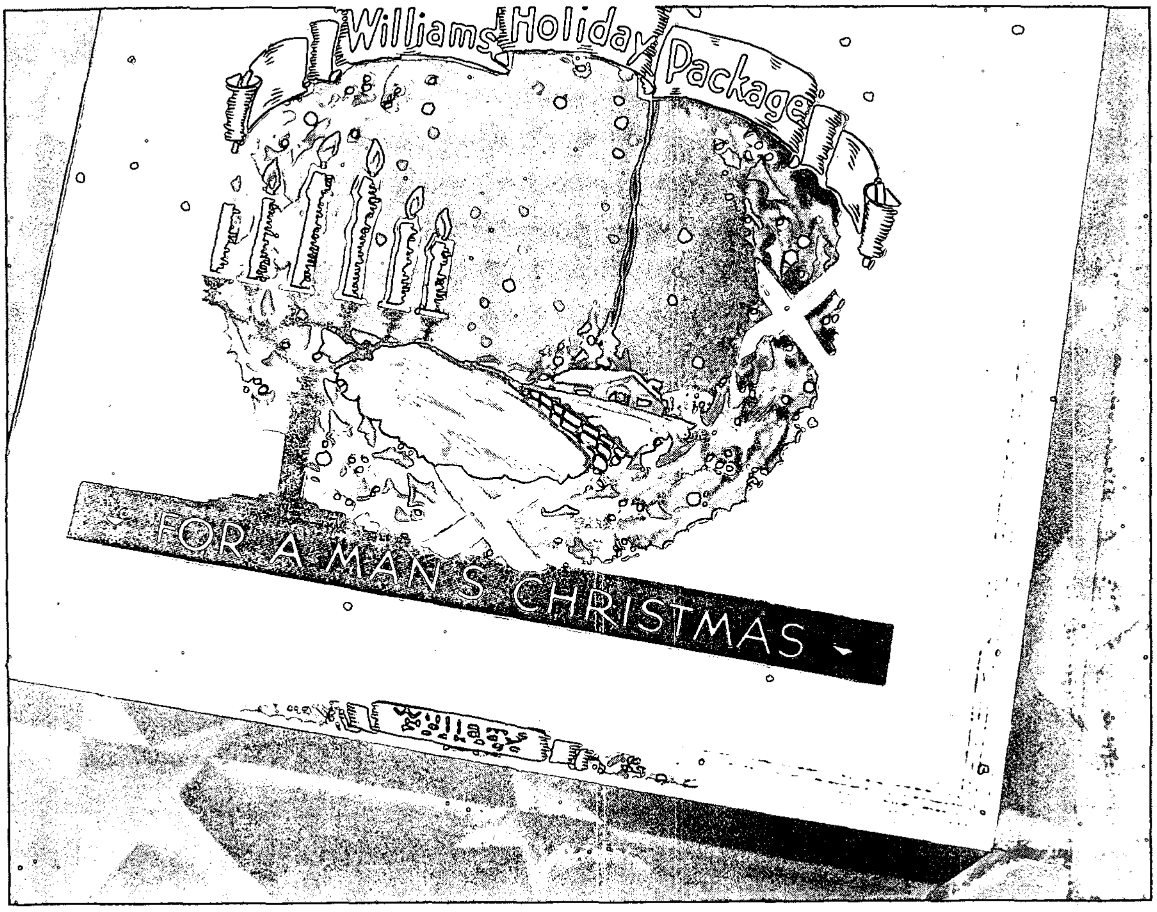
LARGE (35¢) SIZE
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Famous for its SMOOTH RICH LATHER
Williams AQUA VELVA
Williams TALCUM FOR MEN
The Talc for Good Grooming
The J.B. Williams Co. Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.
(Canada) Limited Montreal
Williams
Elder Flower Soap For Hands and Bath
NEW BLADES
Put OLD BLADES in slot
This One For NEW and OLD RAZOR BLADES

Williams Holiday Package

Here's Christmas in a package—a big, golden, generous package. You'll want three—six—ten or more of them for those names on your list. And you can get them wherever toilet goods are sold. Just say "Williams Holiday Package"—One Dollar.

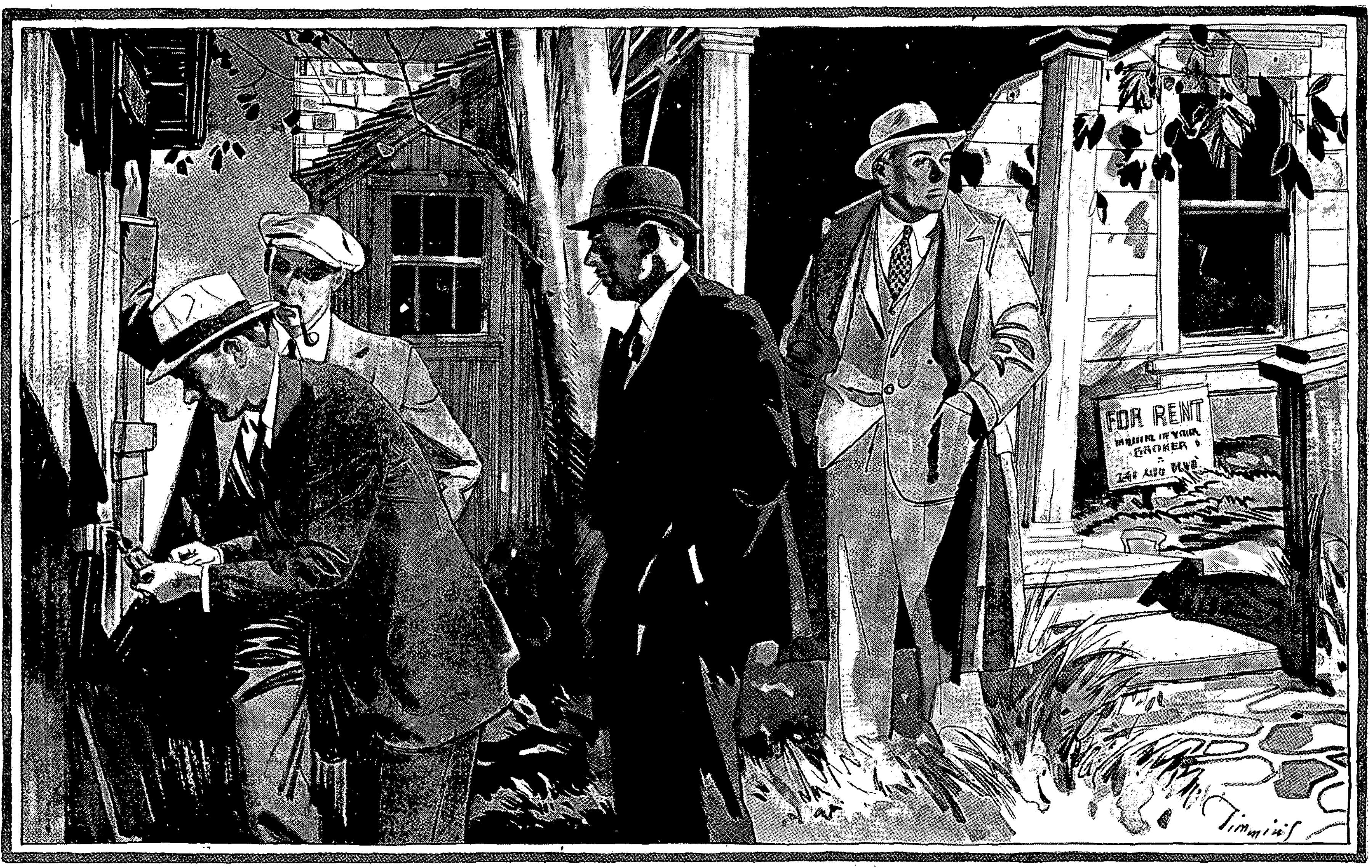
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Montreal, Canada

$1.00



Williams Holiday Package
FOR A MAN'S CHRISTMAS
Williams

All men SHAVE. *Most men* PREFER *Williams.* EVERY *man will welcome this gay, golden gift. You'll need several Holiday Packages. Get them wherever toilet goods are sold.*



Our key would not fit. "I was kind of hoping that," said O'Malley

Written in Dust

Detective O'Malley again. He reads a message from the dead

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"THIS is a case," O'Malley said, "that everybody has been working on till they are sick of it, and now they see it can't be solved they put me on it. Is that giving a guy a break, to put him on a case like that? This is a pay-roll murder. Two young guys that worked for a construction company had to go every Saturday and take the pay roll out onto Long Island where the company was doing work. Well, another car pulls alongside their car on the road, and they shoot 'em dead and make off with fourteen thousand dollars. There didn't no one see it done and we don't know a thing about it, except one guy, while he was dying in the road, wrote something in the road dust with his finger; but what he wrote ain't got no sense that anybody can make out of it."

He showed me a small photograph of what was plainly the dusty surface of a road on which a shaking finger had traced something painfully; and I read it easily:

3Y80

"You're a smart bunch of cops!" I said, derisively. "That's the license number on the plate of the car from which they shot them."

"Yeah, we thought that, too," O'Malley said, "but that car didn't have nothing to do with it."

"Then what happened is simple," I declared. "He died before he finished what he was writing; there were one or two numbers yet to come. And what you ought to do is plain. There are only a certain number of cars whose licenses begin with that letter and those three figures: Put ten cops on the job and give them each a list of licenses to look up, and in twenty-four hours you will have located the car."

"Why," O'Malley exclaimed, "you're good! We'd ought to have you on the force. Well, we'll give you fifty cops and you go ahead and locate the car. Them cars have all been looked up and it wasn't none of them; and it wasn't some car out of another state, because there ain't no state that numbers their cars exactly the same way that we do."

"THEN he misread the figures; it's a car license," I declared firmly, "because it can't be anything else with that collocation of a letter and some figures."

"Collocation, eh?—whatever that is. Have it the way you want," he said, gazing at the photograph, "but I got it different. I don't know what it is. When a guy gets a thing like this that he can't understand there's only one thing he can do with it: "He's got to carry it around and every little while he looks at it, and maybe some day, without knowing how he's done it, he all at once sees what it means."

"Is that how you are trying to solve this case?" I asked sarcastically, "just carrying that photograph around and looking at it?"

He grinned. "No; I got to stay on the department pay roll, so I'll go around and ask a lot of questions like any other cop; but I don't expect to really get anywhere with this case until I find out what it was that the dead guy tried to write."

We were in lower Manhattan and we went to the construction company's offices and talked with the treasurer. His name was Rawlins.

"How do you figure it come about, Mr. Rawlins," O'Malley asked him, "that your two boys, Wright and O'Mara, got knocked off?"

"I can't give you any explanation at all," Rawlins answered, "for I have racked my brain without result. A couple of years ago we had a pay-roll holdup, though no one was killed that time, and after that, for a while, we had police protection; but when these boys took the pay-roll job they themselves said it wasn't necessary. We had worked out what seemed a theft-proof system. The pay roll had to be on the job by Saturday noon, but it could get there any time during the morning. Not even the boys that carried it knew what hour they were going to leave the office. There are three bridges they could cross onto Long Island and several different roads they could travel from each bridge. The boys themselves did not know which bridge and road they would be told to follow. Only one man in the company knew those things. At the hour that he decided, the boys were told to start, and at the same time were told what road to go by."

"Who was this one guy that was the only one that knew?" was O'Malley's next question.

"Myself. And you may be sure that I never told anybody. As a matter of fact, I took care not to determine in my own mind what the time and road would be until the last moment. I could not have let the information slip to anybody, because I did not have it myself."

O'Malley looked at him keenly. "You ain't a guy that falls into habits, are you, Mr. Rawlins? I mean, like this: Suppose on the first Saturday of the month you told 'em some certain time and road; when the next month came would you be likely, just because it was the first Saturday of the month, to tell 'em the same time and road again, without realizing you were doing it?"

RAWLINS appeared surprised. "You mean so that somebody could have guessed what I would tell them, even though I had not yet consciously determined it myself. I don't believe that is possible, but you can check that yourself. The times the boys left were recorded by the office and, since the murders, I have attempted to recollect what roads I told them to take and have noted them down."

He took a list from his desk showing the times and roads for several weeks and gave it to O'Malley, who looked it over disappointedly.

(Continued on page 52)

Doubling for SANTA CLAUS

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

THE next best thing to having Christmas every day is to make Christmas day a *real* day. So elect yourself Santa Claus, and try your hand at dispensing holiday cheer.

It's easy to enchant your house with the simple magic of wreaths and glowing candles, heaped-up toys and mistletoe.

And it's easy to delight all those people who drop in to wish you the season's greetings simply by serving a Christmas snack built around the gold foil and emerald green of The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

And be sure to have Canada Dry—chilled and sparkling—to add a piquant touch to your Christmas dinner . . . to grace your table like a fine old wine.

Buy the Hostess Package

In fact, before the holidays come too close, make it a point to order an ample supply of Canada Dry in the handy Christmas package. It is surprisingly inexpensive now because of the new low price. And very convenient when you entertain, for there are now two sizes of this fine old beverage—the new large size containing five full glasses, and the familiar 12-ounce size.

CANADA DRY

A NEW LOW PRICE
A NEW LARGE SIZE

Christmas Cheer . . . ready in a minute

Toasted cheese "crisps" (spread cheese on small slices of bread, and toast), pickled onions, stuffed dates set on holly leaves, and Christmas candies with your favorite chilled beverage—makes a charming little snack for your many Christmas visitors. A little studied planning, a little careful buying—enables you to get it together in a minute. And if you happen to be presenting a gift at the same time, just make it the centerpiece. —*Developed in the kitchens of Good Housekeeping Institute.*

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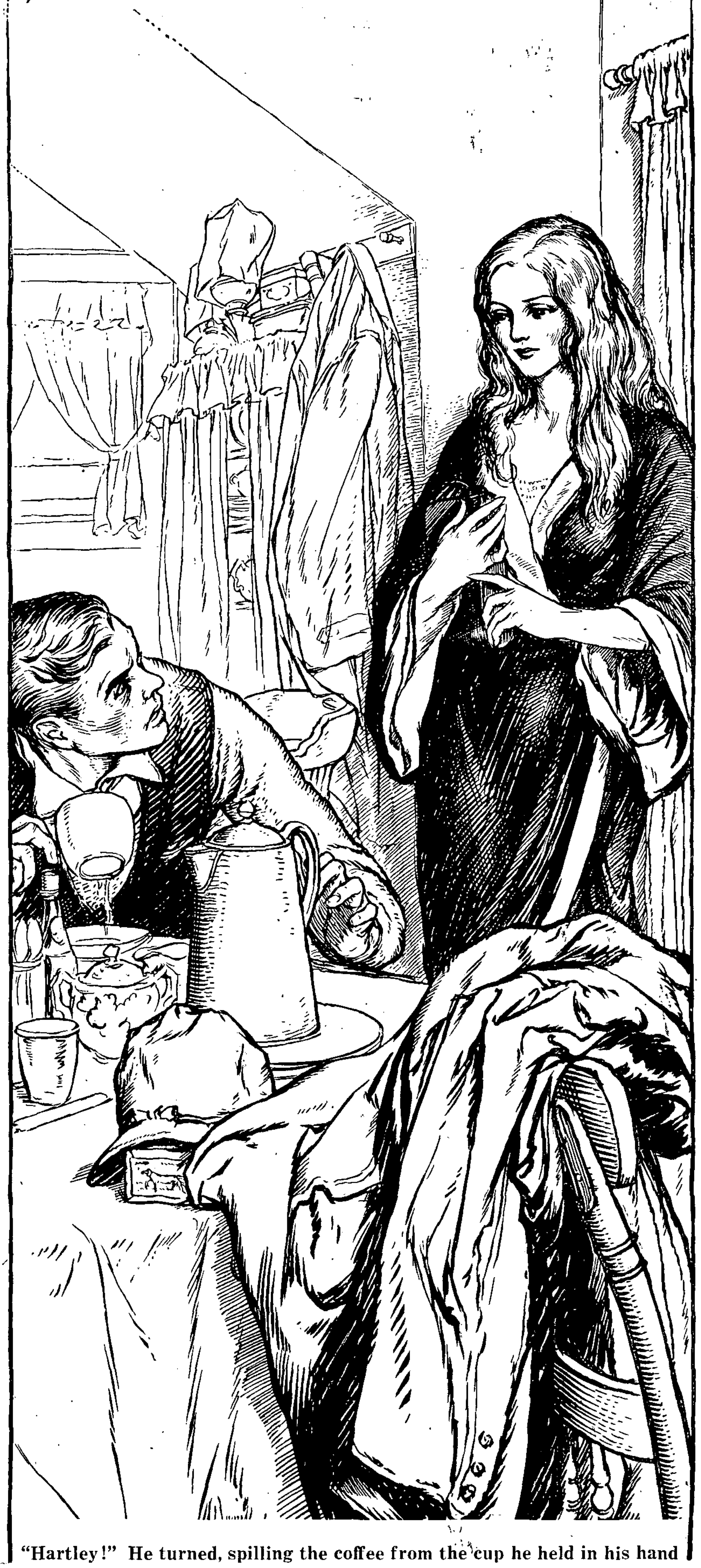
The White Buck

Of beauty, and love and courage—the story of a boy who found his heart's desire, because of what his heart told him

By Dana Burnet



"Hartley!" He turned, spilling the coffee from the cup he held in his hand

THE smell of wood-smoke and of ripe apples was over the village. The hazy suns rose late above a steel-blue ocean and were soon gone behind the flaming hills. Manasquot, Maine, was empty of its summer crowds. Its citizens, dutifully observing the rituals of the fall, burned their dead leaves, made cider and banked the bases of their houses with hay from the salt marshes.

Boys went pa'tridgin', and their elders gathered on the beach to shoot at targets set up against the sea. The talk in the garage of nights was all of goin' down East gunnin', and there were stories of the white buck that roamed the big woods around Lake Mooseluck, far to the north and east.

Young Hartley Byefield, polishing the body of his decrepit car under a drop-light in a partly screened corner of the garage, heard these stories with a sense of mingled fascination and repugnance. . . . Once, as a boy, he had cornered a coney rabbit in the angle of a stone fence and had killed it with a stick. The rabbit had screamed, as only a dying rabbit can. Hartley ran home with his hands over his ears, and when he reached his own barnyard he was sick. He had not gone hunting since.

". . . Come onto his tracks year before last and followed him all day long but to catch sight of him I couldn't!"

"'Twa'n't no white buck you was a-follerin', Perley. 'Twas a ghost!"

Easy laughter from the group gathered around the stove. Then a quick high voice: "John Jer'miah seed him, didn't ye, John?"

"Seed him? Guess I did! Stood right there in the trail not fifty paces ahead o' me. I could've shot him 'thout ever raisin' my rifle to my shoulder."

"Why didn't ye, John Jer'miah?"

They knew the answer. All Manasquot knew the answer. Hartley Byefield knew it, but he listened just the same.

"WELL, there!" came the shouted saga from old John's lips. "I didn't shoot him 'cause I couldn't b'lieve my own eyes! There he stood, right crostways the tote-road, never movin' a muscle. 'Twas about dusk o' the day after a big snowfall, and he was so white I thought some o' you cutters had made him out o' snow to play a joke on me. That's all I could think of, that I was lookin' at a snow-deer. Then he snorted: 'Whoof!'—and made one jump into a pine thicket. Like to scairt me t' death. 'There,' s' I, 'if that ain't the master!' To stand there like a sack o' meal and let that cutter git away! A white buck, and a corker! I cal'late he'd go two hundred and fifty or better, and he had a head on him like an apple tree. Dear, oh dear! If he wa'n't the handsomest thing that ever walked the woods then the devil take my place at prayer-meetin'."

The familiar story ended. There were sighs of appreciation, and someone spat lustily into the stove.

Hartley Byefield finished grooming his car, climbed into it and started for the door. The consequent uproar made him conspicuous.

"Goin' sportin', Hartley?"

"Maybe," said Hartley.

"Goin' down East with us this fall, young feller?"

"Who, him? He ain't got no courage to go gunnin'!"

Hartley looked across the garage floor at the last speaker, a husky youth about his own age, ruddy and bold, with impudent bright blue eyes.

"Don't see as it takes much courage, Roly, to kill things that ain't got a chance against you."

There. He had said it. He had spoken truthfully and sincerely, but even as he spoke, he knew that he had uttered a heresy. Roland Webb laughed loudly. "That's all right, Hartley!" he shouted. "You stay to home. You might get lost down there in the big woods."

"EY-AH!" retorted Hartley. "But I never got lost in my own wood-lot, same as you did the night you went coonin' and drunk the hull jug o' cider!"

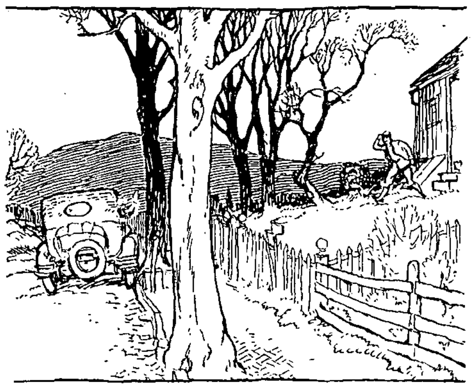
The laugh was against Roland this time. Taking advantage of it, Hartley drove quickly out of the garage. He drove along Main Street to Ocean Avenue, turned down it and stopped in front of the Seaview Hotel, a converted dwelling now rid of its summer boarders, where Clifford Goss, the proprietor, lived with his wife and daughter, Jennie.

Jennie Goss was the prettiest girl in the village. So far as Hartley was concerned she was the prettiest girl in the world. He had been in love with her since he could remember. He knew she was a flirt. At times he suspected her of downright heartlessness. But there it was: he loved her. He could not think of a time when the torture of his love had not troubled his mind and tempered the mood of his days.

He was a sensitive boy. Dreamy, his mother had called him. His mother had died when he was eight and his father had married again. He was fond of the second Mrs. Byefield, and friendly with her daughter, Helen, who had come to live with them. But how could he share with these comparative strangers the secrets of his heart? At twenty-two one prefers the ache of loneliness to the agonies of self-revelation.

Hartley took from the seat of his car a flat package tied with string and walked toward the house where Jennie lived. Jennie herself opened the door. A light in the hall behind her made her hair shine like gold. "Oh, it's you, Hartley!" she said.

The boy felt his throat tighten. His heart beat faster, as it always did at the sight of her. She was small and plump and shimmering, with a round pink-and-white face and light blue eyes that prom-



ised nameless delights when she was pleased. They could narrow like a cat's when she was angry. She was often angry, or pretended to be, and then her eyes would gleam with a kind of wickedness that was maddening. Hartley, at such moments, wanted to grab her in his arms and kiss her. Sometimes he did it, and she let him. But also he wanted to cry. It was a queer, mixed-up, terrible feeling.

They walked into the front parlor.

"You alone, Jennie?"

"Ey-ah. Pa's down to the barber shop and Ma's gone to her Pocahontas meetin'."

"I brought them photographs of the hotel to show you."

"Oh! Let's see 'em, Hartley."

The boy broke the string of the package and took out half a dozen large colored photographs, which he handed to her. She sat down on a sofa and he sat beside her.

"It took some time to color 'em," he said. "I wanted to get the colors just right, same as they are in nature."

"Why, I think they're real pretty, Hartley."

"Hope your father'll be pleased. He's payin' me a good price for 'em."

"HE'LL get it back," said Jennie laughing, "sellin' 'em as souvenirs to the boarders next summer."

"I'm glad you like 'em, Jennie."

"Sure I do. I think you take beautiful pictures, Hartley. You always did, even with that little camera you had when we were kids. 'Member how you always wanted to take pictures of me?"

"I do yet," said the boy. His voice was wistful; then it grew eager. "You wait till next spring! I've saved up enough money to buy a portrait cam'ry, and Pa's promised to let me have the back parlor for a studio. I'll be a real photographer, then, same as I always wanted to be. You'll let me take your picture, won't you, Jennie? I won't charge you nothin' for it."

"Of course I will," said Jennie, her eyes sparkling.

"I'm real interested in photography. Cal'late I can make money out of it, too. Maybe enough to get married on," said Hartley; and smiled shyly at his love.

Jennie pretended to misunderstand him.

"Why, Hartley! You thinkin' of gettin' married? Who's the lucky girl? Is it Helen?"

"Helen!"

"Yes."

"Helen is—why, she's the same as my sister!"

"She ain't any kin to you really," said Jennie, thoroughly enjoying his confusion. "And everybody knows she's stuck on you."

This was such an astonishing statement that Hartley could not reply for a moment. He stared at Jennie in amazement; then his thin brown face turned brick-red. The idea that Helen, his stepmother's daughter, should be stuck on him was both incredible and strangely disturbing.

"That ain't so! Anybody says 'tis is talkin' through their hat."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it. I don't say Helen ain't a nice girl."

"She's a wonderful girl!" blurted out Hartley; then suddenly he leaned toward Jennie, thrusting his arm along the back of the sofa. "You're teasin' me," he said. "You know who 'tis I want to marry."

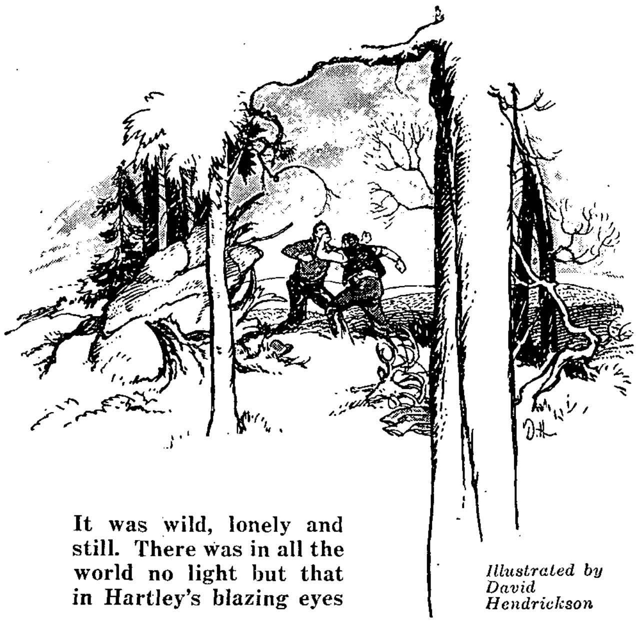
"No, I don't, honest."

She was playing with him, but he was too miserable to care.

"It's you, Jennie." His arm dropped around her soft, plump shoulders. "Oh, Jennie—!" he said, and his voice shook with the agony of his longing.

But Jennie was in no mood to be kissed, as she knew Hartley would kiss her. At times she was almost afraid of that queer fierceness of his. Besides, she had other interests this evening.

"No, Hartley! You'll muss me all up!"



It was wild, lonely and still. There was in all the world no light but that in Hartley's blazing eyes

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

Her voice was sharp; edged with her ready anger. Hartley drew back; and for the first time he noticed that she was wearing a party dress.

"You goin' out tonight, Jennie?"

"I'm goin' to a dance in Portsmouth."

"Oh!" said Hartley. (In his mind the old, dull ache, the familiar torture.) "I was goin' to ask you to go to Kennebunk to the movies with me."

"I'm awful sorry, Hartley."

"Who you goin' with, Jennie?"

She hesitated, knowing her power to hurt him, and for once not wishing to use it. She did not want his tragic eyes haunting her at the dance. Sometimes she thought she would have to marry him just to stop that look in his eyes.

As it happened, she was saved the necessity of answering Hartley's question; for at that moment the front door opened and Roland Webb burst into the hall.

"Hi, Jennie!" he called.

"In here, Roly! In the parlor!"

Roland came stamping into the room. He had on his best suit of clothes. A starched collar clamped his ruddy neck. He was dressed for sporting.

Hartley got up from the sofa.

"'Lo, Roly," he said.

"How a' ye," said Roland, with a formality that ignored their verbal tilt in the garage, half an hour earlier. But the sting of that encounter was in his voice as he added: "I hear you're an artist, these days. Stick to it, boy. Another year and you'll be paintin' oil pictures and lettin' your hair grow, same as them fellers that comes here in the summertime."

Two spots of color appeared under Hartley's cheek-bones. His fingers worked against his thighs.

"'Twouldn't hurt your looks none, Roly," he said, "if you'd let your hair grow a little, in the room o' havin' it clipped same's Miz Haskins clips her poodle every spring."

"NOW, boys!" intervened Jennie hastily. "I won't have you fightin' in my parlor."

"Fightin'!" exclaimed Roland. He laughed loudly. "Hartley Byefield ain't got no more courage to fight than he has to go down East gunnin' with the gang and get his deer!"

The room blurred suddenly before Hartley's eyes. The blood rushed from his heart to his brain; he could feel it pounding in his temples. His voice sounded strange.

"Damn you!" he choked. "I'll fight you any time you say so! And what's more, I'm a-goin' down East this fall, and when I get my deer 'twon't be no sixty-pound spike-horn same's you lugged home last year. It'll be the white buck that John Jer'miah seed and let get away from him, that's what it'll be!"

This was madness. He knew it, but there was something beautiful in his wild boasting. Somehow it relieved the hurt in his breast. He heard Roly's high shout of derision, but paid no attention to it. Turning to Jennie, he cried: "If I bring you home the white buck's head will you marry me?"

"Hartley!"

"Will you marry me?"

JENNIE was really alarmed. He was so pale and shaken with passion. His eyes were blazing. She put her hand on his arm.

"Why, sure I will, Hartley. Sure! I'd marry anybody who brought me home a white buck's head!" Her laugh said that this was a pleasant coquetry; but it was too feathery a shaft to penetrate Hartley's hard mood.

"You've said it!" he rasped out. "You've promised. He heard you."

With that, Hartley turned and rushed out of the room. The other two stood gazing stupidly after him. Then Jennie giggled, and Roly put his arm around her waist. "Come on, let's go," he said. "That cutter's crazy!"

"Maybe he is," she said. "But, anyway, a white buck's head would look nice over that mantel."

"I'll get it for you," bragged Roland; and kissed her.

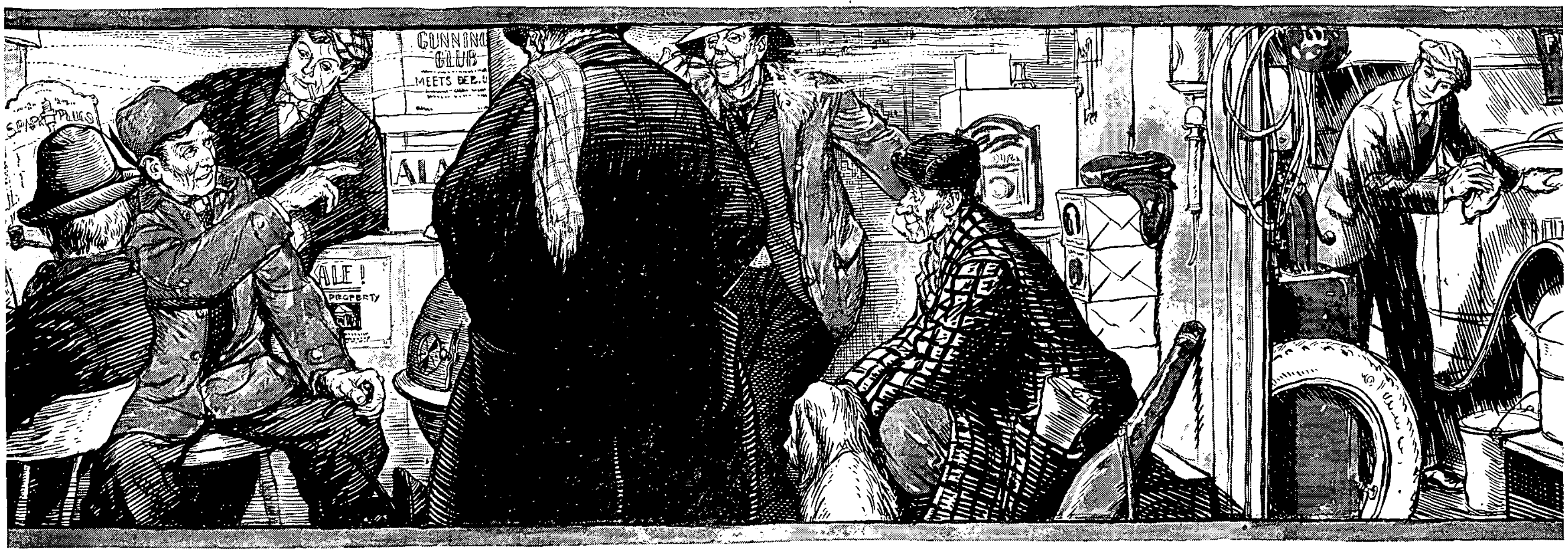
The Byefield place was on the state road about two miles from the village. Hartley drove those two miles at a furious pace. But as he walked toward the house, after putting the car in the barn, his frenzy abruptly died. He felt troubled and sad and a bit foolish, though he did not regret his folly. His only concern was whether he'd ever be able to justify it.

He entered the kitchen and found Helen sitting by the table, reading. The glow of an oil lamp fell on her glossy brown hair, and on her white throat and her long white hands.

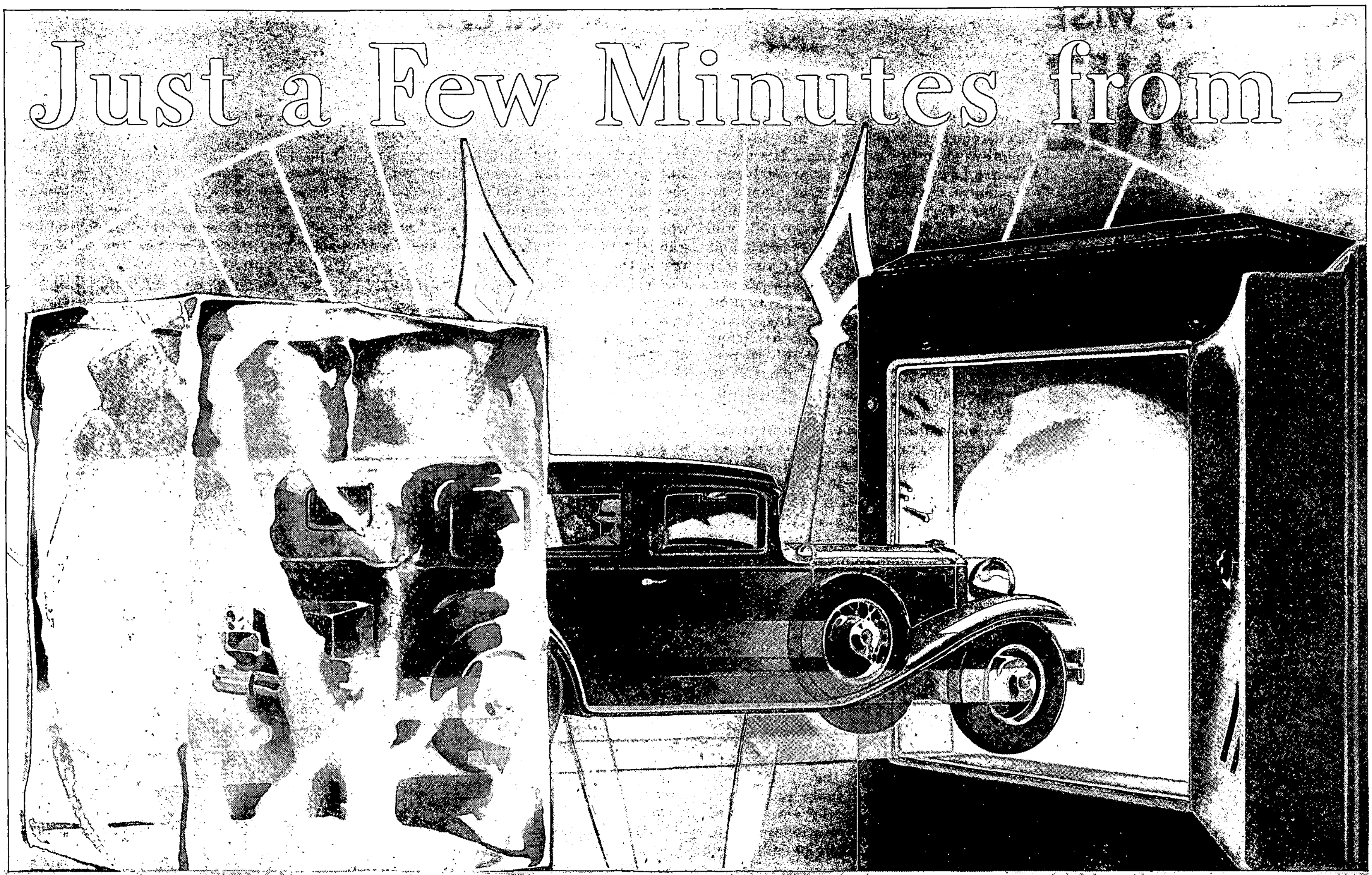
She looked up at him and smiled. Her eyes were friendly; they had that illusion of depth which is a revelation of spirit and intelligence.

"I thought you were going to the

(Continued on page 58)



They knew the answer. Hartley knew, but he listened just the same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The Red Czar

Continued from page 8

From his earliest days he had been accustomed to starve and carry on his usual work notwithstanding. His wants always have been and still are extremely modest. Even in times of plenty all he asked for was a piece of sheep's-milk cheese, a flat, dry Caucasian roll, and only on particularly festive occasions would he spread a scraping of Caucasian honey on the bread. He was always perfectly satisfied with the meager sums he received from the party. Like many of the other revolutionaries, he drank hardly any wine, and was in this respect a conspicuous exception for a native of Georgia, the land of heavy wine-drinkers.

Stalin's guide, philosopher and friend in those days was the Russian Kurnatovsky, a friend of Lenin. It was he who first told Stalin about the sage who, in far distant parts, was directing the fate of the Revolution, and from time to time gave him copies of the famous paper, *Iskra* (The Spark), which Lenin published in Munich and had smuggled into Russia.

In Tiflis, discussions centered round the best means of carrying on the propagation of revolutionary ideas. The oldest members wished to adhere to the original modest method of propaganda according to which individual workmen, after having been watched for some time and found reliable, were selected for introduction into the ranks. But the youngest member of the Tiflis committee, Stalin, was in favor of a great mass movement to take the place of the gradual dinning of revolutionary principles into the thick skulls of individual Caucasian workers.

After many violent encounters and heated debates, Stalin's point of view prevailed. In the spring of 1901 he began preparations for this first public demonstration in the Caucasus. When at last the workmen swarmed expectantly into the open, collected into groups, and began to rampage through the streets, singing songs, joking and creating a disturbance, the only leaders to be seen among them were youths who had hitherto been spared by the police. On this occasion, however, the police let the workmen alone but not the young leaders. So while the workmen were dispersing of their own accord, and Stalin, in his quarters, was giving his party colleagues a report of his first great revolutionary success, Colonel Martynov, the Commissioner of Police, was signing the order for his arrest. But when the police appeared with the warrant Stalin was no longer in Tiflis. He had been warned; and a friendly worker on the railway took him to a friendly porter, who took him from a friendly engine-driver to a friendly guard. On the following day Stalin alighted at the little oil-stained station of Batum, the Georgian port on the Black Sea, where he was accorded a hearty welcome by the workmen belonging to the numerous factories in the town.

Off to Siberia

A few months after his arrival in Batum, Stalin succeeded in calling the first oil workers' strike, which was followed by a demonstration regarded by the police as almost an insurrection. Prince Golitsyn, the brutal and detested Russian viceroy of that day, drew his own conclusions from these demonstrations and the circulation of revolutionary literature in Tiflis and Batum, and began to feel seriously alarmed for the peace and order of his district province.

On May 1, 1902, just as the workers were about to celebrate the new May Day festival in the shady gardens near Batum, and Stalin was leading a procession through the suburbs, the police suddenly appeared on the scene. The workers were brutally dispersed, and the gaunt youth with the pockmarked face, whom the police had been watching uneasily for months, was arrested after a sharp and determined struggle and flung into the local jail.

Thus a new chapter opened in the life of Stalin. To the young revolutionary, his first term of imprisonment was what the taking of his degree is to the ordinary university student. It constituted a political diploma of efficiency issued by the police as the competent authority in such matters. But the police, in Stalin's case, came to the conclusion that banishment to Siberia would be the surest and quickest way of knocking the revolutionary nonsense out of his head.

On the way out to Siberia, Stalin received news of the great split in the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party that had taken place at its second congress in London. He heard that the majority of the leaders had broken with Lenin and that the once united party was now divided into two factions, the Bolsheviks, or majority; and the Mensheviks, or minority. Stalin was quick to see that every member of the party, including himself, must come to an independent decision regarding the complex problems of revolution.

Stalin Makes Up His Mind

He was immediately convinced that Lenin's faction was the faction of action while the Mensheviks constituted the faction committed to tactical caution, endless discussion and doctrinal hair-splitting. Lenin's principles rang out clear and lucid—social revolution, class war, unceasing plotting and planning, the ruthless abolition of half measures and the refusal to have anything to do with the intellectuals, the bourgeoisie and the liberals, to whom the Menshevik leaders were inclined to give favorable hearing.

Thus his whole disposition and predilection for the practical and the real led Stalin in one direction: Lenin's way was his way!

Stalin met with no difficulty in escaping from Siberia and traveled down the river as far as Irkutsk, where he remained for some time in hiding quite close to the governor's residence. In January, 1904, solemnly acclaimed by his friends, Stalin once more made his appearance in the revolutionary circles of Tiflis and was immediately acknowledged as a man of ripe experience, a champion who had safely escaped from Siberia, the leader of the little body of Bolsheviks which had been formed meanwhile, and the disciple of Lenin.

The first Russian revolution, which broke out in 1905 as the result of the Russo-Japanese War, met with widespread sympathy in Caucasia. The abdication of the Czar was expected at any moment, and, full of fantastic hopes of freedom, the people joined enthusiastically in the revolutionary struggle.

On a bright summer morning the Caucasian conspirators gathered before an extremely old Georgian church in Didube, a suburb of Tiflis, and in the suburb Nakhalovka. The assault on the city was to take place from the church.

Street Fighting in Tiflis

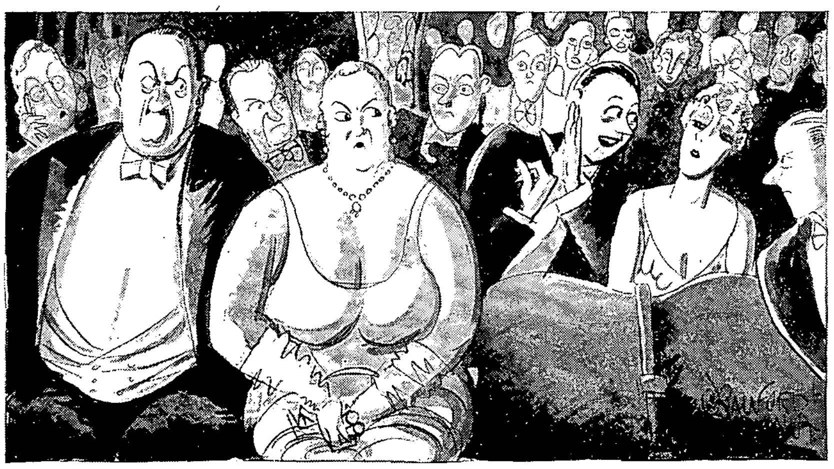
In obedience to secret orders issued by their leaders the proletariat and lower middle classes of the Georgian capital flocked from their factories and workshops and their dirty streets and gathered in front of the church of Didube. Stalin headed this band of warriors and with the indispensable red flag in the van the demonstration began.

The procession swarmed through the Mushtaid, the public park of Tiflis, and poured into the city where the fighting was to take place. Stalin's object was to capture the citadel of Mtekh, to set the inmates of the prison free, and to start open rebellion at that point.

At the gates of the Tiflis *Gymnasium* the demonstrators were confronted by a regiment of Cossacks and found their road barred. Midway between the mob and the representatives of power there stood, as in the great days of the French Revolution, a tall lamp-post. Stalin was in the front rank of the insurgents. Suddenly he separated himself from his comrades, went up to the lamp-post and nimbly climbed the smooth iron column. He could be seen far and wide by the people of Tiflis, and his rugged Georgian accents fell on their ears.

No one ever knew who fired the first shot that day, a Cossack or one of the demonstrators. In any case a shot rang out from somewhere. Whereupon the wiry man on the lamp-post was seen to grab quickly at his belt and to produce one dynamite bomb after another, which he flung with great force into the ranks of the Cossacks. The latter leveled their rifles on the crowd and the great Tiflis massacre began. The battle lasted for three hours in the heart of the city. The majority of the insurgents, who came

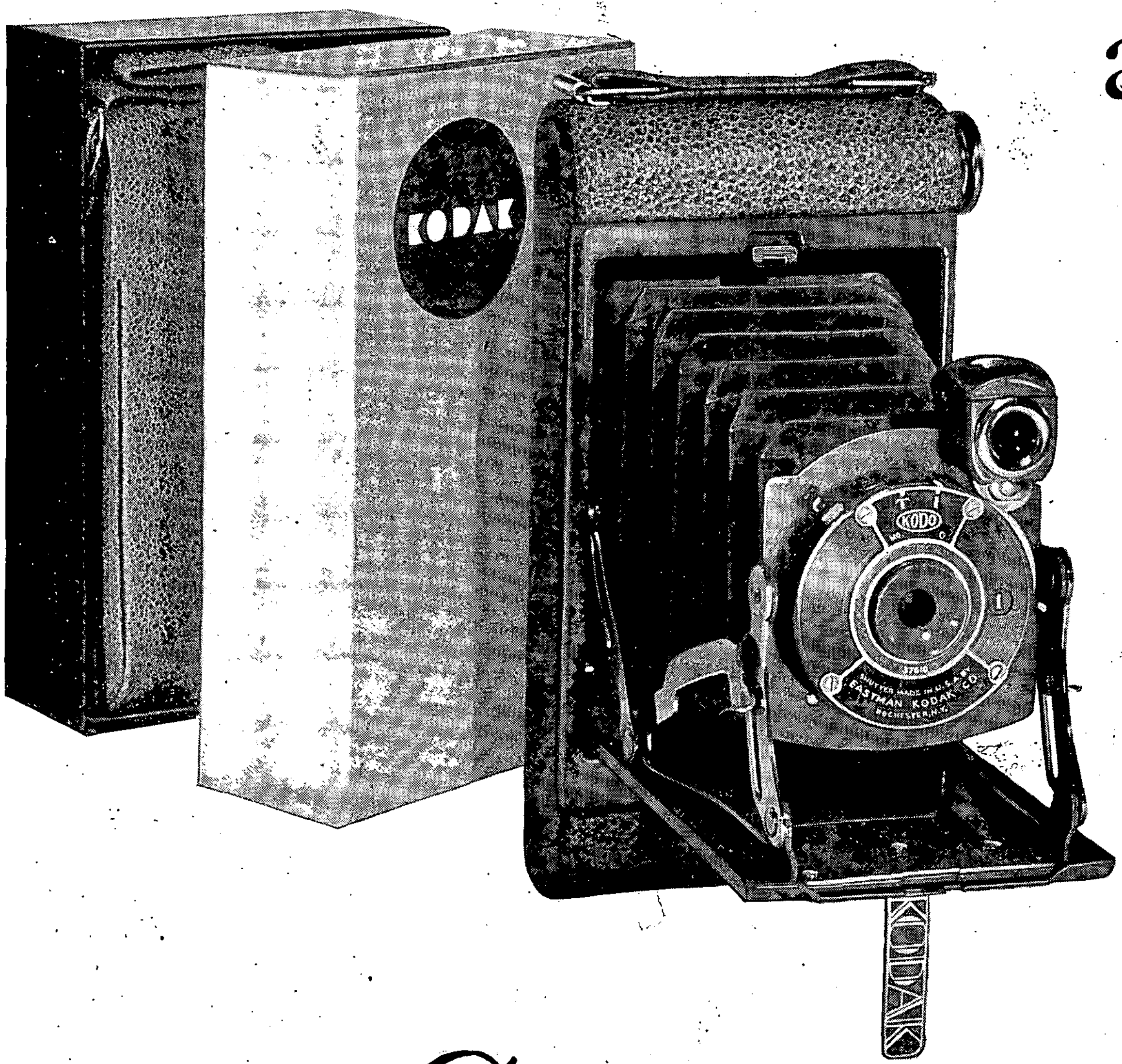
(*Continued on page 35*)



The Lutzmiers—big cheese people *Crawford Young*

for a Father
for a Mother
for a Sister
for a Brother

Who wouldn't want a Camera!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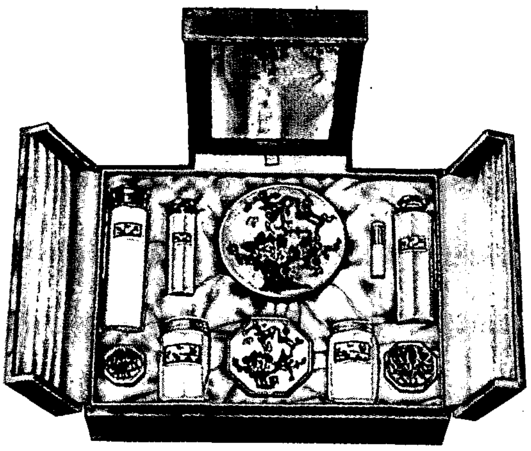
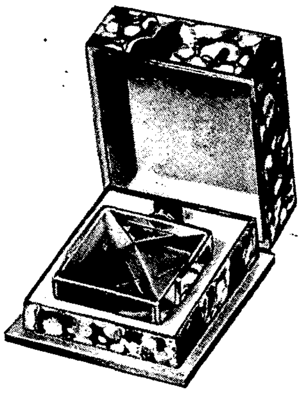
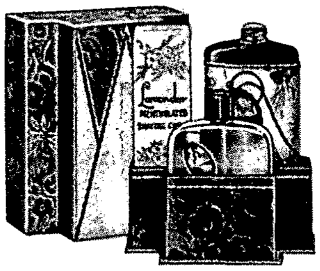
A satin-lined case of unusual beauty and four of the famous Cara Nome Toiletries—face powder, perfume, talcum and compact. A thrill for any girl!



Find the woman whose heart won't miss a few beats when she sees this exquisite make-up case and knows it's all hers! Shari Beauty Creations are in the silken boxes, crystal jars and silver cases. The assortment was planned by Monsieur Langlois himself!

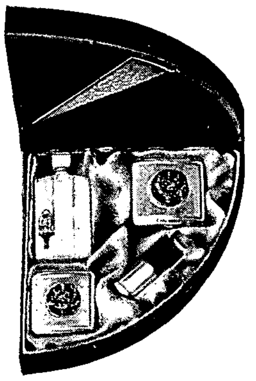


Shari, "the perfume of the immortals", in a flacon and case suited to its excellence. A gift that will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness!



A gift any man will appreciate. Lavender Mentholated Shaving Cream, the world's coolest shave. Invigorating Lavender Lotion. And Lavender Talc, the finishing powder that gives that Hollywood look!

A satin-lined chest of opalescent blue. Two crystal flacons, a silken box and a hand-wrought silver case containing Shari, "the perfume of the immortals", along with the most frequently used Shari powders.



This lovely Cara Nome novelty set concludes our display from the toilet goods department! But your Rexall Drug Store has many other sets. The prices? They range from $25.00 downward to $1.00.

There is a R you. Liggett an Rexall Drug Sto

A gift fo over-heating Pad. Chinch in metal cas DeLuxe Mo Others dow

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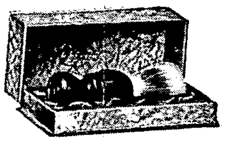
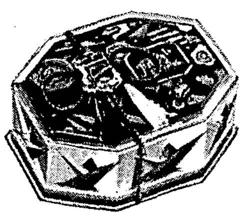


GIFTS

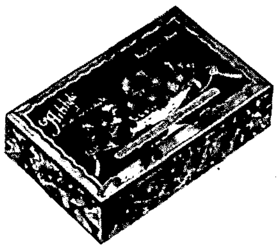
g Store

factories of the United Drug Company, world's largest producer of drug store merchandise.

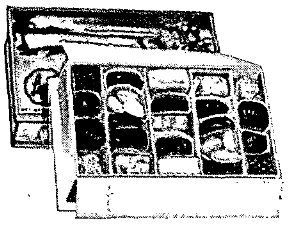
On these pages are displayed a few representative items from the Toilet Goods, Stationery, Candy and Sundries departments of the Rexall Drug Stores. Examine them at your Rexall Drug Store for a better appreciation of their value. See the hundreds of other items on display! Shop now while the selection is complete!



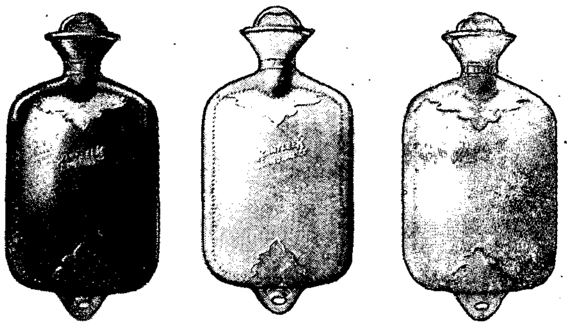
She'll love this beautiful box and the wonderful Artstyle "Pour Vous" Chocolates. $1.50 lb.



Left: The special Christmas Assortment of Artstyle Milk Chocolates. 46 pieces. 19 kinds of centers. $1.25 lb.



Right: "Little Bits from the East." A candy symphony that is certain to strike a responsive chord. $1.50.



You probably know someone who needs the sure comfort of a fine hot-water bottle.

Give her a Kantleek Hot-Water Bottle. For here are bottles that are not only useful but beautiful.

One piece of live, soft rubber. No seams or patches. They can't leak! Soft, new pastel tints to match bathroom or boudoir colors. An extraordinary value at $2.00.

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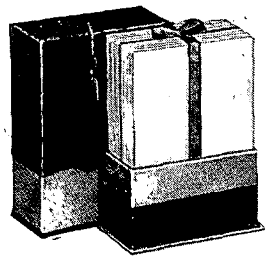
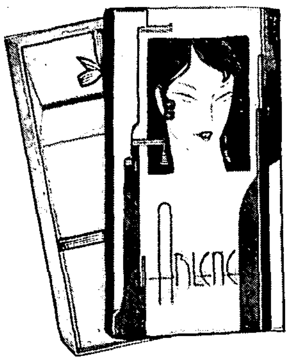
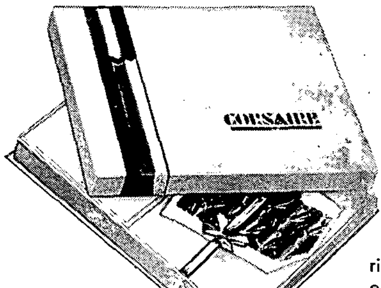


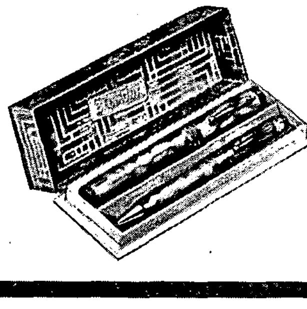
Fancy Tasseled Boxes are the very latest in gift stationery. Your choice of paper and envelope styles and colors. Extra values $1.00

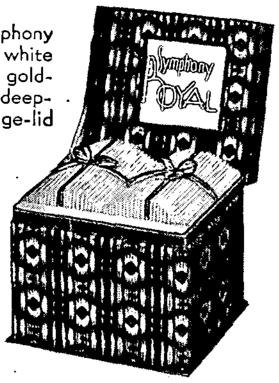


Three quires novelty bordered paper; 50 envelopes to match. White, grey, green or buff. "Arlene" is just 98c.



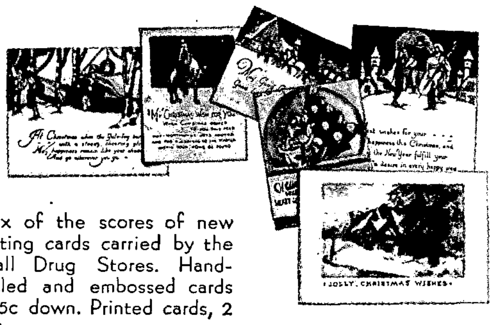
This Belmont Pen and Pencil Set is a great value at $4.25. Other sets and single items, $7.75 to $1.00.





Right: A royal gift. Symphony Royal. One quire heavy white folded sheets. A quire of gold-edged cards, beautiful, deep-flapped envelopes. Hinge-lid case, $2.00.

Left: Corsaire. A style-right gift box of richly lined envelopes. One quire of heavy paper in white, grey or buff, $1.00.



Six of the scores of new greeting cards carried by the Rexall Drug Stores. Hand-deckled and embossed cards at 35c down. Printed cards, 2 for 5c up.

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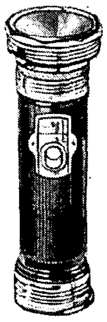

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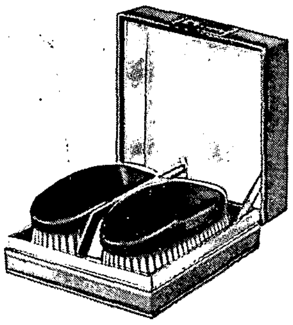
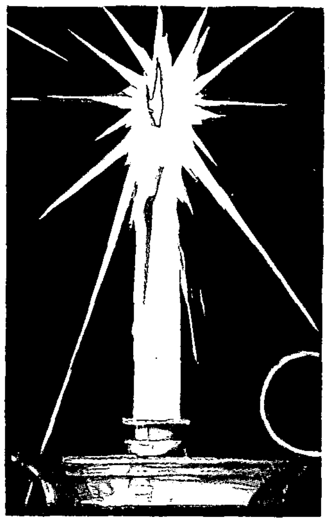
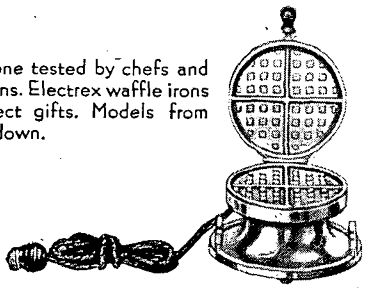


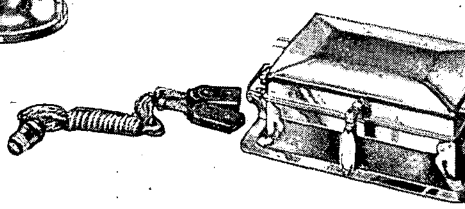
Just the gift for man or boy; and your Rexall Store has a large assortment! Finest bristles in real ebony at $10.00 the pair. Others as low as $1.98 a pair.



Each one tested by chefs and electricians. Electrex waffle irons are perfect gifts. Models from $10.00 down.



A beautiful gift for boys. More useful for automobilists or country dwellers. Long range "Scout" flash-lights. Priced at 70c to $3.80.



Your Rexall Store has gifts electrical of all kinds, ranging in price from this beautiful and useful Electrex Sandwich Toaster at $9.95, down to Electrex Curling Irons at 98c.

The FIFTY DOLLARS you will never regret having spent

MEN and women who cannot think beyond the dull arithmetic of life fail to get their share of happiness.

But most of us, happily, know that fifty dollars is more than forty-nine dollars and one hundred cents.

We know that by investing that much in a fine watch like Hamilton, and then giving it to someone for Christmas, we buy something even more precious than just years of accurate time-telling. Intimate associations, loving memories will follow that watch wherever it goes in its lifetime.

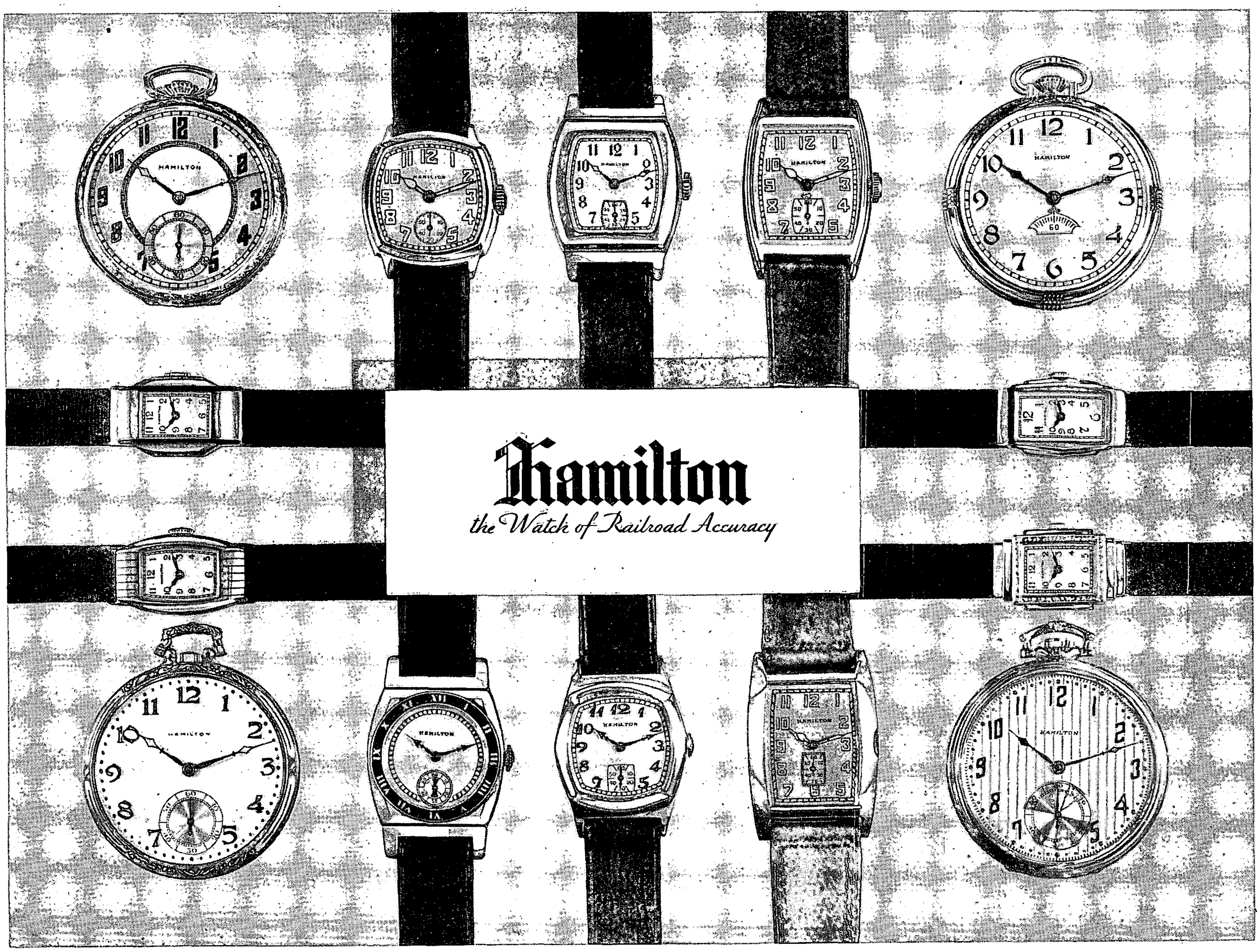
A Hamilton is more than a mere miracle of patient watch-artistry. In the first place—it's beautiful. Second, when you look at it you know you're getting accurate time. And then, too, there is *something* about it that tickles your sense of vanity just a pardonable bit!

Deep down in your conscience you may have a feeling that this Christmas you'd like to square yourself and give someone in your family a really glorious, breath-taking gift. If that's the case, we urge you to drop into a fine jeweler's shop and see some of the beautiful new Hamilton watches.

There are several models at $50—and others up to $600. One thing is certain, however: whatever you spend—if it's a Hamilton—you'll never regret it!

Let us send you a copy of "When We Speak of a Tenth . . ," Christopher Morley's brilliant story about the making of a Hamilton Watch. Address the Hamilton Watch Co., 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

* * *



Top row, left to right: CLEVELAND. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, green or white, $50. CUSHION. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, green or white. Plain, $50; engraved, $52. RALEIGH. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow, green or white, with etched dial, plain, $50; engraved, green or white filled gold, $52. WEBSTER. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, white or natural yellow, $55. FARRAGUT. 17 jewels. With new secometer dial, 14k filled white or natural yellow gold, $55. *Center, left, above:* BANCROFT. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, white or natural yellow, $50. *Below:* EDGEWOOD. 17 jewels. 14k filled white or natural yellow gold $52.50. *Center, right, above:* LINDEN HALL. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, white or natural yellow, $50. *Below:* WELLESLEY. 17 jewels. 14k filled white or natural yellow gold, $55. *Bottom row, left to right:* CARNEGIE. 21 jewels. Extra thin model, hand-made case, 18k white or natural yellow gold, raised gold numeral dial, $200. PIPING ROCK. 19 jewels. 14k white or natural yellow gold, $125. OAKMONT. 19 jewels. 14k white or natural yellow gold, raised gold figure dial, $90. BYRD. 19 jewels. 14k white or natural yellow gold. Silver dial, luminous figures, $150. MASTERPIECE, Model "C." 23 jewels. Hand-made case of 18k white or natural yellow gold; sterling silver dial, 18k raised gold numerals, $250. Your jeweler will be glad to show you other gift-Hamiltons for ladies and gentlemen at $50, $55, $150 and so on up to $600.

The Red Czar

Continued from page 30

from the lower middle class and the proletariat, had never before held a weapon in their hands, and were unable to withstand the violent onslaught of the Cossacks.

Accompanied by a body of faithful supporters, Stalin fled down Loris Melikov Street to the luxurious Hotel Europa. The sudden appearance of this band of wild armed men created a panic among the aristocratic visitors of the hotel very similar to the panic raging in the streets, and for the next few hours the hotel was the citadel of the revolutionaries. The doors were barricaded and the windows broken, and from all the rooms the insurgents fired on the Cossacks. In a trice the hotel had been converted into a strong fortress. Not all the insurgents were Bolsheviks. Many of them did not even know the name of their leader. But then in those early days Stalin did not inquire into the past of those who flocked to join him. Suffice it that they were anxious to fight!

Stalin Sells Protection

The Cossacks besieged the Europa until nightfall and it was only when orders were given to storm the building regardless of its aristocratic inmates that Stalin was forced to withdraw. The Cossacks pressed forward under the fierce rapid-firing of the insurgents and captured the hotel, while Stalin and his followers escaped to the street through the cellars.

On the following day, when law and order had been restored in Tiflis, when the Cossack patrols were in undisputed possession of the streets, the man who had flung the bombs from the lamp-post was nowhere to be found. He had fled to the mountains, which from time immemorial had been the traditional refuge of political fugitives.

Under the rule of Gryasnov, the brutal governor-general of Tiflis, great changes were taking place in the district. A hint from St. Petersburg had led the Caucasian administration to adopt new methods in their fight against the Caucasian emancipation movement. In neighboring Turkey, under the rule of Abdul Hamid, massacres of Armenians were taking place. The Mohammedans and the Armenians, the two peoples concerned in the massacres, were plentifully represented in the Caucasus. So what was more obvious than that they should fly at each others' throats in that territory also?

It has never been documentarily proved that the Russian government actually provoked the Armenian-Mohammedan massacres but documentary evidence in such cases is almost always impossible to secure. However, it is the general opinion of those in a position to know and also of the people concerned that the Russians not only tolerated the massacres, but that the Russian police distributed arms first to the Armenians and then to the Mohammedans in order to provoke them against each other, and subsequently took away the weapons from one party and placed them at the disposal of the other.

Stalin contrived to turn these massacres to account in a most original way. In the Mohammedan quarter of Tiflis there were also many rich Armenian families to be found, just as Mohammedan families frequently inhabited the Armenian quarters of the town. Now these families which were in the center of the enemy's camp were naturally the first to be exposed to the danger of extermination, and Stalin, the leader of a band of native Bolsheviks disciplined on military lines, was naturally in a position to protect them. Thus in the middle of the street fighting, when the massacre first began, he appeared at the house of some rich Armenian merchant who lived in the Mohammedan quarter, stood watching the consternation of the inmates for some time, and at last presented himself to the head of the house and gravely informed him that the hour could not be far distant when the honest merchant together with all his family must inevitably fall beneath the knives of the Mohammedans.

The merchant, who did not require this piece of information from Stalin to make him feel extremely anxious, was now driven to despair. But with kind-hearted partiality Stalin declared himself ready to befriend the unfortunate family at his own personal risk. He and his Bolsheviks could easily help the Armenians to escape from their dangerous plight and find them safe hiding-places outside the Mohammedan quarter of the town until the massacre was over. Naturally, moreover, he expected the merchant to give his rescuers something in return for their trouble—a donation of, say, a thousand rubles to the Bolshevik funds would be sufficient. Failing this, he would be obliged, much to his regret, to leave the family to their fate.

With houses in flames all round and wild fighting in the streets, even the most tight-fisted merchant had but little time to haggle. Quickly he would thrust two five-hundred-ruble notes into his rescuer's hand. Whereupon a cart surrounded by armed Communists immediately appeared, and regardless of the firing of the Mohammedan insurgents, conveyed the worthy merchant and his family to a quiet village on the outskirts of the town.

Meanwhile, Stalin would calmly repair to the next Armenian merchant or else dash through a hail of enemy bullets to the Armenian quarter of the city, where the farce would be repeated, this time with a Mohammedan as the terrified hero.

Thus during the four days of the Armenian-Mohammedan massacres Stalin contrived to save dozens of merchant families. And when, at last, order was restored the Bolsheviks were, for the time being, the richest revolutionary party in the Caucasus. As a matter of fact, the Communist rescue cart was most efficient. Not one of the merchants who had contributed liberally to the Bolshevik coffers was molested in any way. And as Stalin helped both Mohammedans and Armenians he contrived to keep on the right side of both peoples.

The Assassins Draw Lots

After the massacres had brought to an end the series of open insurrections, the police were given a free hand. All kinds of cold-blooded brutalities were excused on the ground that, after all, the Caucasians were savages who could not be ruled in any other way. An open reign of terror began.

The man responsible for all these police measures was Gryasnov, the notorious governor-general, an old and hardened reactionary who regarded it as his life's mission to combat revolution in every shape and form. Whether in suppressing labor risings, in shooting revolutionary leaders, or in flogging demonstrators, he was ever in the front ranks of the police. Throughout the Caucasus his name was the symbol of all that was hostile to the cause of freedom.

(Continued on page 38)

for Shaving without Brush or Lather
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY
HEALING SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC Shaving Cream
MADE SOLELY BY THE MOLLÉ CO. BEDFORD, O. U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.
READ DIRECTIONS
(Actual size 50c tube)
MOLLÉ MŌ-LAY

Good News!

Mollé can be had in three sizes — the original giant 50c tube; in 75c jars containing twice as much as the 50c tube; and in the convenient *traveler's size*, 30c tube.

Read below, our unusual offer.

The *best shave* in your life . . . . or ½ this giant tube FREE

Once you use Mollé, you will shave with it all your life. We are so sure of this fact that we now present what we believe to be the most unusual offer ever made by a shaving cream manufacturer.

Buy a tube or a jar of MOLLÉ at any drug store. Use ONE-HALF the entire amount. If then you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving preparation you ever put on your face, return the balance to us and we will refund the entire purchase price.

How can *we* afford to make this nation-wide free offer if Mollé is not THE BEST? How can *you* afford to overlook this convenient and inexpensive way of getting acquainted with a truly revolutionary product . . . a modern shaving cream now used daily by nearly two million men?

That "Delightful After-Feel"

Mollé is giving men quicker, cleaner, and closer shaves. Mollé softens the toughest beard thoroly and quickly. It holds the hairs erect, so that your razor cuts them squarely at the base. Mollé forms a thin lubricant over the skin, allowing your razor to glide, and not jump. Razor-smart and burn are ended.

But best of all is the *after-feel.* Your face feels comfortable and refreshed to a degree that is positively indescribable. No balms, no lotions, are needed, since Mollé is not a soap, but an emollient . . . a soothing, healing preparation in itself.

Give your face a treat . . . get a tube or jar of Mollé today at any drug store. And remember, we pay the cost if Mollé doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, BEDFORD, OHIO

SIMPLICITY ITSELF!

No lather to work up. No brush to bother with or clean up afterward. You merely wash your face with soap and water. Then while face is damp, gently rub Mollé with finger-tips over the beard. Then shave. No AFTER-LOTIONS *needed. Simplicity itself!*

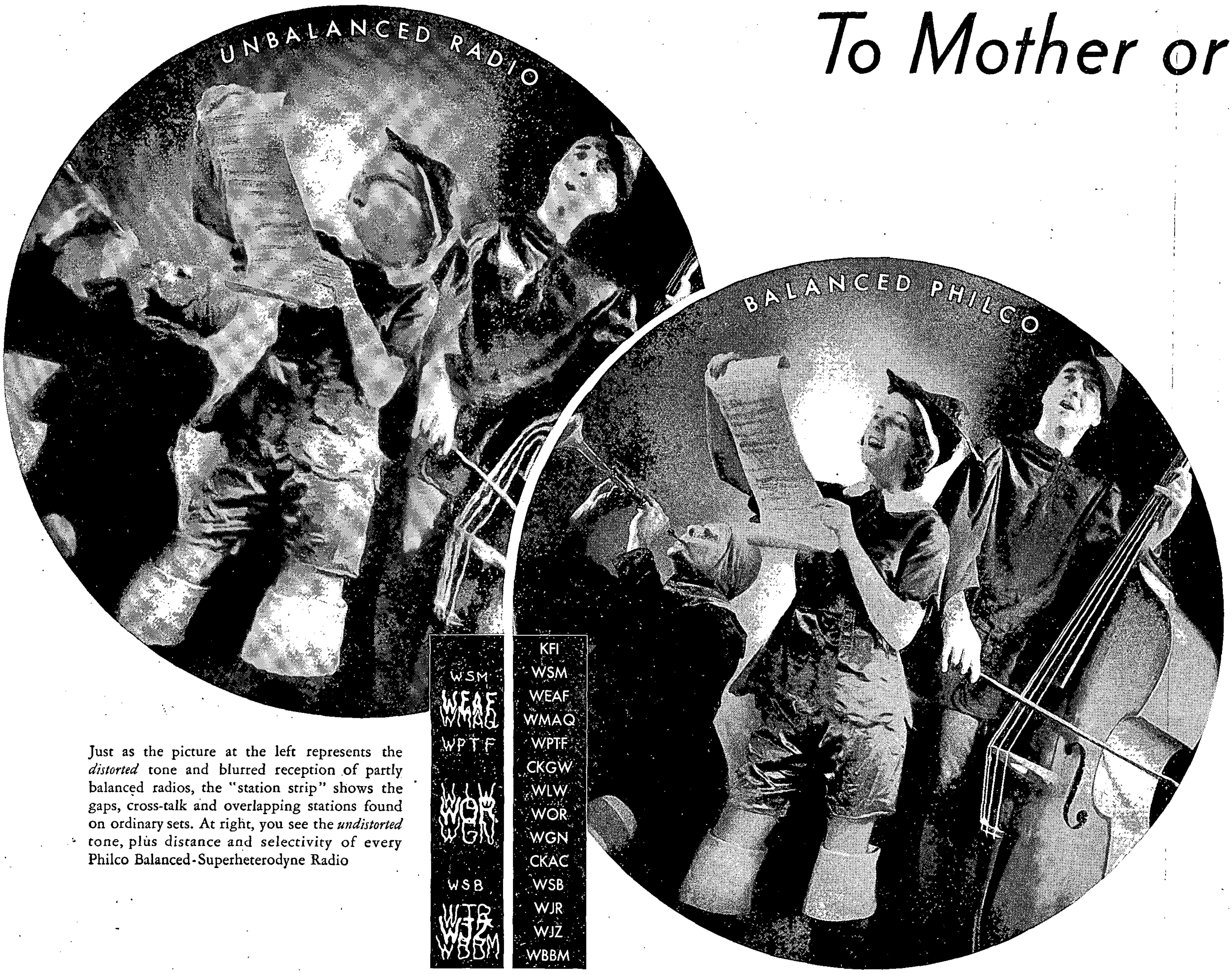
THROW AWAY YOUR BRUSH

MOLLÉ

PRONOUNCED MŌ-LAY

FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

To Mother or

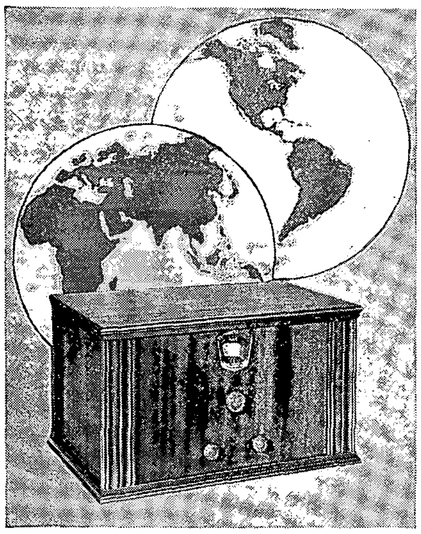


Just as the picture at the left represents the *distorted* tone and blurred reception of partly balanced radios, the "station strip" shows the gaps, cross-talk and overlapping stations found on ordinary sets. At right, you see the *undistorted* tone, plus distance and selectivity of every Philco Balanced-Superheterodyne Radio

THE GIFT THEY'LL LIKE —THE PRICE YOU'LL LIKE!

SELF-POWERED SHORT-WAVE CONVERTER	$39.50
5-TUBE T.R.F.	
BABY GRAND	$36.50
LOWBOY	49.95
7-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE	
BABY GRAND	$49.95
HIGHBOY	65.75
LAZYBOY	69.50
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH	110.00
GRANDFATHER CLOCK *(all-electric)*	89.50
9-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE *with Automatic Volume Control*	
BABY GRAND	$69.50
LOWBOY	89.75
HIGHBOY	109.75
11-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS *with Automatic Volume Control, push-pull Pentodes, and furniture by Norman Bel-Geddes*	
LOWBOY	$149.50
HIGHBOY	169.50
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH *all-electric with Automatic Record changer*	295.00

All prices complete with Philco Balanced Tubes. Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

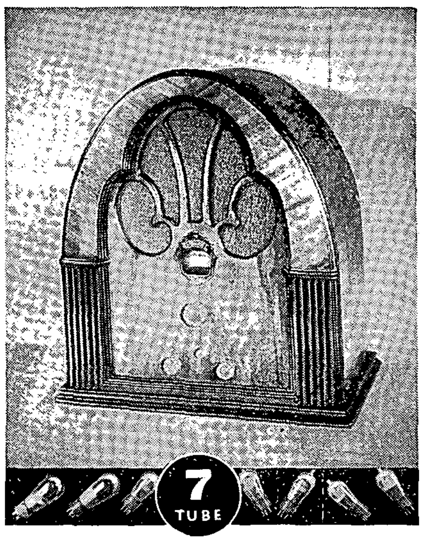


SHORT-WAVE CONVERTER SELF-POWERED $39.50

Complete with tubes. Get Europe! Airplane broadcasts! Police calls! Famous short-wave stations in the United States! No plug-in coils to change. A single switch controls all coil connections. Has own power—doesn't drain supply of radio set, which often causes damage to transformer and other parts, as well as causing poor reception due to reduced voltages. Hand-rubbed Mahogany cabinet. A marvelous gift that everyone will enjoy!

5-TUBE LOWBOY $49.95

Complete with tubes. This is the greatest entertainment value in the world! And what a gift for the money! Handsomely designed and executed in genuine Mahogany. Combines Philco Balanced-Unit construction with Screen Grid, Pentode Power Tube and genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker for good distance and clear-toned reception. Greatest radio value ever offered at anywhere near that price. *Also a 5-Tube* BABY GRAND *at* $36.50, *complete with tubes.*



7-TUBE BABY GRAND $49.95

Complete with tubes. Here is full-fledged performance with more radio enjoyment than many sets of double the size and far greater cost! Here you get Screen Grid, New Pentode Power Tube, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, Balanced Units, Superheterodyne selectivity, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, with glorious performance and tone that Philco can exclusively give. *Also a* HIGHBOY *at* $65.75 *and a* RADIO-PHONOGRAPH *at* $110, *both complete with 7 tubes.*

Father, to Daughter or Son or Wife

THESE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

will never lose their thrill

WHEN you give a radio for Christmas, you give the greatest *happiness value* in the world!

You give participation in a feast of entertainment that annually costs above $70,000,000 to broadcast! You give the high-spots of world interest—great music, great artists, the arena of sports — and, in a political year, the stage of political battle!

You give this privilege for years to come. You give it to the greatest number — to family and friends—to all within the hospitality of the home!

And when you give a Philco, you give these radio joys in their supreme expression.

No matter what set you choose, no matter what price you want to pay, in every price class Philco gives you more value, more expensive circuits, truer tone, greater power, selectivity and distance.

And what an infinite variety to choose from, in 5-, 7-, 9- and 11-tube sets, from $36.50 to $295, complete with tubes.

Here, in the newest of Philcos, the Grandfather Clock Radio, are two gifts in one. Primarily a radio of glorious tone and performance ability, it is also the finest of electric clocks, precision-built to highest accuracy.

And here, too, for those who already have a radio, is the marvelous new Philco Self-Powered Short-Wave Converter, which multiplies radio enjoyment bringing you radio from London, Paris, Rome—airplane calls and police calls with the exciting adventures of real police work!

What boy could resist its thrill! And what father hasn't enough boy in him to want—yes, and to buy and share, those thrills himself?

With its own power supply, the Philco Self-Powered Short-Wave Converter is safe to use with any radio. There is no danger of damage to your radio from overloading the transformer and other radio parts. And reception and tone are not spoiled by reduced voltages. The hook-up is quick and easy, and operation is simplicity itself. There are no plug-in coils to change, and a single switch controls all coil connections.

From the 5-Tube Baby Grand to the greatest of all radios, the 11-Tube Superheterodyne-Plus, Philco gives you widest range of price and models—Baby Grands, Lowboys, Highboys, Radio-Phonographs.

And you are sure, when you buy a Philco, of the gorgeous, breath-taking reality of Balanced-Unit tone, which has made Philco by far the world's largest-selling radio. You are sure, when you give a Philco, of a present that will be enjoyed and remembered for years.

Philco Balanced Tubes Better the Performance of Any Radio

GREATEST MUSICAL BROADCASTS OF ALL TIME!

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, direct from the stage of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, under Philco sponsorship. The next concert in this series of seven, December 26, from 8:15 to 10 P.M., E. S. T., over entire Columbia Broadcasting System. Tune in with your family and friends

PHILCO

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

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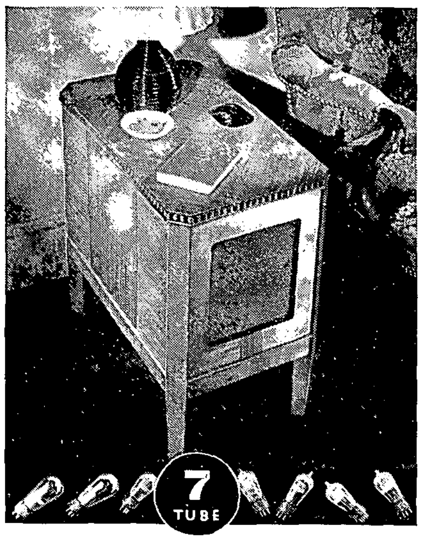
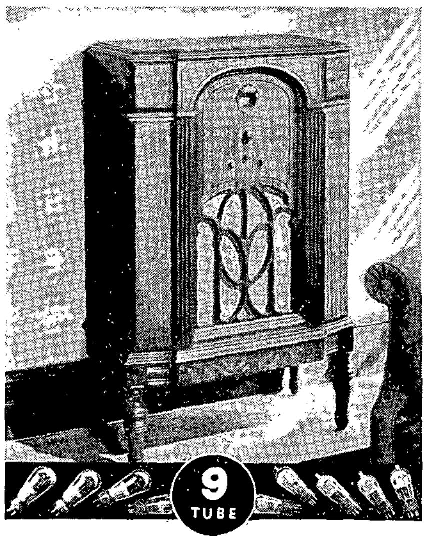


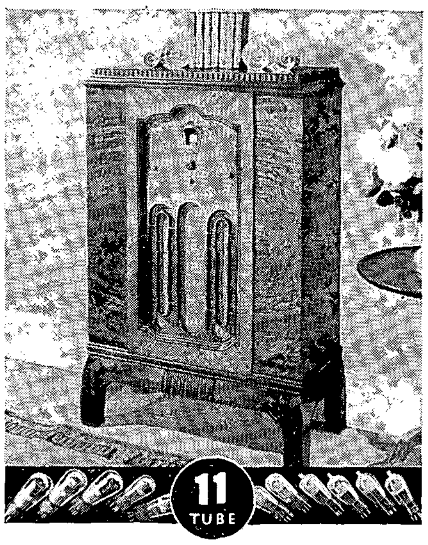
7-TUBE LAZYBOY $69.50

Complete with tubes. Here is a wonderfully distinctive and unique radio gift! A new chairside cabinet designed by Norman Bel-Geddes. You can play, change programs, control tone, without getting up. Controls recessed on top. Pentode Power Tube, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Tone-Control, Illuminated Dial. In Pin Stripe American Walnut, Oriental wood, hand-rubbed. *Also a* HIGHBOY, $65.75 *and an all-electric* RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, $110, *both complete with 7 tubes.*



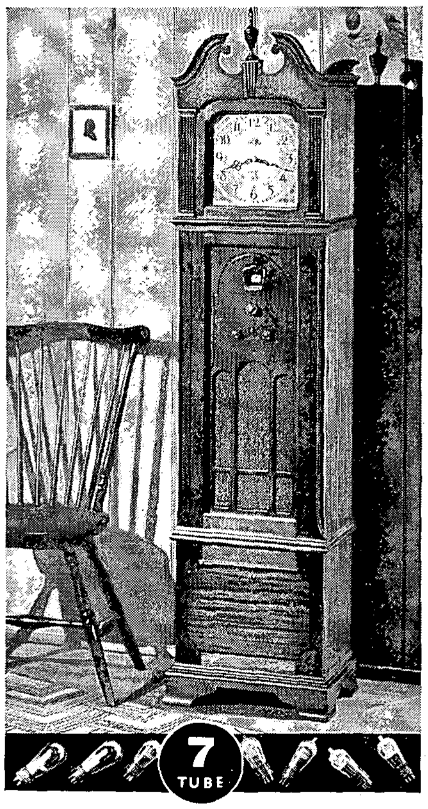
9-TUBE LOWBOY $89.75

Complete with tubes. It at least doubles the number of programs you can enjoy—through Automatic Volume Control. Gracefully executed in American Black Walnut and "V"-matched Oriental wood. Hand-rubbed finish. 4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial with Glowing Arrow Indicator—New Pentode Power Tube. *Also a* BABY GRAND *at* $69.50 *and a* HIGHBOY *with doors at* $109.75, *both complete with 9 tubes.*



11-TUBE LOWBOY $149.50

Complete with tubes. Greatest of all radios—and the gift supreme in the radio field. Designed by Norman Bel-Geddes. Genuine Walnut, hand-rubbed. 4-Point Tone-Control—Automatic Volume Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Two Push-Pull Pentodes. *Also a* HIGHBOY *at* $169.50, *and an All-Electric* RADIO-PHONOGRAPH *with doors and Automatic Record Changer, at* $295, *both complete with 11 tubes.*



7-TUBE GRANDFATHER CLOCK RADIO $89.50

Complete with tubes. Two gifts in one! What a glorious present for mother and the family! Electric timepiece precision-built to highest accuracy. This beautiful clock is authentic in its development from masterpieces of clock cabinetry. Colonial brown Mahogany exterior, hand-rubbed finish. Top scroll of figured Maple. Dial face is copy of hand-painted antique. The Philco 7-Tube Chassis gives performance value never before built into a Grandfather cabinet.

How to provide a
RETIREMENT INCOME
for yourself

THIS new Retirement Income Plan makes it possible for you to retire at any age you wish, 55, 60, or 65. You may provide for yourself a monthly income of $100, $200, $300, or more.

Say good-by to money worries forever

Suppose you decide to retire on an income of $200 a month when you are 60. Here is what you get:

1. An income of $200 a month, beginning at age 60 and lasting the rest of your life. You are assured a return of $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. If you prefer, you may have a cash settlement of $27,000 at age 60 instead of the monthly income.

2. Upon your death from any natural cause before age 60, your wife or any other beneficiary receives a cash payment of $20,000. Or if preferred, she will receive a monthly income for life.

3. Upon your death from accidental means before age 60, your beneficiary will receive a cash payment of $40,000. Or if preferred, she will receive a monthly income for life.

4. If serious illness or accident stops your earning power for a certain period before a stated age, you will thereafter receive a monthly income to live on during such disability, even if it lasts the rest of your life.

How much does it cost?

A Retirement Income may be paid for in comparatively small monthly installments. The exact amount depends on (1) Your present age (2) The age at which you wish to retire (3) The amount of monthly income you will want.

One of the great advantages of this Plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first small installment. Even though you should become totally disabled, you would not need to worry. Your installments would be paid by us out of a special reserve fund.

Get this Free Book

The Phoenix Mutual Company is one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It was founded in 1851, and has been helping men and women to end money worries for over three quarters of a century.

An interesting 24-page book explains how this plan works—how you can provide a Retirement Income for yourself. There is no cost. No obligation. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy Issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 649 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Please send booklet giving me full information about your new
Retirement Income Plan
Name______________ Date of Birth__________
Business Address______________
Home Address

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The Red Czar

Continued from page 35

The most prominent Caucasian conspirators, therefore, met in a tiny tavern in the suburbs. The bombs which were to blow the governor to pieces were duly prepared and all that remained to be settled was the crucial question as to who should perform the deed.

It was taken for granted that the assassination, which had to be carried out in broad daylight, would lead to the arrest and execution of the assassin. The little band assembled in the suburban tavern was made up of courageous men; nevertheless they looked uncomfortably at each other, and even the intrepid Stalin, their recognized leader, sat silently smoking his pipe in a corner. Eventually they decided to draw lots to settle the matter, and pieces of paper were thrown into a large felt hat. One after another put his hand into it and each as he drew a blank heaved a barely audible sigh of relief. At last the death scrap was drawn by a young Georgian revolutionary, no novice in the ranks, named Djordjashvili. The rest solemnly congratulated him.

Two Jolly Georgians

Suddenly Stalin jumped to his feet. "The death of Gryasnov," he said, "is far too important a matter to be left to one man. If his hand shakes a little or he flings his bombs too hastily the attempt may fail." And he proposed that he should be made an associate in the deed. The others agreed to this unexpected suggestion.

A few days later two jolly Georgian workmen with pails in their hands might have been seen walking down Bariatinskaya Street. Only the initiated could have recognized in these apparently harmless individuals the conspirators, Djordjashvili and Stalin. The former was whistling a Georgian ditty and Stalin was smiling at the passers-by. When they reached Alexander Park in front of the governor's palace they stopped, and Stalin began rummaging in his pail as though he were looking for his tools under the papers.

Slowly the iron door of the governor's palace opened. Gryasnov was going out for his daily constitutional. The two workmen were still bending unconcernedly over their pails.

Suddenly there was a loud report and four round objects, which had been taken out of the pails, burst at the General's feet. The broad throughfare of Bariatinskaya Street was filled with smoke. When the air had cleared the torn and lacerated body of the governor could be seen lying on the pavement.

Cossacks hurried up from all directions. No one knew where the bombs had come from. All that could be seen was that a young workman was jumping over the wall of Alexander Park. The Cossacks dashed into the park after him. The other workman, Stalin, was more cool and collected and remained quietly in the street among the Cossacks staring down with well-feigned horror at the body of the governor.

Nobody took any notice of him. Close by the excited police were jumping over the park walls; one of them pushed Stalin out of the way, shouting, "What are you loafing about here for?" Stalin thereupon walked calmly and quietly away without being molested by anyone. But Djordjashvili was arrested. Gallows were set up in the great square of Tiflis and on them the hero ended his short life.

Meanwhile, in the suburban quarter of Tiflis, Stalin sat smoking his pipe, thinking of his dead friend, and humming a little Georgian ditty. Translated into English this terrorist song reads:

Mother, Father, do not cry,
I always loved to see things fly
Skywards and, above all, portions
Of a man in death's contortions.
Now at last I've rid the city
Of a muck-heap, and small pity!

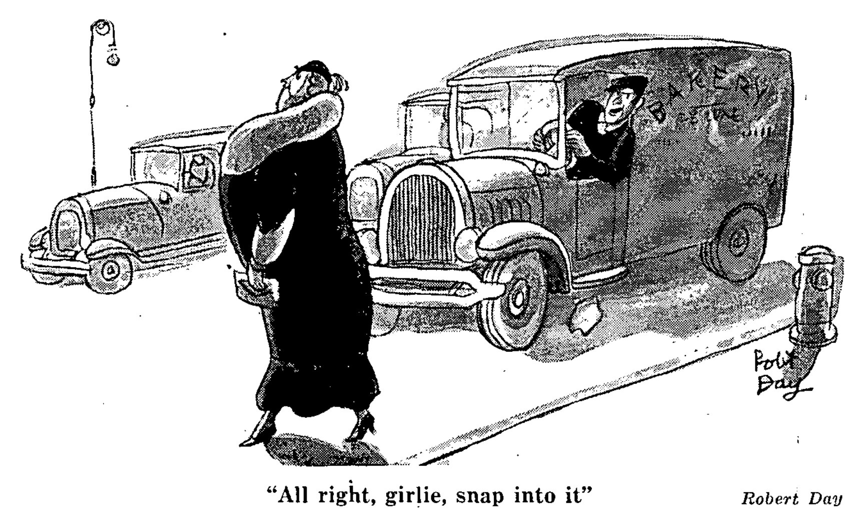
Stalin did not often sing songs, but this ditty was constantly on his lips. And the Georgian bards, the *mestviri* and the *ashiki*, took it up and sang it in the streets of Tiflis. It was carried through the hills and dales of Georgia. Blind wandering minstrels sang it under their breaths. It became the hymn of the Caucasian revolutionaries.

After the Smoke Had Cleared

Gryasnov's assassination was the last great deed in the blood-stained annals of 1906 and in spite of every effort the tide of revolution began to ebb in the Caucasus. The energetic measures adopted by the police drove timid spirits out of the ranks of the revolutionaries. The two main sinews of war, indispensable for any revolutionary party, were lacking—money and supporters.

It was only by dint of stubborn perseverance and hard work that Stalin gradually succeeded in reorganizing the shattered groups of Communists in the Caucasus. In his distant retreat in Europe Lenin was preparing new plans which would make it possible for these groups to become active once more. They were strange and peculiar plans and in carrying them out Stalin was to play the leading part.

(To be continued next week)



"All right, girlie, snap into it"

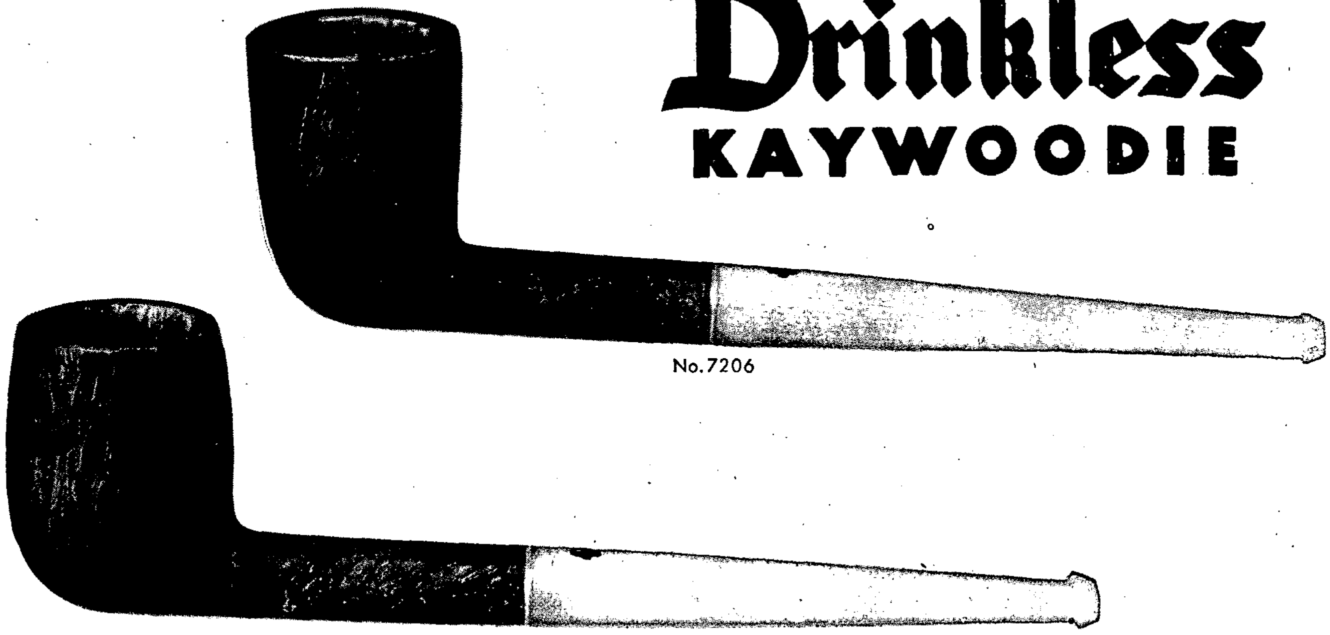
Robert Day

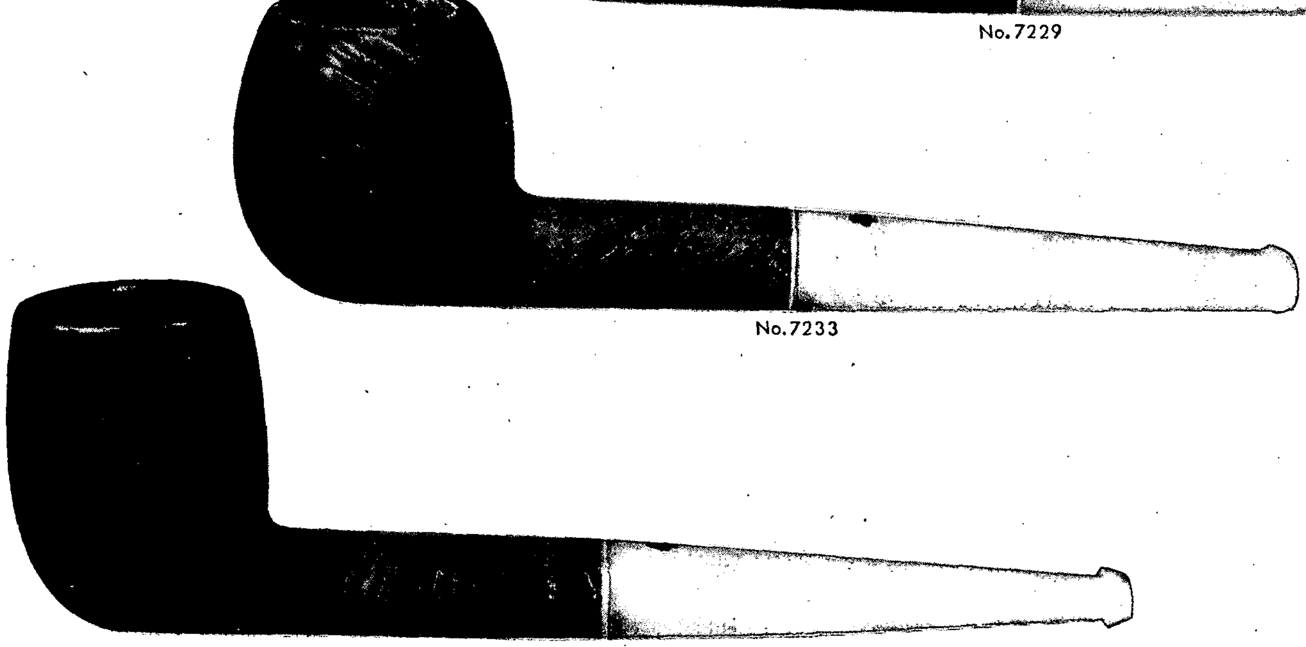
NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

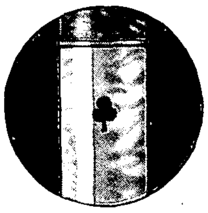
NEW

Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

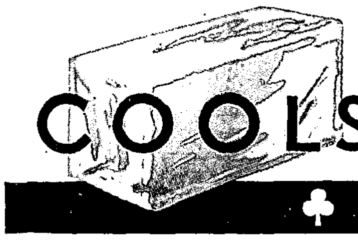
$ 3.50







This Clover Leaf tells you what you want to know, that it is the GENUINE PIPE



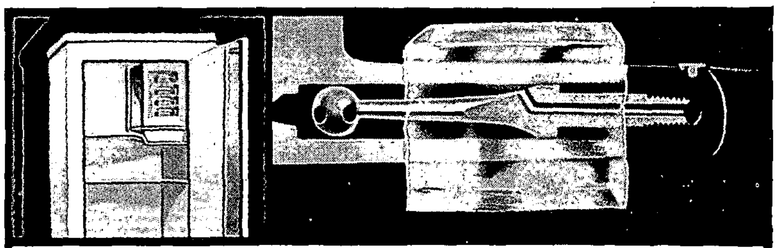
COOLS - *as it* MELLOWS *your smoke*

♣ ♣ NO OTHER PIPE DOES IT ♣

Here's the Christmas gift every man will value and use. Give him the beautiful New Drinkless Kaywoodie, *the only pipe every man can smoke.* Different from any other pipe, it does to pipe smoking what a modern refrigerator does to food. Cools smoke! No harsh "bite," no hot "sting." Years work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University make it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped with Clover Leaf and "Drinkless." The gift that every man will enjoy for years. Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4.

GIVE HIM ONE FOR CHRISTMAS

© 1931, KAUFMANN BROS & BONDY, INC., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



In MODERN REFRIGERATORS condensation causes cooling. In the new DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE the secret alloy causes condensation and cools smoke. *Like smoking through ice.*

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette
SEASON'S GREETINGS
Smoke a fresh cigarette

This year you can give FRESH● cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year — because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of the fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobaccos in Camels, knowing that it will *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last pack has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome Christmas gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too — the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

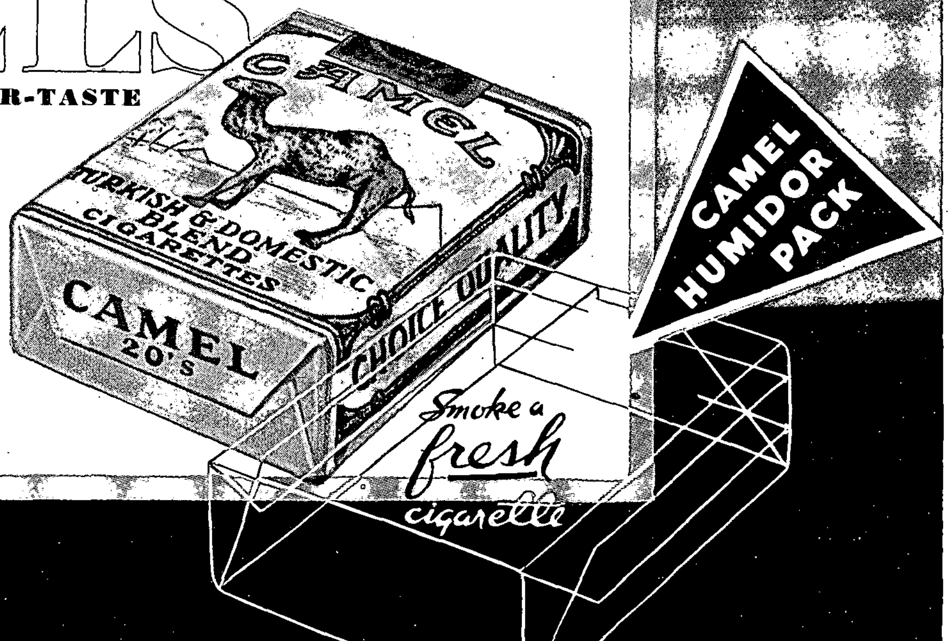
Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy—and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday

CAMELS

Mild .... **NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*



© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

hungry, too. I can see now that we'll all have to pretend, or Edwin won't feel comfortable."

Ronald Bedloe, in the act of reburdening his plate, paused to send in her direction a glance that almost verbally asked her permission. She beamed upon him, nodding gayly.

Ellen bore away the empty platter.

"You're so careful about your diet, too!" Mrs. Bedloe said penitently. "And you've already done so much!"

Winship laid down a fork for which he found no further employment. He shook his head.

"I only wish," he said, "that it had been more!"

He spoke with so much feeling that Mrs. Bedloe, blushing softly, turned away, and for the remainder of the meal devoted herself discreetly to the person at her left.

Winship, thus left to his own devices, sacrificially consumed two helpings of dessert, listening without attention to the slightly baritone archness of a large blond lady at his right.

IN THE living-room, as Winship moved toward the comforting society of Eddie Jewett, Miss Cecilia Mellish intervened.

She was a person of whom he ought utterly to have approved. She moved with the fluent quality of a calm river; her cool, austere beauty held no marring hint of restless, pleasure-seeking discontent. There was a pale, soft glow in her loveliness that spoke of goodness and intelligence. Yet, as he faced her, Winship was distinctly conscious of an uneasy sense of danger.

"Arthur and I are so anxious to help in this wonderful plan of yours," she whispered. "Do please let us."

"I—you see, the fact is—"

"We've thought of a way for us to win Edwin's confidence as you've been doing it," Miss Mellish whispered. "Please agree when I propose it."

Without waiting for consent, she proceeded to propose it.

"Oh, Edwin." Mr. Jewett turned dubiously toward her. "Don't you think it would be fun to go somewhere and dance? There's such a jolly place on the Montauk Road! The Trocadero, I think they call it. Doctor Winship says he'd like to go."

"I—uh—" Winship began upon a protest. Eddie, however, amazed him by consenting with every symptom of pleasure.

"All right. I'll get my car."

"Oh, let's all go in mine!" Cecilia turned upon him the full candlepower of her glow. "There's ever so much room in the rumble, and—"

"No, thanks." Eddie was firm. "I've had all the rumble seat I want, and I guess the Doc has, too. You and Art go ahead in your car and the Doc and I'll trail you in mine."

The sweetness of Cecilia's smile seemed to be tempered by a faint acidity but Mr. Maybury hailed the amendment with warm approval, and, Winship concurring, Miss Mellish yielded. Eddie, watching as she drove away with Maybury, emitted a pleased sigh.

"That was a break! We might have had to stick around till the old folks went to bed."

They climbed in. The car started.

"You want to watch your step with that Mellish woman," Eddie said soberly. "Take it from me, Doc, that woman's fallen for you in a large way, and—"

"Ridiculous!" Winship spoke hotly. He found, though, that he was less indignant than he ought to be. He was afraid, with a fear new to his experience, and he was also fatuously, ignobly pleased.

"All right," Eddie said. "You let her catch you alone, just once, and you'll find out how ridiculous it is."

The Big Pink

Continued from page 17

Before Winship had found an answer the car paused in front of Miss Borden's cottage. Impatient, peremptory beepings issued from its horn. A screen door slapped softly and Miss Borden appeared on the veranda. Winship hastily descended as she approached.

Even in the semi-darkness he could see that she regarded him with an expression he had never previously seen her wear. Always she had looked upon him with kindliness. Now, plainly, she observed him with a glance less amiable and yet, undeniably, more attentive.

"You really needn't go on honking, Eddie, unless you're doing it for pleasure. Beechy will be with you in a moment."

She turned back to Winship.

"I'm glad you've come to tell me what—what it all means. I haven't been able to make Beechy do it. She just says it's a secret. Come in and tell me all about it."

"I—the fact is—" Winship paused. What could he tell her? How could he let her know that since yesterday he had become a hunted fugitive, an outlaw, with the police hot on his track, a price, probably, on his head?

"Well?" Her voice sounded, somehow, as if she tapped her foot.

"The fact is—you see, I—Eddie and I—"

"Yes?" There was no doubt, now, about the foot-tapping.

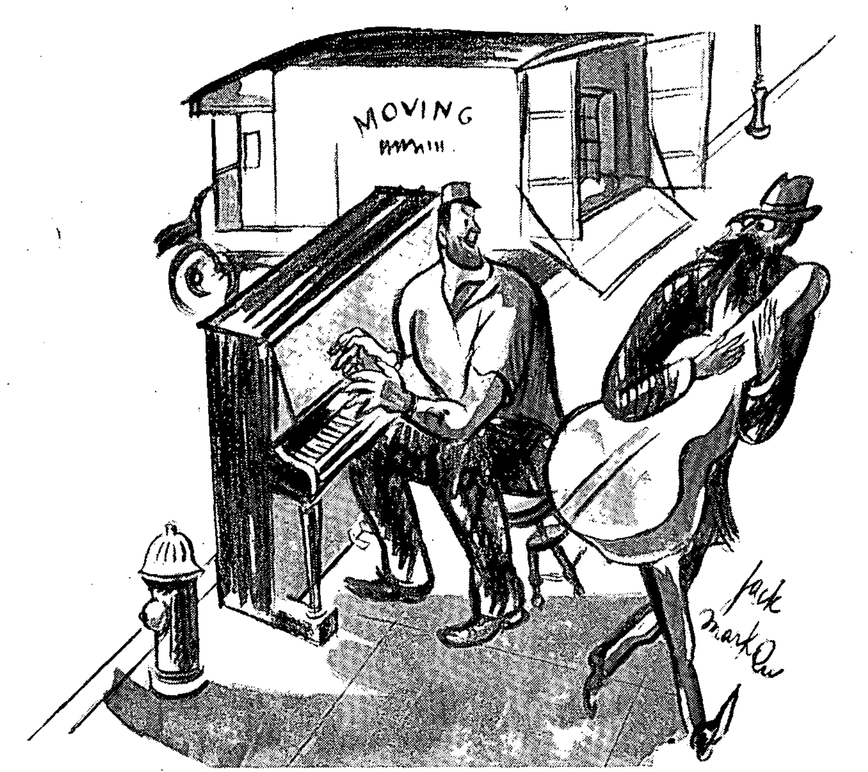
"We just stopped—in passing, as it were. We—" Winship had a happy inspiration—"we're going for a short ride and we thought that perhaps Beechy might care to—uh—to come along."

THERE was a remarkably still silence. "Of course!" Miss Borden laughed lightly. "I'll—I'll tell her you're waiting."

She turned away. Winship inhaled profoundly. He had extracted himself with admirable finesse from a very difficult situation. Mr. Jewett also saw the achievement in this light.

"Smooth work, Doc."

Winship accepted the tribute in silence. He felt that he had earned it.



"Hey, buddy, do you know The Maiden's Prayer?"

Jack Markow

Beechy came blithely down the walk. She climbed in at Eddie's side, and Winship, at her gestured bidding, crowded himself into the remaining space. The car groaned into motion.

"Well," Beechy said lightly, "where do we go from here?"

"That's just what we've got to dope out," Eddie said. "You see, there's been a state trooper snooping around the gate after the Doc, and—"

"*Don't* be yourself, Artless!" Beechy snapped. "You know perfectly well that the police don't—"

SHE stopped. With generous interest Eddie had repaid last evening's pinch.

"Well, go on. Tell me the whole miserable story in your own simple words."

Eddie told her. She listened attentively, and, Winship thought, without dismay.

"So we're safe for tonight, anyway?" she said cheerfully.

"Yes, but—" Winship began.

"Then what are we waiting for? Why don't we go places and do things?"

"But—"

Beechy twisted to face him.

"Don't ever but me, Doctor Winship. I hate people who but. Tomorrow, maybe, we go to jail, but tonight we eat, drink and—"

"Stop there!" Eddie spoke with decision. "We eat."

"But we've just had dinner," Winship protested.

"Huh. Maybe you have." Eddie's voice was bitter. He drove past the gateway and stepped blithely on the throttle as the car swung into the gleaming width and straightness of the turnpike.

"Where do we go?" Beechy asked presently. Eddie answered with decision:

"Any place except the Trocadero."

"What's the matter with the Trocadero? I hear it's—"

"There's one terrible thing that's the matter with it right now," Eddie said. "A terrible thing named Art Maybury, and another terrible thing named Cissy Mellish."

The car swerved giddily into a graveled parking space before a low, long building upon which an illuminated sign made vehement allusion to the best $1.50 Shore Dinner on the Island.

The interior of the hostelry proved unprepossessing to the eye, but to Winship's sense of smell it made instant appeal. A gloomy waiter led the way to a table inset in a three-sided stall, took the order, and departed. Beechy's hand twitched Eddie's sleeve.

"Look," she whispered, "right over there by the door."

Following the direction of her nod Winship saw the white-haired, broken-hearted father whom he had met—could it have only been last night?—at the Hotfoot Inn.

"That man was there last night," Beechy said.

Even as she spoke the white-haired man arose, and with fine gravity crossed the room.

"I think," he said to Eddie, "I had the pleasure of seeing you last night. You were playing, I think, the Martingale system. I hope you had good luck with it."

"Well, we did win a little," Eddie admitted.

"That is what usually happens when the Martingale is soundly played. Do you mind telling me where you learned it?"

"My father tipped me off to it," Eddie said.

Amazingly, two large tears rolled slowly down the aged cheeks. Without sacrifice of dignity, their shedder handkerchiefed them.

"I taught that system to my boy," he said, "when he was twelve years old." Bravely he overcame a quivering unsteadiness of voice. "Your father ought to be a very happy man."

THE white-haired man sighed, bowed thrice, and, moving with somber stateliness, went back to his own table.

"Boiled," Eddie said. Strong disapproval was in his voice. "I certainly hate to see an old man stewed." He paused. "What do you suppose he meant by that crack about my father?"

"From the brief conversation I had with him last night," Winship said, "I inferred that he has been sadly disappointed in his own son."

Eddie's face cleared. "Oh, is that all?" he said callously. "I thought it might be something serious."

Winship was moved to protest. "Surely it is serious to be disappointed in a son," he urged.

"Oh, be your age, Doc." Eddie spoke with kind impatience. "Any time a man's satisfied with a son it's a safe bet that the son's a pretty sour social error."

"That's so." Beechy nodded her head.

She paused, staring with sudden fixity across the room.

"Little Anne Bently! Not a day over seventeen! It's sickening to see a *child* in a tough speakeasy like this."

Eddie wagged his head in dark agreement.

"And Kip Hofnagle with her! That brat's hardly got the braces off his teeth! If there's one thing I hate it's to see kids helling around as if they were grown up."

He brightened, however, as the waiter placed before him a platter upon which, nested in golden fried potatoes, a noble steak lay under a film of bubbling butter.

Winship, inhaling deeply, became aware of a sudden uplift of spirit. For some minutes he was pleasingly preoccupied. When, presently, he looked up, it was to meet the gleaming eye of Mr. Dan McGurk, who resolutely advanced, his countenance more forbiddingly concave than ever.

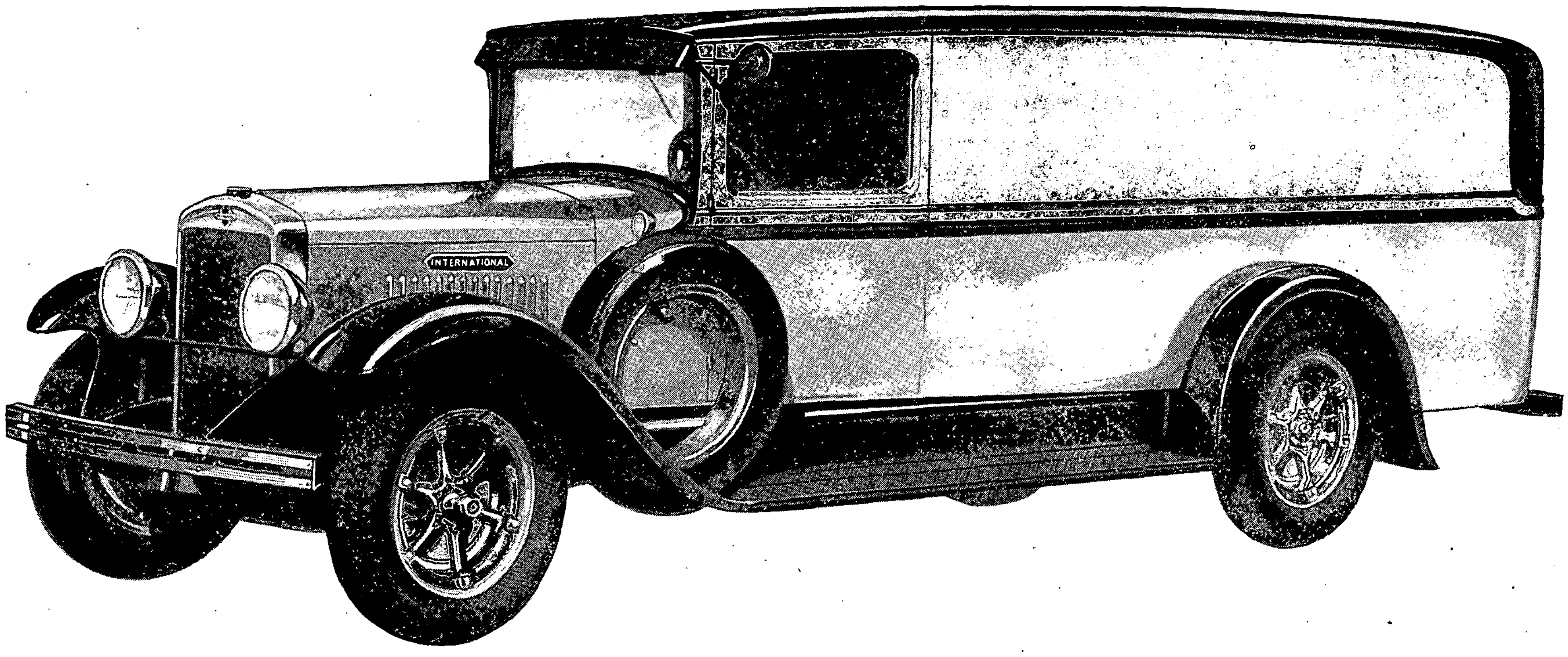
Winship felt a shivering premonition of imminent disaster.

(To be continued next week)

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Announces a

new 6-cylinder truck



1½ TON

Two wheelbase lengths, 136 *and* 160 *inches*

International Harvester takes particular pride in announcing this new truck. Even to an organization which has made quality trucks for nearly thirty years, the Model A-3 is an outstanding example of both design and construction.

The Harvester organization presents the Model A-3 as reflecting the century-old reputation for quality that is behind all International products. It offers this lasting quality in a truck of smooth 6-cylinder power at the remarkably low chassis price of $795.

Look at this new truck . . . and do not hesitate to judge its value by what you see. For International appearance is an accurate indication of International performance . . . and the A-3 is no exception to this rule.

Model A-3 Features

4-speeds forward and 1 reverse . . . powerful 6-cylinder, L-Head type engine, 3¼-inch bore x 4½-inch stroke . . . 11-inch single plate, vibration-dampened clutch . . . irreversible cam-and-lever steering gear . . . semi-elliptic auxiliary rear springs . . . 4-wheel, mechanical internal-expanding shoe type brakes . . . two wheelbases, 136 and 160-inch.

Here is a truck of great stamina . . . a fast truck . . . a powerful and dependable truck. It is beautiful both inside and out. And judged on whatever basis of cost-figuring you may use, you will find it decidedly economical.

$795

for the 136*-inch wheelbase chassis, standard equipment, f.o.b. factory*

See it at a nearby branch or dealer's showroom. Then test it in your own way on your own job. Then *own* this Model A-3. And remember that when you do own it, you can rely upon the famous Harvester Company service organization to make sure the Model A-3 will deliver the famous International service to you!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Man-

No woman would stand for it!

If women had to shave, they'd have demanded a better way years ago! They'd have eliminated the time-consuming lathering... they wouldn't stand for irritating "rub-ins"; women value their skin too much!

And you, sir? Will you break away from prejudice, from out-of-date habits? Will you accept the new Frostilla Brushless Shave?

A modern cream, a new formula—it upsets time-worn shaving notions. Swifter, smoother than anything you ever knew before. Better for your skin. And simpler! No dripping brush. No alkaline lather to rub in. Instead, just wet your face; then a swift spread-on—a speedy shave-off—and you're done! Once over, leaves your face like velvet—so soft, soothed, refreshed. Ingredients never used before make after-lotions and talc needless!

Don't let prejudice or habit stop you. This perfect cream makes shaving a joy. You *might as well meet this new way now*—and rejoice, as thousands are doing!

TRY IT..."YOU CAN'T LOSE"

1 Use the coupon for FREE tube—*a generous trial.*

2 If you like it (and you will!) you'll never want your brush again. Send it to us and we'll send you, free, a large-sized tube in exchange

3 Buy a tube of Frostilla Brushless Shave. Your money back if you don't get the best shaves of your life! 35c, 50c; all druggists. Or if inconvenient, by mail from the Frostilla Co.

FROSTILLA BRUSHLESS SHAVE

This offer expires Dec. 1932

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. (Dept. C12-12)
(*In Canada, address:* 296 Richmond St., W., Toronto)
I'm modern minded. Send me, free, a week or more *of better shaves in your trial-size tube.*

Name ______
Address ______
City and State ______
Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. N.Y.C. & Toronto

The First Fifty Years

Continued from page 18

and he wired that he was feeling fine—and this time he did come back. He couldn't play.

A few years later he was elected president of the company. His health became worse. His physicians insisted that he go to southern France. He went over there for the first real vacation of his life and spent most of his time in negotiations with his foreign offices. He came back and resumed his boyhood habit of night work. The end came swiftly—a complete breakdown, a sanitarium, then a hospital—one operation after another, a steady decline and death—at fifty-six.

Admittedly this case is extreme. That is why I cite it. I want to emphasize the viciousness of the American belief in the virtue of hard work.

Use Your Head Less

The business man of the past generation did not know how to play. At fifty he was an old man, looked like an old man and dressed like one. He lived to a ripe old age, however, because his life, though busy, was not the life his son is leading today. If he drank, his liquor was of better quality. Locomotion was necessarily slow and haste was as rare as it is universal today. There were no 8:05 commuting trains to catch, with their noisy, smoky, poorly ventilated coaches. Taxis or privately owned automobiles did not take their toll of nervous energy.

The automobile can promote health but it often is employed to damage health. Business men ought to use their legs more and their heads less. Many leading business houses provide gymnasiums, ball grounds and rest rooms for their employees. The officers are mindful always of their workers' welfare but give little or no thought to their own physical needs. These executives work long hours, eat too much and sleep too little, smoke too much and exercise insufficiently. And their younger assistants and the white-collar class generally take their cue from these leaders—misguided and misguiding.

It is hard to slow down for a day or two when you are speeded up all the rest of the time. And it's the high gear that wears out the machine.

The week-end, rightly organized, can be a great restorer. I have a patient, for example, who was dangerously overworked. He needed a long vacation and he needed it badly. But when I told him so, he said, "Doctor, I simply cannot go away, not within the next six months. The company I work for is passing through a crisis. If I left it I should only worry all the time and make myself worse." So we adopted an alternative. He kept on with his work, but each Saturday afternoon when he got home he went to bed and he stayed in bed continuously until Monday morning. He was allowed to read, but no business papers. The complete physical rest was in direct contrast to the week-end of golf and parties to which he had been accustomed, and in the course of a few weeks he learned to relax and to let his mind rest also. The result was that he was able to keep up a fast business pace five days a week, and yet to avoid the breakdown that threatened.

Going to bed is a simple and highly effective remedy for many ills. I remember that after the last epidemic of influenza a newspaper paragrapher said shrewdly, "The reason why there were so few fatalities was *because he-men were not ashamed to stay in bed.*"

Many short sleepers have successfully cultivated the nap habit. They have couches in their offices or they have trained themselves to bow the head and drop off for a few moments of refreshment between conferences. Sleep loss, even when we are not physically conscious of its effects, may result in an immediate loss of alertness. A business man said to me the other day, "I never let myself make an important decision on a day after a bad night's sleep." He paused a moment and continued—"Or on *any* day after three P. M.!"

Another strain is doing favors for others, civic work, serving on committees and such. Thousands of organizations of all kinds, serving all kinds of purposes, have sprung up in this country, especially since the World War. We are still in the throes of an organization frenzy. And those who run these multifarious organizations have an axiom. It runs thus: "If you want to get anything done, ask a busy man to do it."

That is all too true. Lazy, self-centered men seldom break down. They are carrying less than their share of the community's responsibilities. The busy, generous souls are carrying far more than their share. I plead for less public spirit and more selfishness on the part of the successful men of affairs.

Sympathy is a fatigue factor which is hard to control. I know, because I will confess that I suffer from it myself. Your doctor may seem to you cool and impersonal. That is part of his "bedside manner." But many a physician is so sensitive to the pain of others that he has to cut his day short to avoid sheer exhaustion.

To the man who is past forty, the supreme advice is, "Begin *now* to plan for your retirement. Don't wait until retirement is forced upon you."

Fatigue Factors

Perhaps I have been speaking more in the terms of the philosopher than the physician. Before I conclude I want to become, for a brief space, somewhat technical, in order to set forth this matter of fatigue in its true colors.

Chronic fatigue intoxication is the name of a symptom-complex in which the reaction on certain parts of the body is in excess of the acting stimulus and in which the individual is unable to obtain mental calm or physical relaxation because of a generalized neuro-muscular spasm. Fatigue material accumulates in the system in such high concentration that only by the most careful regulation of bodily function and mental reaction can the normal state be regained.

Among the factors which contribute to this cumulative fatigue are:

1. General physical fatigue, due to hard work, loss of sleep, etc.
2. Working when suffering from illness.
3. Playing when you should be resting.
4. Auditory fatigue, due to noise.
5. Optical fatigue, due to overuse of the eyes or to seeing too many moving objects in one's environment.
6. Living or working in bad air.
7. Overindulgence in tobacco and alcohol.
8. Peristaltic fatigue, due to incorrect diet.
9. Chronic carbon-monoxide poisoning from automobile exhaust.
10. Repercussions from the World War.
11. Run-down states still existing in those who had influenza during the epidemics.
12. Chronic focal infections, teeth, tonsils, sinuses, intestinal tract, etc.
13. Marital-incompatibility fatigue.

All of these fatigue factors have to be considered. But I am inclined to believe that so far as business men are concerned, the most-needed corrective is to get rid of the "he-man" delusion, the boast that "I can stand anything." The doctrine that "hard work never hurt anybody yet" has got to be destroyed if American business men are to retain their business supremacy.

Whenever I think of the phrase, "growing old gracefully," I am reminded of an elderly physician who early in my medical career taught me the principles of energy conservation. This physician, when he was fifty years of age, developed an acute kidney condition which, according to the medical textbooks jeopardizes all a man's chances of reaching the traditional three score and ten. Being a student of physiology and biology and having reached financial independence, he marshaled all his spiritual and physical forces with the determination to live another quarter-century. He not only accomplished this but he did an almost superhuman thing.

Self-Preservation

He first took an inventory of his health reserves. But in spite of being a physician he did not depend upon his own knowledge—he consulted several specialists, obtaining from them an appraisal of his physical assets as well as liabilities. He then set to work to strengthen the weak links in his chain of health. He gave great care to his diet, he regulated his exercise according to the minimal physical needs, having in mind the law of conservation of energy. Regularity was his watchword.

He devoted his working time to the research problems which had always been near his heart. He was meticulous in satisfying his sleep requirements and in securing frequent periods of relaxation during his eighteen hours of productive wakefulness. He studied the processes of elimination of body wastes, and very early in my medical career he aroused my interest in the importance of this subject in the enhancement of life's length.

He lived into his eighty-sixth year with an active mind and an efficient body, up to almost the very moment of his last heartbeat.

What this wise physician did, the business man should do. The successful American business man whose productive effort and philanthropies have brought prosperity and health to millions should pause for a moment in his intensive business routine to study his own shortcomings and to take a careful inventory of his health assets. If health and longevity mean anything to you, consider what a gelatinous entity you are! Consider the frailty of your bodily mechanism. After all your business scheming, bargaining, driving, sweating and worrying, give thought before it is too late to the regeneration or preservation of your neuro-physical assets.

You employ engineers, accountants, lawyers. Why not use experts of the same authority to check up on your own body?

"A clean shave is the password in this office"

"I'VE never signed a testimonial and I'm not going to start now. I just want to give you a little inside information and tell you what I think of men who aren't particular about shaving.

"I wonder if people realize the big part I play in helping callers to see their man. Frequently the decision is entirely up to me. Members of the organization ask my opinion of an unknown visitor before they decide whether to see him or not. When I say 'not so good', his chances of getting by are pretty poor. And if a man doesn't look nice and fresh, if he isn't clean shaven, 'not so good', is the word I pass along.

"You can take this for what it's worth. In my opinion every man, whether he's a salesman, a truck driver, a plumber or an office worker, should shave carefully and often."

• • •

We agree with you, young lady, a man looks anything but attractive with a growth of stubble on his face. Until recently shaving may have been an uncomfortable and sometimes painful chore. Now Gillette offers a new and far better razor blade that entirely changes the picture.

• • •

The new Gillette is a keener blade that glides through beard and shears every hair cleanly without smarting or irritating tender skin. It is especially stropped for sensitive faces—makes shaving a reasonably pleasant and thoroughly comfortable performance. Buy a package of new Gillette blades today and try one or two on our guarantee. If every shave isn't satisfactory return the package to your dealer and he'll refund the price.

Gillette

RAZORS TRADE Gillette MARK BLADES

He wanted his father to ENJOY himself...

[So young Master Burg gave his Dad a sample of Edgeworth. You can try it too. Clip coupon below.]

MR. ELMER C. BURG lives in Hamilton, Ohio, and he has an eight-year-old son who thinks the world of him.

Not very long ago Mr. Burg had a birthday, and his son presented him with a sample package of Edgeworth as a gift. What Mr. Burg thought of his gift you can judge from his letter.

"Gentlemen:

"Regarding the sample of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco that you mailed to me, I wish to thank you for your kindness and say that I enjoyed the smoke and since have purchased more.

"My eight-year-old son clipped your coupon and gave me the tobacco on my birthday. He said that after he read the advertisement he thought I would like to smoke a tobacco that was as good as you described Edgeworth to be.

"Well, he certainly hit the nail on the head. And you are to be congratulated on an advertisement that would attract the attention of an eight-year-old boy who has the interests of his Dad at heart."

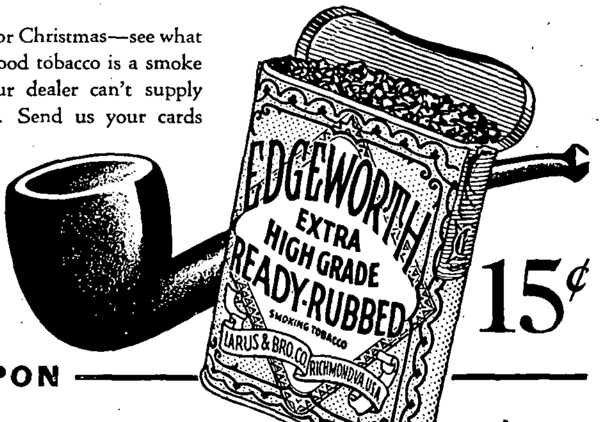
It was nice of Mr. Burg to say that he thought our advertisement was good. And we're especially glad that he liked our tobacco.

If you are a pipe smoker and don't know Edgeworth, we wish that you would try it. We're pretty sure you'll like it too. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as twenty years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever tobacco is sold. Or if you will use the coupon below, we shall be happy to send to you one of the free trial packages of Edgeworth like the one young Master Burg gave to his father. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

What a Welcome Christmas Gift!

Give him Edgeworth and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome *they* get! A pipe and good tobacco is a smoke a man can really enjoy. If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list. $1.65 a pound in glass jar, $1.50 a pound in Humidor tin, 75¢ a half pound. And, if you prefer to try before you buy, the coupon below will bring you a special sample packet, free!



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LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

Maybe a Queen

Continued from page 11

Then she kisses him on the mouth, as usual, and goes away, leaving Jack O'Donahue sitting there quite dumfounded, and this is where the romance really starts making history.

Now no guy in his right mind will ever figure Ida Peters means what she says about this once-a-year business, and no guy in his right mind will accept such a proposition anyway, because this comes under the head of being chucked around by a doll more than somewhat, and everybody who hears of the matter has a good laugh and forgets all about it, although one and all admire Ida Peters for sticking to her ambition to grab a rich guy.

But as I tell you, Jack O'Donahue must be a little simple, for who is sitting on a bench in Bryant Park at seven P. M. on the evening of September 10, 1913, but Jack O'Donahue.

WELL, maybe it is just an accident that she is in New York this day, and maybe it is only a doll's curiosity that takes her around to Bryant Park at seven P. M., but this is also where Ida Peters bobs up, and naturally the meeting between her and Jack O'Donahue is very pleasant indeed, especially for Jack O'Donahue, as he winds up with a big kiss on the mouth.

Ida Peters is looking very prosperous, and wearing plenty of large diamonds, and it turns out that this Watkins guy out in Minneapolis is a very fair score indeed for any doll, as he is worth maybe a million bobs. But it also turns out that he is only a start for Ida Peters, for in a little over a year she gets a divorce from him, and when she shows up in Bryant Park on the next September 10th, right on time, she is now Mrs. Caleb Grimes, of Chicago, and her diamonds are twice as big as when she is Mrs. Watkins.

Well, in the course of the next ten years, Ida Peters marries three other guys and divorces them one after the other, and every time she marries a new guy he is a guy who has more potatoes than the last guy and generally more of a social position, except once when she marries a guy by the name of Marchbanks, who is an Englishman, and who turns out to be quite a bum. But of course any doll is apt to make a mistake now and then in her marriages when she is marrying as freely as Ida Peters, and anyway this marriage is by no means a total loss as she catches an English accent off of Marchbanks.

I will say one thing for Ida Peters, she never has a lick of scandal in connection with any of her divorces. They are always very clean, indeed, because generally she charges her husbands with nothing more serious than cruelty, and usually she even parts good friends with them, although some of them complain that she is very tough about the financial settlements.

And in all these years she never fails to arrive in Bryant Park at seven P. M. on September 10th to meet Jack O'Donahue and spend an hour with him. She is living in Europe when the war breaks out, and three times she makes trips across the ocean to keep her date, paying no attention whatever to submarines, although some claim that the submarines are more afraid of Ida Peters than she is of them.

For the first few years, Ida Peters' annual date causes some gossip around and about, as it is considered quite unusual indeed, but as the years roll on, and times change quite some, and many citizens who knew about it in the beginning go lay down and die, it is forgotten, and even when Ida Peters arrives in this country from time to time loaded down with her diamonds, and all this and that, no one ever seems to remember about her date, and she never mentions it herself.

The newspaper scribes write more about Ida Peters in her time than any other doll in the world, because in between her marriages some guy is always falling in love with Ida Peters and knocking himself off when she refuses to give him a tumble, and she provides much good news for the scribes in other ways. So it is very strange that Jack O'Donahue's name never gets into any of the stories about her, but by this time Jack O'Donahue becomes a sort of religion with Ida Peters and very sacred to her, indeed, and her date with him is one thing in her life that she does not wish brought up.

Now Jack O'Donahue is one of these guys who just do not seem to gather any potatoes or to get anywhere in particular as he goes along through life. He goes from one job to another, and generally they are nothing but clerking jobs and pay very little, and he is steady and behaves himself good, but he never manages to lay up anything. I see him once in a great while as the years go on, as he occasionally drops into Derle's billiard academy where I hang out, and he will sit around and watch a game by the hour, never saying much of anything, and every time I see him he seems to be thinner than the last time.

He always has a sad and lonesome look and he never seems to have any friends, although naturally many guys know him by sight and say hello. He is still living in the joint on Sixth Avenue, and he still sits around on the benches in Bryant Park smoking cigarettes, and while he is always neat and clean-looking, I notice his clothes are getting pretty shabby the last time I see him. Afterwards I hear that Ida Peters often tries to make Jack O'Donahue take some of her potatoes, but he will not listen to such a thing, and in fact he says she is insulting him, so she stops trying.

BY THIS time of course Ida Peters has plenty of potatoes, and her diamonds are famous all over the world, so it does not seem as if there can be anything more that Ida Peters can wish, but it seems there is one more thing, at that. It seems that Ida Peters wishes a title, even though titles are not worth a dime a dozen anywhere.

So after she gets rid of a husband by the name of Raoul something, who is a big newspaper publisher in Paris, Ida Peters hauls off and marries a guy by the name of Prince Podubny, who is a fat guy, and has a very large mustache, and is by no means young, but he has more potatoes than any guy Ida Peters ever marries up to this time, besides his title.

Furthermore, it seems that Prince Podubny is very much in love with Ida Peters and gives her bigger diamonds than any of her other husbands, and also pearls and emeralds and one thing and another, and when Ida Peters is dressed up to go anywhere she is a more pleasant sight than a trip through a Fifth Avenue jewelry store.

And it is a good thing for Ida Peters that she finds Prince Podubny, for what happens but she loses all her own potatoes that she accumulates after years of hard work and saving off her other husbands in the blow-up of the Waggenstaff Bank in New York, and in blow-ups of several other matters in which she has potatoes invested. But of course losing these potatoes makes no difference to Ida Peters now that she has Prince Podubny, who seems to be a prince in a country over in the Balkans with some kind of claim to being king if he gets the right break.

Now as showing you how smart Ida Peters is, she never fails to tell any of her husbands in advance about her annual date with Jack O'Donahue, so she will not run into any complications in case a husband happens to put a private dick on her, as husbands sometimes do, but most of her husbands are very broad-minded about the proposition, figuring it is nothing but a passing fancy, until the prince comes along.

WELL, it seems the old prince is very jealous indeed of Ida Peters, and can scarcely bear to have her out of his sight, but he loves her so much that at first he does not complain about her annual date, and in fact he comes to the United States with her two years hand running so she can keep this date with Jack O'Donahue, and furthermore the old prince is gentleman enough not to try to find out who Jack O'Donahue is, or anything else about him. But then it seems the prince commences to brood on this mysterious guy in Ida Peters' life, and to be very jealous of him.

It seems the old prince pictures Jack O'Donahue in his own mind as maybe a very dashing, romantic guy, although if he can only get a slant at Jack O'Donahue he will never worry about him any more, for by this time poor Jack O'Donahue is a very sorrowful spectacle, indeed. He is so thin you can scarcely see him when he is standing sideways, and he is stoop-shouldered, and his hair is quite gray, and his eyes are now away back in his head, and he is by no means dashing, and by no means romantic. He is only sad-looking.

But it comes on September of 1930, and on the morning of the ninth Ida Peters, who is now the Princess Podubny, arrives in New York from Europe with her ever-loving husband Prince Podubny and a raft of servants and luggage, and they go to a swell hotel to stay in about nine rooms, and it seems that in the evening they go to eat dinner with some very rich friends on Park Avenue, and then they go to a show, and naturally Ida Peters puts on as much of her jewelry as she can carry without help, including the Podubny pearls, which some guys say are worth a million bucks, and a lot of bracelets, and large diamond rings and one thing and another.

Well, they get back to the hotel about midnight, and there are many cablegrams waiting for the old prince, and he reads them as soon as they get to their rooms, and he says to Ida Peters like this:

"Well," he says, "I always tell you I will make you a queen some day, my darling. Now the time arrives. I just receive news that a revolution starts in my country in my behalf, and my advisers wish me there at once to take command. There is no time to lose. We will sail the first thing in the morning."

"Why," Ida Peters says, "this is very glad news, indeed, because if there is anything I wish in this world it is to be a queen. But," she says, "you know I cannot sail in the morning, because of my date tomorrow evening."

"We cannot wait," Prince Podubny says, very cold, indeed. "We must go early in the morning, because every hour is precious. There may be no other ship for several days."

Well, Ida Peters says if it is so important for him, to go ahead and sail, and she will follow after him as soon as possible, but the old prince has his neck bowed now, and he speaks to her as follows:

"You must go with me," he says. "It is my wish, and as I am now practically a king I must be obeyed. Anyway," he says, "much depends on showing my people their new queen, and furthermore I make up my mind it is time for you to forget this old foolishness."

But Ida Peters says she will not go until she keeps her date with Jack O'Donahue, and then the old prince starts to rave at her, saying he always suspects there is more to this old romance than just an annual meeting in a park and he gets very tough, indeed, with her, but he forgets that he is talking to a doll who is used to having pretty much her own way.

"Well," Ida Peters says finally, "I am going to keep my date, and if you continue speaking to me in such a harsh tone I will walk out of this room."

Well, then the old prince gets very, very angry with her, and says to her like this:

"All right," he says, "but if you walk out of this room now you walk out of my life forever. Look at yourself in the mirror," he says. "You are forty if you are a day, and the chances are I am giving you the best of it, at that. You are not as young or as good-looking as you used to be and you will never again be able to hold guys in the hollow of your hand.

"Look yourself over," he says. "The way you stand you represent over a million dollars in American money, but you do not have a dime to your name any more. Well," he says, "if you walk out of this room you are going to leave every diamond and pearl you have on and walk out of here with nothing but your dress on, for they are all mine, although," the prince says, getting bighearted, "I may let you take a coat, at that, as it is getting chilly outside and I do not wish to see you catch pneumonia.

"Ha-ha-ha," he says, laughing like the villain in a play, "how will you like this general idea? I know you well enough to know you love diamonds and clothes and luxury too much to toss them all away for an hour with an old sweetheart, no matter how much you think you love him, which is probably not much," he says, "because you are not capable of much love. So forget it, and call your maid, and start packing," the prince says.

WELL, Ida Peters stands there looking at him a minute, and then she begins stripping off her pearls and her diamond rings, and her bracelets, and one thing and another, and when she gets a good handful of them she hauls off and lets them fly at the old prince, and then she turns and walks out of the door in nothing but her evening dress, and the prince sails the next morning, and in two months is king of his country, and has a divorce from Ida Peters without giving her a nickel's worth of alimony.

Personally I hear that what makes the prince especially sore about the whole proposition is that when Ida Peters chucks her jewelry at him one of her diamond rings hit him in the mouth, and the diamond is so big it knocks out a lot of brand-new bridge work that costs the old prince plenty of potatoes.

But it is now a few minutes to seven o'clock the next evening and generally Jack O'Donahue is in Bryant Park waiting when Ida Peters arrives, but he is not present this evening and Ida Peters stands looking all around and about in a dress she borrows from the friend in Park Avenue, when all of a sudden she sees a bunch of guys coming along a path in the park from the Forty-second Street side, and these guys seem to be carrying something among them and what are they carrying but Jack O'Donahue.

(Continued on page 48)

Quick, Watson—
The INGRAM'S!
a COOL front at all times!

ICE
Ingram's
C.H.Sykes

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

THE toughest beard is brought to justice! The innocent chin is set free! Can you not deduce how, my dear Watson? It's elementary: Ingram's does it. Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

It's a crime to hurt your cheek with burning, stinging shaving soaps. But all Scotland Yard won't help. Call in Ingram's—there's your solution!

Whatever the blade, whatever the razor, Ingram's is cool under all circumstances. It's the closest thing to shaving perfection that's come to light since the first whisker was scraped from the first cheek... which was 'way, 'way back!

In the tube, new and convenient, or the blue jar, old and reliable and economical, Ingram's is the same blessing to razor-scraped masculine skins. It brings barber-shop comfort right into your bath-room, with all the tonic and lotion effects, at the price of shaving cream alone.

Ingram's is scientifically concocted for comfort, with three special ingredients not to be discovered anywhere outside the blue jar or the blue-and-white tube that fly the Ingram's banner.

Here's all that a shaving cream should be and never was before! Here are comfortable shavings for every day of your natural life, instead of the daily misery of pre-Ingram days. Here, in short, is a limitless supply of perfect *cool* shaves, yours for the buying!

And if you'd rather be convinced *before* buying, that's all right with us. We'll convince you ten times over—we'll give you ten cool shaves *free*—if you'll fill out the coupon and tell us who you are!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-121
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
Name
Street
City
State

Character in tattered arms and massive body marks the gentle giant of the dyke. So too does character endow with friendly life the mellow flavor of

Old Briar
TOBACCO

OLD Briar has one quality that is rarely found in smoking tobaccos. While its fragrance and mildness appeal to the taste of even the comparative novice in the ranks of pipe smokers, it has a relishing sparkle that brings a deep sense of satisfaction to veterans of the briar. This singular character distinguishes it as an exceptional blend and wins friendships that grow more steadfast with every new pipeful.

United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

15 cent size

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

(Continued from page 47)

Furthermore, they have very little trouble carrying him, because Jack O'Donahue is now two pounds lighter than an old sponge, and as they carry him up to where Ida Peters is standing, one of the guys takes off his hat and says to her like this:

"Madam," he says, "this poor guy is just hit by a taxicab out there in Forty-second Street. He is trying to cross the street, but," he says, "he seems to be somewhat sick, and is so weak that he falls down right in front of the cab. I am a doctor," the guy says, "and I wish to call an ambulance, and take him to a hospital, but he asks us to bring him over here to the park, saying there will be a party here he wishes to see.

"Well, Madam," the guy says, "I do not wish to speak of bad news, but if you know this poor guy and wish to talk to him you better do it fast, because he is pretty badly hurt, although," the guy says, "if the taxicab does not get him, the t. b. must in about another week."

THEN Jack O'Donahue opens his eyes, and looks at Ida Peters standing over him and crying more than somewhat, and he whispers as follows:

"I love you, Ida Peters."

And as Ida Peters kisses him on the mouth, Jack O'Donahue hauls off and dies and the oldest romance anybody ever hears of in this town winds up where it starts.

Well, of course, you are wondering how it is I am able to learn so many details of this old romance, but I can prove everything I say by Ida Peters herself, who tells it all to me on different mornings when I am waiting for my cakes and coffee.

"But," I say to Ida Peters, "do you not sometimes regret your hasty action when you learn how the old prince is indeed king, and you will be his queen if you use a little judgment? And especially," I say, "do you not regret it as long as Jack O'Donahue has to die anyway?"

"No," Ida Peters says, "I have no regrets, because the way I figure it, it is no great trick for any doll to marry a prince and maybe become a queen, as princes are very great chumps for dolls at all times. In fact," she says, "the chances are you will find several dolls sitting around on thrones here and there who starts off by marrying princes.

"But," she says, drawing herself up very proud, indeed, "I will guarantee that you will have a tough time finding another doll who tosses off a chance to be a queen for nothing more than the memory of an old romance, especially a romance with such a guy as Jack O'Donahue, who is a guy who is practically no dice, any way you figure him."

"Well," I say, "I can see where you may be right, and it is all most unusual, and very strange. In fact," I say, "I do not recall ever hearing anything like it before in all my born days, and I am around and about Broadway quite a spell now."

"Furthermore," Ida Peters says, and her voice is as cold and haughty as it ever is in the old days, "you can bet all the grapefruit in Florida that Iam the only head-waitress in the world who tosses off a throne just to hear a guy say 'I love you,' although," she says, "personally I consider it worth it.

"Now," she says, "if you wish another cup of hot java, I will get it myself."

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 22

Never mind, Mrs. O'Neal. I'm not hungry.

I never saw a man when he wasn't hungry. There's some cold chicken in the ice box.

No, thanks. I must be going. It's getting late.

I'm sorry. I forgot you have to be at your office so early in the morning. I get so lonesome here in this big house with nobody to talk to that when I do get the chance I don't know when to stop.

You can sprinkle ground glass
On my apple-sass
But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin'
YOU . . .

It was nice of you to ask me over for supper. Let me know if you hear anything new from the girls.

They never write. They don't care anything about their mother any more. You could see that for yourself when we were there last week. Would one of them come home with me? No. Did they care if I was lonely? No! All they think of is themselves, so it's no wonder they haven't had any better luck. I told Laura, I says, this murder and everything is the judgment of God on you. If you had listened to your mother, you wouldn't be in the mess you're in. If you'd stayed home with me instead of gallivantin' off to the city. But no, home wasn't good enough for you, and now look at you, and Sally and Honey—the three of you in this little room here like rats in a trap with the papers shrieking your names all over the town and your pictures all over them, and why? Why? Because you wouldn't listen to your mother. You wouldn't listen to your mother who knew better. Your mother who could have told you. . . .

9. Honey O'Neal and Larry Barnes.

. . . baby, I don't care.
You can throw bricks in my window,
You can put tacks in my shoe,
You can sprinkle ground glass
In my apple-sass
But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin'
YOU!

How can you sit here like a bump on a log, Larry, and not want to dance? What do you suppose I asked you to bring me here for? . . . Baby, that's hot! Is that a band! Listen to that leader sing. That's Cab himself. Is that hot!

LET'S talk, Honey. I've got something I wanna tell you.

Let's dance.

Listen, Honey.

CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUU.

I don't want you to be mad at me about what happened today.

. . . Even throw fleas on my Pekingese, but you CAN'T stop ME from . . . Who's mad? I'm not mad. Forget it.

Gee, I love you, Honey. You're so cute.

CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUU.

I wish you did. I'm crazy about you, Honey! I'm mad about you. I know I'll never love anybody again the way I love you. Won't you marry me? Won't you? Talk to me, Honey. Tell me. Don't you like me?

Of course I like you, Larry. I think you're darling. But I don't want to get married. I didn't leave Middletown to come down to New York and marry the first man that came along.

What do you mean—the first man?

Well, not exactly that, Larry. But I want a career. I want to make something of myself. Any girl can get married and end it all.

But you wouldn't have to stop your work, Honey. You could go on doing anything you wanted to do. If you want to go on with radio or acting, I could help you, and we could work together. We could be swell pals. Don't you think so?

You're awfully sweet, Larry. CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUUU.

You don't want to bat around New York for years, Honey; work all day and run around all night. You've tried it. You can't say you like it, do you?

No. CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUUUU.

And the kind of people you meet when you bat around. You certainly crowded enough of that in your few months in New York, with your Tab job, and before that, Jack and his gang.

They make me sick.

WELL, why waste any more of your time on 'em? I'm crazy about you, Honey. I'll do anything for you. I love you so. Say you'll marry me.

I'll think about it. Don't panic me. I've got to get used to the idea. Give me a chance to think about it.

Of course, darling.

I'm not so crazy about the way I'm living, cooped up in one room. I want a home of my own some day, and I'm going to have it too, but I don't want to jump. I'm not even nineteen yet, Larry. Give me a chance.

All right, darling.

10. Judge Considine and Sally O'Neal.

. . . put tacks in my shoe,
You can sprinkle ground glass . . .

Pour me another, George.

You'll be on your ear.

Here, sit down next to me.

I never saw you like this before, Sally.

Put your arms around me. Tell me you love me. I want to hear somebody say, "I love you." That's what I want. That's what's the matter with me tonight.

Poor kid. You're all upset.

You can be as aloof as the Chrysler roof
But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOU!

That's the Cotton Club. Wish I was there. Let's go there and dance. I wanna dance tonight. I wanna raise hell.

I'm pretty tired tonight, Sally. Some other night.

Kick back the rug and let's dance. Come on, George. Dance. Dance. CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUUU. Come on, George. Dance with me. Hold me. Dance with me. CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUUU. Why don't you say you love me? You never say you love me any more. Tell me you love me.

Of course I love you, Sally. Don't ask such silly questions.

Of course I love you, of course I love you . . . the way you say it! Who cares? CAN'T stop ME from LOVVV-INNNNN' you. I can dance with myself. . . . CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOUUUUU. . . .

11. In-a-dor Apartment: Laura O'Neal and Mrs. Peters.

. . . can laugh in my face
When you trump my ace
But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOU!

You mustn't hesitate about dropping in any evening, Laura, and talking to me. I'm always alone.

I was so late at the station tonight, Mrs. Peters. I thought maybe—

It doesn't matter. Are the girls out?

Yes.

How did it go tonight?

All right, I guess. Everybody was painfully kind. You know.

That'll pass. In a few weeks they'll have something else to gossip about.

I filled in a couple of spots.

I heard you.

I couldn't help but think all the time I was singing that Bill might be listening. I'll always think that now whenever I sing.

Bill listening? How?

They have radio there. Bill told me today when I visited him.

Radio? You mean in—in—

Sing Sing! Say it. I don't mind. I'll have to get used to it. Yes, in every cell. Ear phones. The prisoners can lie on their cots and listen to the programs.

I never thought that.

It's true! Bill said the radio goes all evening until ten o'clock and then it's cut off unless there's something special like a big fight or something.

Can they tune in anything they want?

No. It's tuned in for them in a central receiving station. The operator does the selecting, and the prisoners can hear anything they like except crime stories and crime plays. Is that funny? Bill had to laugh when he told me. The first time he's laughed in weeks.

But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOU!

Is he terribly unhappy?

No, that's the strangest part of it. He told me he wouldn't have believed it himself, but now that it's all over he feels less miserable than he has in years. At least everything is finished now, settled. Later, he hopes to get the radio job in the receiving station. The man there now has only one more year to serve.

That'll be nice.

But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOU!

Bill was quite gay about it. We sat and visited in the big visiting-room for an hour. "I'll be back in the radio racket again," he said. "You can't keep a good man down. Three meals a day, a private room with a river view and a job guaranteed for at least six years. By that time the depression may be over."

THERE'S just enough truth in that to take the edge off the grimness, Laura. And then if you can visit him every week—

We're not much worse off, Mrs. Peters. That's all we could do before. Just visit. We weren't free before. And if Bill is caged in, so am I. He has a little room in a big house with a view of the river. So have I. He has just enough to eat and a place to sleep. I'm not any better off. If this hadn't happened, we might have dragged along loving each other and getting nowhere for years and years. All our lives, maybe. Now we know it will only be six or seven years at the most. He'll work. I'll work. We'll see each other every week . . . and wait.

But you CAN'T stop ME from lovin' YOU!

And so we conclude this broadcast from the Cotton Club in the heart of Harlem. Good night. All's well. Are you listening?

THE END

By actual test, the most efficient comfortable shoe

•

Here's how 46 foot doctors voted

•

Walk-Over Main Spring Arch Shoe	29 votes
Shoe Brand "B"	7 votes
Shoe Brand "C"	4 votes
Shoe Brand "D"	3 votes
Shoe Brand "E"	2 votes
Shoe Brand "F"	1 vote
Shoe Brand "G"	0 votes
Shoe Brand "H"	0 votes
Shoe Brand "I"	0 votes
Shoe Brand "J"	0 votes
Shoe Brand "K"	0 votes
Shoe Brand "L"	0 votes

MAIN SPRING ARCH

WINS 4 TO 1

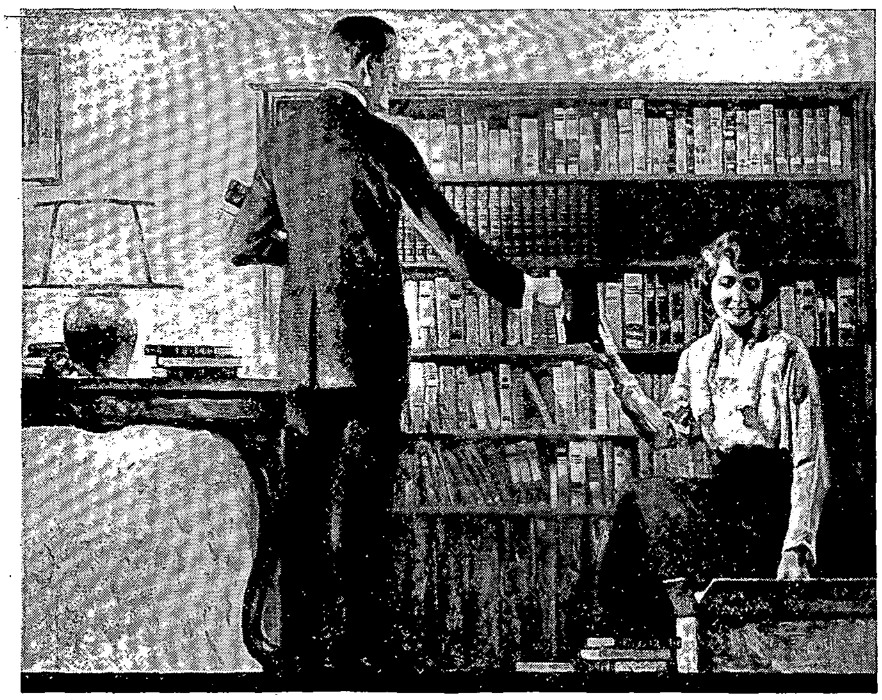
Just what shoe should you wear to be most comfortable, to conserve your energy, to quicken your step? To decide that very point 46 foot-health authorities met and conducted an unbiased test. They examined 12 different trade-marked shoes, each of which had been advertised to give special comfort in walking. Brand names were concealed. Each vote was based on construction, efficiency of the last and appearance. The Walk-Over Shoe with the built-in Main Spring* Arch received 29 first place votes—*four times as many as its nearest competitor.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PLYMOUTH
Main Spring Arch—Black or brown calf
$8.50

WALK·OVER

Made by Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass. Dealers in all principal cities



Their First Investment 15 Minutes a Day

WHAT should a family's very first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success is going to depend principally upon *his* and *her* mental growth.

Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 250,000 families have found the answer to these with the help of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

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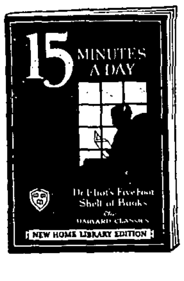


Rolling Stone

Continued from page 14

Ruggles at twenty-five dollars a week to play ten shows, including two on Sundays.

When young Ruggles told his father of his intent to become an actor, the older man said: "No, you're not. You're going to become a doctor."

That was all he said, and he was wrong.

His son had already become an actor—walking on as a house-guest in one of those gay stock scenes where there is overmuch drawing-room laughter.

The deception couldn't go on forever. At a Saturday matinée when he played the part of a young Indian chieftain in a gunshot melodrama, his aunt was among those present. Instantly she recognized him and almost as instantly stormed the stage door.

"I'm not going to tell your father," she said, "but this has got to stop."

A Prodigal Rôle

Charles sulked for a week, then did a bold thing. He applied for and got a job to go on tour in a repertory company. Summoning his courage, he stalked in to his father one night while the old man sat in his study, smoking.

"I'm going to quit the drug company," said Charles.

"What, twice?" said his father.

Only then did it dawn on Charles that his father might conceivably have found out from the drug company that he had quit.

He proceeded to tell his father that he had been engaged to go on tour for thirty-six weeks with a melodrama company. His father made no comment. Charles went to bed. In the morning at breakfast his father was morose. Three or four days passed and no word from his parent. On the fifth day his father spoke to him.

"Come with me downtown," he said.

Charles went. His father took him to a men's outfitter's and invested in three suits of clothes, with shoes and hats and other things to match. Father paid the bills, gave Charles $200 and, without saying farewell, left him.

Young Ruggles hit the trail for thirty-six solid weeks, playing almost as many parts. After ill-feeding on third-rate hotel fare for months and months, he became fed up with acting.

Ironically for him, the company was scheduled to play San Francisco as its last stand. To everybody else that meant home; to Ruggles, definitely branded by his father's silence as a prodigal son, it meant a return to his home town but not to his home.

Heartsick, he played San Francisco. On the fifth night there—it was in a Mexican War play—he went into his part with no spirit at all, thoroughly disgusted, and with the idea that it would be better for himself and art if he quit and returned to the drug company's employ. That, he thought, would square things with his father.

So resolved, he plunged into the part and recovered a touch of spirit, automatically, in a scene where he had to storm a redoubt, uniformed as a U. S. marine and carrying a flag. The audience always rose to that moment, but this time a gray-haired man led the cheering. Ruggles hopped the redoubt and looked back at the one-man cheering section. The man was his father.

There was a feast for the prodigal that night in the Ruggles home.

"After all," his father said, breaking almost a year's silence toward his son, "I'm reconciled."

"Yes," Charles philosophized, "even if it needed the Flag to bring you around."

Later, it developed that his father's distrust of the stage as a profession for his son was based upon other motives than one of deflected ambition. True, he wanted the boy to become a physician; but he wanted him still more to grow up, as he put it, respectable.

"And the stage," said he, "is hardly calculated to keep a young man away from women."

That observation, between father and son, became a kind of family tag line. Ruggles would wire his father, in after years, what company he was with and how many women were with it. His father chuckled, perhaps, over those telegrams, but made no reply until an eventful evening when Ruggles had established himself as a stage comedian and shared a lead with Al Jolson in The Passing Show. On opening night he sent a wire to his father in San Francisco:

JUST STARTED PASSING SHOW WITH SEVENTY-FIVE GIRLS ALL STUNNERS.

His father replied, also by wire:

WHERE SHALL I SEND THE WREATH?

Before reaching the altitude of the Winter Garden Mr. Ruggles served time. At least, that's what the coast guard called it—the coast guard being the bands of roving actors who played the Pacific slope states.

Five or six years of coast-guarding convinced Charles Ruggles that he was well equipped to brave the gauntlet of Broadway. Also, he had married well, theatrically, the lady being Adele Rowland of comedy renown.

When he applied for and received his first lively part on Broadway, he also was happily disillusioned. He had always regarded Broadway managers as bristling tigers or roaring lions, who devoured actors with their ham and eggs, who indeed substituted actors for the ham.

Instead, the first thing Mr. Al Woods called him was Charley. Ruggles played the lead in the Avery Hopwood play that made the twin bed famous, called The Demi-Virgin.

On to Hollywood

Ruggles eventually tired of the near-smut of Broadway bedroom farces and turned to the movies. There was an incident connected with this change. Personal, but pertinent.

He had a good fat part in a piece that always brought him applause during a scene where, as the quasi-hero, he told the home-breaking villain that he was a cad. Ruggles does this sort of thing well on the boards. He's even better at being the cad—on the boards.

On this particular evening the audience did not rise to response. And the stage manager was alarmed. He watched Ruggles more closely. Finally, at the end of the show, he went to Ruggles' dressing-room.

"You need a rest," said he. "You were spiritless tonight. Getting stale."

Ruggles drew a wire from his pocket. It announced his mother's death.

"Oh," apologized his critic, "that's different."

"It is different," said Ruggles. "She was murdered."

During the course of the matinée that very afternoon a tragedy had been enacted out in California. His mother, divorced from his father, had been shot to death by her second husband. Ruggles had received these details by telegraph. He went on with his show because there was nothing else to be done. Nothing else for stage folks.

Ruggles had a brother who made good in Hollywood as a director. Cimarron is one of his products. Thither Ruggles went, and kept on going until within two years he became a star with a steady reputation.

Going from picture to picture, Ruggles achieved the reputation in Hollywood of being reliable and avoiding women. Even the great Mr. Will Hays patted his back one day. It was the day when traffic cops from Maine to California were clocking the low-jumping records of wrong-guessers in the market. Ruggles had taken it rockingly on his cleft chin. Mr. Hays evidently hadn't. Mr. Hays was beaming.

"I like clean actors, Mr. Ruggles," said Mr. Hays.

"If it's me you like," said Mr. Ruggles, "then you like cleaned actors."

So life went merrily on with only one month's illness in Hollywood for the rugged Ruggles, and that was what he calls mountain sickness—he fell down a mountain while making Peer Gynt.

Ruggles frowned at the recollection.

Fannie Was an Actress

Two theatrical producers, Morosco and Selwyn, got to arguing about why a swell actor like Ruggles should be wasting his time in Hollywood.

"He's your star," said Selwyn to Morosco, "and I want to take him."

Morosco had Ruggles under stage contract for $175 a week after five years' work.

"You can have him," said Morosco. "He's a lousy comic, but a good character actor."

"Just the reverse," said Selwyn. "A good comic, but a bum dramatic actor."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Ruggles, overhearing this, "call me all the names you like. The salary's $1,000 a week and up."

He skipped Hollywood and rolled back to Broadway where he starred in such acknowledged hits as Battling Butler, Tumble In, and Rolling Stones.

It became his turn to roll again when the great English actor, Sir Cyril Maude, came over to make Grumpy and Peer Gynt into pictures. Ruggles was cast as a bearded villain opposite Maude. Maude kept a diary. In it he recorded the technique of picture making, by which scenes are shuffled so that sequels are sometimes taken before beginnings:

"This morning," Sir Cyril wrote in his diary, "I shot and killed my man. This afternoon I first met him—in the pictures."

Ruggles doubled and tripled parts in that picture—including one striking representation of Christ.

"This evening," wrote Sir Cyril Maude in his diary, "I left Charlie Chaplin at lunch and had a delightful drive up a mountainside with the Messiah. Rather a day for celebrities."

Ruggles himself considers co-workers as co-workers, regardless of their degree of celebrity.

"One of the big surprises in life for me," he declares, "was in earlier days, making pictures. We had trouble with a stupid young Jewish gentleman, who'd step into a car I operated by the process of walking up to it, putting a foot on the radiator and climbing aboard. Then he'd jump out and wave at trolley cars and make speeches, with gestures, to traffic cops. An utterly brainless goof. His name was and is Eddie Cantor. The public seemed to like him; so always my rule has been to take them as they come—the great and the goofy, without editorial comment."

He rolled back from Hollywood to Broadway. The show they billed him for was to be a most ambitious musical piece in which Laurence Stallings and other notables had collaborated—Rainbow.

"There was an investment of $200,000 by Philip Goodman in that show," Ruggles reports. "It went kerflop; I think because $200, shrewdly spotted in buying one of the players, would have saved the show.

"By one of the players I mean the mule Fannie. Fannie was hired instead of bought. I was there when it happened, for all Fannie's stuff in the play was done with me as the mule-driver. The afternoon they agreed to hire Fannie instead of buy her, I knew something would go wrong. Fannie looked hurt.

"Came the opening night with all New York's chivalry and beauty out in front at eleven dollars a throw. Up went the curtain. The show was packed with bright lyrics, good music and magnificent girls. But Fannie's heart was bitter. Out she went with me into a gorgeous scene. But the instant she was to act Fannie kicked up, knocked me down, distributed three other actors across the stage, scared the chorus girls into a panic, then calmly lay down before the footlights and refused to budge. It required half an hour to straighten things: the magic of illusion was gone; the audience laughed ironically; the Rainbow was doomed to lack its pot of gold.

"It all goes to show you should be kind to dumb animals."

Ruggles, despite this brief hiatus in his career, moved on to bigger and better things. He made one of the first of the sophisticated movies with Claudette Colbert—The Lady Lies, and romped away with the honors in such things as Charley's Aunt.

He can talk interminably and interestingly regarding the talkies and their comparative superiority and inferiority to the stage. Not here. He believes the day is coming—as indeed it is—when television will knock out the corner movie, just as the movies knocked out the op'ry house.

"But what I personally don't like," he said, "is to be tagged for one character—and that a drunk. Which is why I'm getting away from it."

We strolled together. Not far. Actors don't like long walks. We came upon an executive of the movie firm; you can always tell them by spats that have the air of being made to measure. He spoke airily to Mr. Ruggles about being on time in the morning.

"It only cost us four thousand dollars when you were half an hour late yesterday," he reminded Ruggles.

A Drunkard's Fate

Ruggles promised to punch the time-clock; and after the promise reminded this diligent reporter that he never wanted to be branded as a drunk.

"Oh, yes," said the movie executive, sometime later. Ruggles had been gone for hours, and the executive had just switched the subject from himself to what he had done for the present picture on which Ruggles was working. "Ruggles is a smart character man. And if you've seen him in Charley's Aunt, you'll agree he's the best drunk in the pictures. That scene where he and the boys get bleary on shandygaff—a riot, eh?

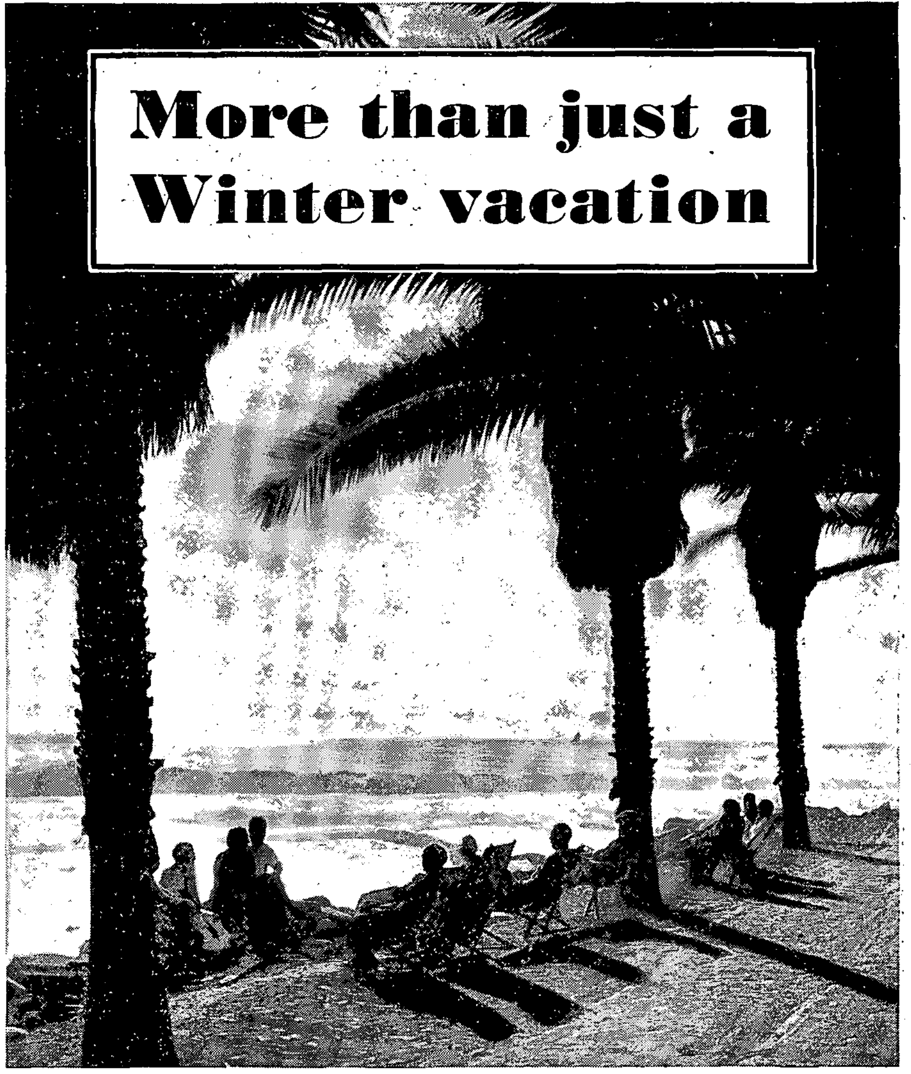
"Well, I'm going to invent new drunk situations for Charley. There are tons of them. We have a statistician who says that since prohibition the number of ways in which a bird can get drunk and be funny while drunk has multiplied in inverse ratio to the number of— Well," he finished, "we'll wow 'em with this stuff."

"You will," we agreed. "Wow everybody."

"Everybody!" he bellowed.

"But Ruggles," we whispered.

More than just a Winter vacation



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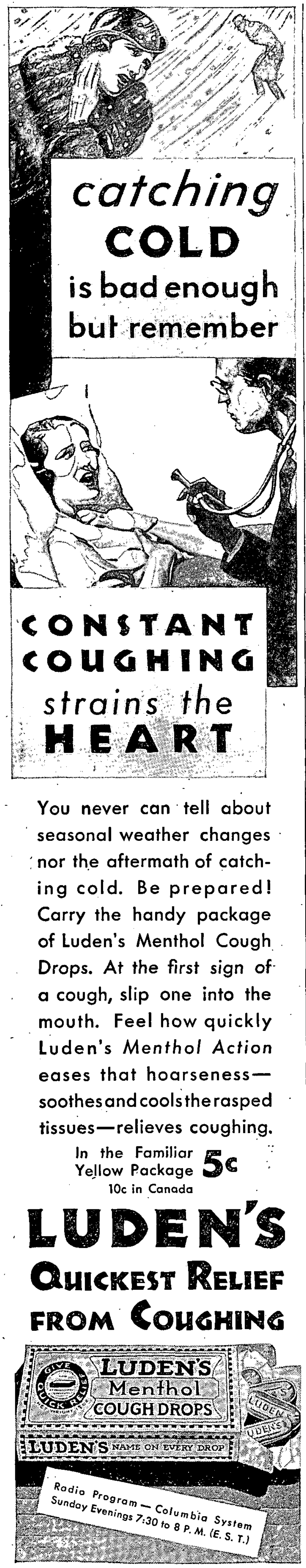

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Written in Dust

Continued from page 25

"No," he decided, "there couldn't nobody tell a *thing* by that. You're sure it's right, what they told me at headquarters—that there wasn't no car that waited here near your office for them to start and followed them till it got a chance?"

"No; they were not followed—that has been eliminated. What happened, O'Malley, is simply this: The boys were following a road which even they had not known in advance at an hour which no one could have known. In spite of that, a car was waiting for them at the right place at the right time, hidden at a crossroad.

"When the boys reached the intersection the murder car swung out beside them and opened fire. If you will go and look at the spot where the murders occurred, you will see that—considering the many other roads that might have been taken by the boys—the presence of the murder car at the exact spot at the exactly right moment is inexplicable—in fact, incredible."

"This certainly is a sticker of a case," I commented, when we had left the office. "How are you going to tackle it?"

"We'll do the way the guy said," O'Malley answered. "We'll go and look at where it happened."

WE DROVE out on Long Island and found the spot without difficulty. It was a lonesome bit of road. The murder car had waited only a few hundred feet from the road, concealed behind some low trees and bushes, and, as the boys reached the intersection, had swung out beside them. A few yards beyond was the spot where they had died and O'Mara had written his message in the dust.

"Rawlins is right," I said; "it seems incredible."

We drove back to town and I did not see O'Malley for more than a week.

"Got anything yet on that pay-roll case?" I asked, when I met him.

"I might have. I ain't sure. I'm going out to find out now." There were two other plainclothes men accompanying him. I went along and all four of us drove out on Long Island to a real estate office.

"You got a house for rent," O'Malley told them, giving the location. "I want to look at it. It ain't necessary you should go along with me but just give me the key; I'll bring it back."

The agent appeared surprised at his request but went and got the key and handed it to O'Malley.

"This unlock the garage, too?" O'Malley asked him.

The garage, it developed, required another key and the agent got it. We went to the house and I saw then why the agent had been surprised. It was a tumble-down place which would have to be almost rebuilt before anyone could occupy it. We walked all through the rooms but did not find anything, and then we went out to the garage, but our key would not fit the padlock.

"I was kind of hoping that," O'Malley stated.

We got a couple of rocks and smashed the padlock and went in, and there was a car there with a bullet hole through the side.

"This is the murder car?" I asked.

"You got it right."

I went quickly to look at the license plates but they were not what I expected.

"Have the plates been changed?" I asked.

"I guess this car didn't never have no plates but what it's got on now. Well, now we got some work to do and it might be we can find some cops to help us."

We certainly had no trouble finding cops; everywhere we went there were Long Island and Manhattan officers. They arrested a man in a garage, and another one who was buying a shirt in a haberdashery store and a third one in his home; and in Manhattan they arrested a man in a speakeasy and another one standing on a corner on First Avenue. I asked questions, but O'Malley would not answer them.

AFTER the last arrest we went to the construction company's office and saw Mr. Rawlins again. Two cops went with us.

"You got a man working here named Paul Byron," O'Malley said. "I want to talk to him."

Rawlins sent for Byron and he came in. He was in his thirties and looked like a clerk or bookkeeper.

"Well, Paul," O'Malley told him, "we got your brother-in-law locked up out on Long Island on a charge of murder and now we're going to lock you up. What do you think of that?"

"Are you quite sure what you are doing, O'Malley?" Rawlins asked in amazement; but when he said that he had not looked at Byron.

The man was ashy pale; he had sunk into a chair and covered his face with his hands, which trembled violently. He was a guilty man.

"I saw what was done, O'Malley," I said, after Byron had been taken to the station house, "but I don't understand any of it yet."

"It's easy when you get the explanation," he replied. "This Paul Byron has got a married sister living on Long Island and O'Mara knew her. Altin, her name is; and her house faces on one of the roads these boys used to take sometimes with the pay roll. Paul and his brother-in-law cooked this robbery up between them, and got four other guys to do the crime itself. They knew if the boys took the road past the Altin house what road they'd have to follow afterward and they had it timed how long it took from the house to the crossroad.

"Paul says to O'Mara, 'Sometime when you're going out on the Island I got a package I want to send to my sister.' Every Saturday after that, Paul's brother-in-law waited at his house and the four guys that were to do the hold-up waited near a telephone. They only had to wait a couple of Saturdays when Rawlins picked that particular road; so O'Mara, not suspecting nothing, says to Paul, 'I'll take that package for you today.' The boys stopped outside the Altin house and honked and Mrs. Altin went out and got the package, and while she done that, her husband was telephoning the guys that were waiting, and they started right away and reached the crossroads before the boys did."

"All right, all right!" I said impatiently. "That's how it was done, but what I want to know is how you found out about it."

"Why, Mrs. Altin wasn't in on this and didn't know Paul and her husband done it. I seen her and asked her a few questions and she told me, 'Ain't it strange, I guess I was the last person to see those boys; they stopped and give me a package Paul had sent me.' I asked her who had been at her house lately to see her husband and then I looked those people up and got a good idea which ones had done the murder. The car belonged to one of them and they didn't dare leave it around because O'Mara had put a bullet hole in it. So they put it in the garage of that vacant house to wait till all this blew over. One of the guys had lived in the house and still had a key to the garage. They changed the lock in case the real-estate people should happen to go looking round there."

"Yes, yes," I said, "but what led you to Paul Byron and his sister in the first place?"

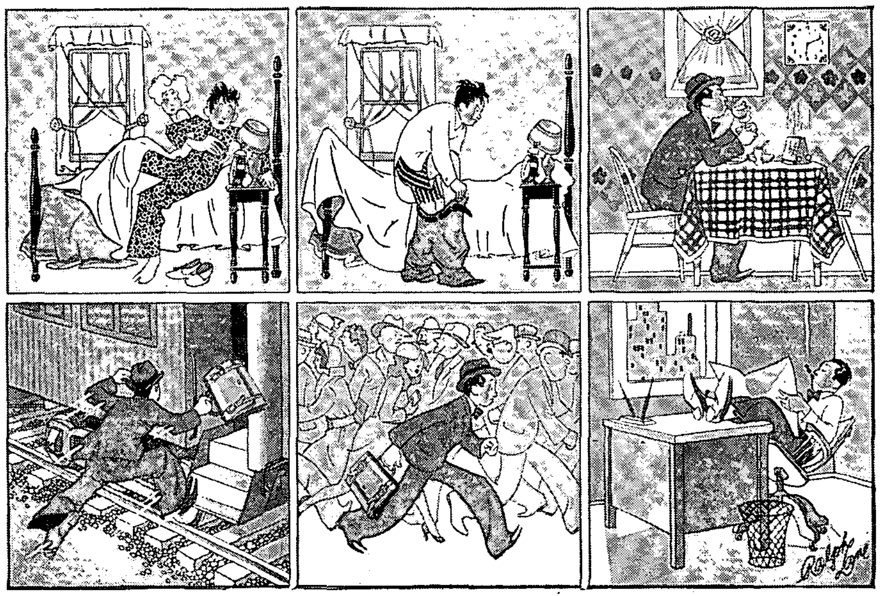
"Why, I got that the way I told you it had to be got. I kept that picture with me and every little while I looked at it, remembering it was wrote in dust by a dying man who maybe didn't write it very plain. One day it come to me: They looked like figures but they were meant for letters. Get me?"

"LET me see that picture again," I demanded.

He gave it to me and it looked to me, at first, as it had done before, "3 Y 8 0." But, remembering they were letters, it changed finally to "B Y R O." It needed only the addition of the N to become Byron.

"That's real police work!" I exclaimed. "You ought to get something out of this, O'Malley."

"Yeah?" he replied. "You tell 'em! I said at headquarters what I thought this meant, and I ain't seen anybody around there yet but what says he saw what it meant before I did, only he hadn't had a chance to speak about it."



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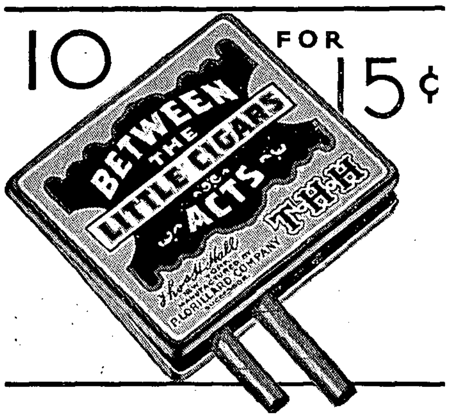

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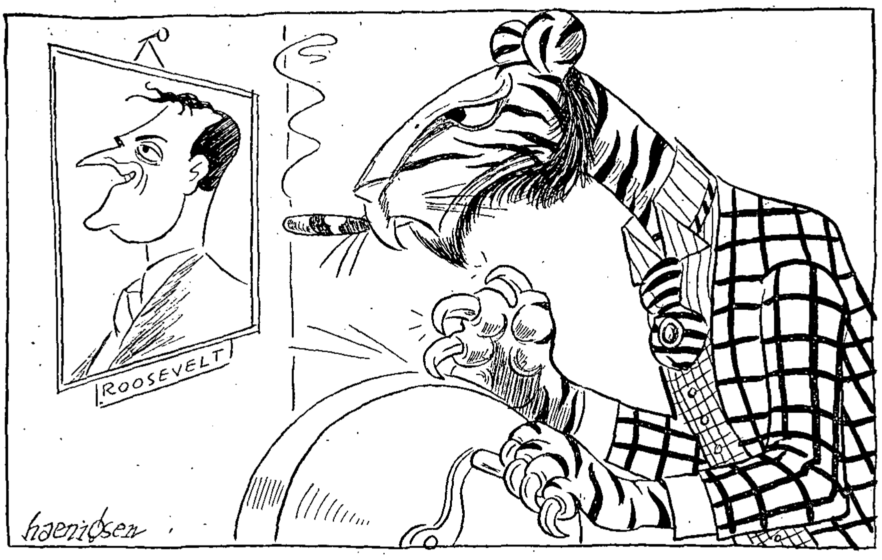

Break Testing

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

EYES of Democratic politicians the country over are now turning upon the widening rift between Tammany Hall and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. For some time Tammany leaders have been growling ominously at New York's Democratic candidate for President. Threats to keep the New York delegation at the next Democratic national convention away from him have been heard.

This hatred of the governor has culminated in a recent incident of great political significance, the indictment of Joseph Broderick, Governor Roosevelt's state superintendent of banking, for acts of his in connection with the sensational failure of the Bank of United States in New York City. When one realizes that Max Steuer, the special prosecutor of those accused of looting this bank, is the closest adviser of Boss John F. Curry of Tammany Hall, one perceives that the first blow in the war between Tammany and the governor has been struck. It is just as if Curry himself had had Broderick indicted. No healing of the breach is now possible.

In the last session of the New York legislature the Republican state chairman, W. Kingsland Macy, tried to get an investigation of Mr. Broderick and his state banking department ordered. But too many up-state Republican senators and assemblymen, mindful of what might be disclosed in their own districts, refused to vote for an inquiry.

Tammany at that time was hoping to avoid a break with Roosevelt and so opposed the investigation. So none was ordered.

Tammany's Tit-for-Tat

I have heard a lawyer in Tammany Hall, as high up in its counsels as Mr. Steuer, say bitterly that if the state banking department could be investigated, Roosevelt's presidential chances would be ruined. There are whispers of laxity in the state banking department in the loose era before the panic. Tammany votes for an investigation of the state banking department in this winter's session of the New York legislature would mean a Tammany investigation of Roosevelt as a reprisal for Roosevelt's part in making Judge Seabury the investigator of Tammany.

Among Tammany people it is charged that Roosevelt promised Curry not to make Seabury the investigator. It is upon those acts of Roosevelt that led to the choice of Seabury as investigator that Tammany based its charges of "double-crossing" by the governor. Tammany blames Seabury upon Roosevelt.

For some reason Tammany feared Seabury more than any other possible inquisitor. And Judge Seabury's methods have worn upon Tammany's nerves. They are unusual. All previous investigations have been brilliant forays. They have attacked some part of the Tammany system, like the relations of the Tammany police to prostitution in the Lexow investigation, and produced a sensation, leaving most of Tammany untouched.

A City of Uneasy Heads

But Seabury's methods are of the sapping and mining variety. He proceeds mostly in the dark, and his special contribution to the art of political investigation, the private hearing, fills Tammany with chills of dread. So does Judge Seabury's moving about from one line of attack to another. He produces that most trying of nervous strains, suspense.

Tammany is afraid that in the end Roosevelt will be forced to take some drastic action against Tammany—like removing Mayor Walker, perhaps—in order to promote his own political fortunes. So Tammany strikes at Roosevelt first, where the one chance of a scandal in his administration seems to lie.

Democratic politicians disagree as to what will be the effect on Roosevelt's prospects of the Presidency of Tammany's taking the offensive against him. Some say that Tammany's opposition will make his nomination more likely, so unpopular is Tammany in the Democratic party. And there is some truth in this.

Probably it is better to say that the breach between Tammany and the governor has checked the band-wagon movement to him. The delegates that he has to gain now will go to him because they think he is a winner. Tammany's fight on him throws doubt on his ability to win. State leaders will hold off to see what happens.

Probably in the end the result will depend upon the boldness of the Tammany attack and its success. If Tammany is doing something more than exhibiting its claws to Roosevelt it will procure a legislative investigation of the state banking department. If that reveals scandals, and if the indictment of Broderick results in his conviction, Governor Roosevelt may be written off as a possibility for the Presidency.

A political indictment, and that is what the indictment of Broderick looks like, is always dangerous to those responsible for it. If Broderick is cleared by the courts there will be a strong reaction in favor of Roosevelt.

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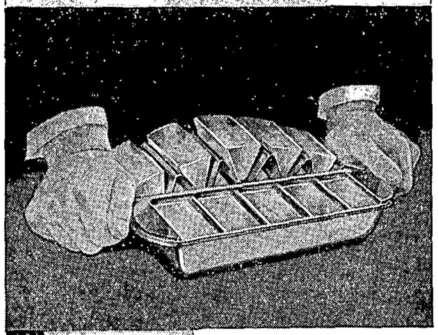

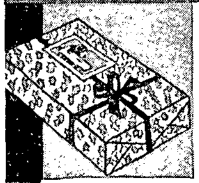

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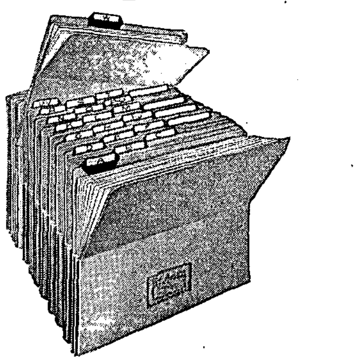

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The Toy Parade

Continued from page 9

These playthings are planned to teach him the fundamentals of form, size, color, movement, design while he plays. To develop his little mind and his little body while having fun.

The mainstay of the pre-school toy seems to be the peg-and-hole contrivance. Simply to place a peg in a hole is in itself an act of control for the small muscle and the young eye. But suppose some of the holes are square and some round, and some of the pegs are round and some are square? Then learning to put the square pegs in the square holes, and the round pegs in the round holes, is a further step in the long climb toward manly manhood and seemly womanhood. But suppose the pegs, moreover, are colored—one red, one blue, another yellow, and so on—and that around the rim of the holes similar colors appear. Then, thinking you are merely putting pegs into holes, you are learning colors. Many such tricks are played on the unsuspicious pre-school child merely with pegs and holes.

Dwarfs from Japan

It is a relief then, after viewing these very dubious inventions, to find in the pre-school rooms our old, square, honest, incorruptible friend, the block. Blocks are still beloved of little children even if these little children are now called pre-school. They are the same as those we knew in our own childhood—that is, they still have six sides. Otherwise, they are much improved blocks. They are more beautiful, of more entrancing hues; they are made of hard wood which cannot sliver small hands; they are colored with enamels impervious to the warm investigations of small tongues. And they are larger than they used to be. It's the psychologist again. He it is who has discovered that large blocks are more easily stood up, one on the other, and that play with large objects makes for free, wide gestures.

In between toys for the very young and toys for the very old, one of the late "developments" in the toy world has been an invasion of dwarfs. They came at first from Japan—*moumsis* an inch high; rickshaw men, smaller than grasshoppers; curved little bridges and pagodas and tea houses; curveting little horses not much bigger than ants. Children took to them with enthusiasm, and now they can have almost anything in miniature. Our old friend, the tin soldier, has found here a new place. He has retired from his bloody pursuits, much of his old disturbing ardors gone, a new peace in his heart.

There were other new things at the fair, of course, but not so many as one would think. Do you remember the little steam engines we used to run in our childhood, when machinery was the firm hope of an optimistic age and the present vague, poignant doubts had not yet been stirred? You'd light an alcohol lamp beneath the little boiler, and the little boiler would begin to tremble, and the small pistons would begin to go to and fro like the arms of an eager boxer approaching his foe, and the small wheels would turn, except that most of the time something else would happen—a stuck piston, a leak, or even an explosion? These little steam engines still exist, but they are not the same. They are heated by electricity, brought to them by a cord from an outlet. And all runs smoothly with them.

A Darwinian tragedy is taking place in the realm of toy music. The brave and vibrant drum, the valiant tin trumpet which used so gayly to herald the Nativity or New Year morn, are becoming rare. So, too, the doll-size piano, the accordion, the harmonica, the painted music box with its discreet and gay little tinkle. You see rows and rows of saxophones and sets of trap drums.

Here and there, however, the new is less assuming, is friendly and gives aid to what is old. Love of home, for instance, seemingly still lives in the hearts of small maids, and electricity helps it out. For stay-in-the-house little girls there are miniature sewing machines run by electricity. There are midget electric irons, toasters, percolators, vacuum cleaners; and even complete electric ranges on which, in tiny pots and pans, small maids can cook real, small meals.

Toys for boys, on the other hand, have felt most that progress lately made in the art of transporting a person as quickly as possible from a place where he no longer wishes to be to one where he soon will no longer wish to be. There are locomotives of all kinds, of course, from the great mogul that will run by itself to the five-cent cast-iron little thing one pulls at one's heels at the end of a string. And automobiles, ditto. Also authentic models of the present conquerors of the air, which come knocked down, so that the air-minded small boy may build as well as fly them.

You see still at the fair virtually all of the dear friends of your childhood. There, for instance, side by side with a parvenu—a pedal automobile with disk wheels, balloon tires, convertible top, chromium plating and "everything"—stands the old coaster wagon, staunch and true. It has been made stronger with steel, it has been made more flexible in its steering, it has been made safe with strong, quick-acting brakes; it has been beautified with smooth lacquer reds, yellows, blues, grays and buffs, but it is the same old coaster wagon.

Over there is the sailboat, like a white swallow, triumphing over some frowning structure heavy as stone and armed with a gun. And everywhere you will find still the toy world's queen—the doll.

Favorite Toys

If all the dolls given to the little girls of the United States in one year were gathered together and marched up Fifth Avenue twenty abreast, with twelve inches between lines, they would reach from Washington Square to Two Hundred and Forty-second Street, and then sixteen times as far again across suburb and land.

The rag doll, that old, humble friend of the child whose parents are not of the powerful of the earth, has returned after an eclipse, transfigured and resplendent. She is still of rag, but it is good rag; her features still lack profile, but artists of fine brush and fine sympathy paint them upon the flat little face in such a manner that the imagination is touched and a reality created more appealingly real than mere reality. The toy world is a world which rectifies many of the values that shock us in the real. It is toward the simple plaything that the child—until it has been spoiled by its corrupted elders—stretches its small hands. It is most likely to be the midget object from the ten-cent store which becomes the guarded treasure, and the Raggedy Ann who draws the cherishing love.

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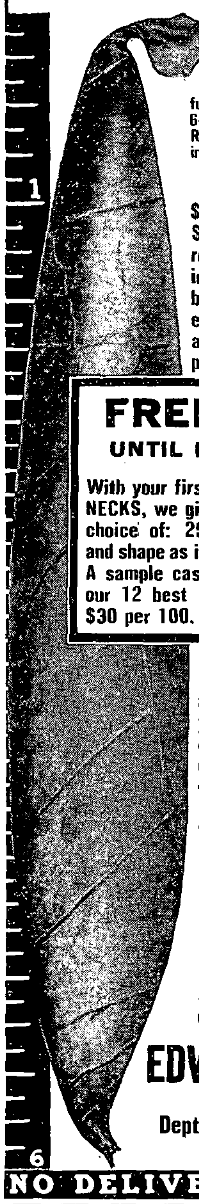

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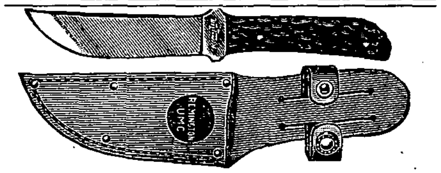

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Untamed Lady

Continued from page 13

Her mind was groping for a plan of retaliation.

"That's as far as I got," complained Grandpa, after ten minutes. "Blamed if I know how to finish it!"

Theo was staring into the fireplace. "Just wait!" she muttered between her teeth. "You just wait!"

"I been waitin' a week," moaned Grandpa, "but blamed if that finish will come."

UNTAMED LADY NO. 1 reared her head without benefit of cheering section and Untamed Lady, the picture, was finished. Despite Billy McGuire's confidence, the snow stuff was not good. Neither were the interior scenes. Studio officials wore long faces and shook their heads. They threw away the stories which were in process of preparation. It was, they said, a crucial time in Theo's career. She needed something big, tremendous, thrilling. They suggested a vacation while they searched for an epic.

Worse still, Satan's Woman, the picture, was hailed as Miss Valerie's greatest achievement!

And again Theo took it like a game one. She turned to her well for solace. At least she could beat Valerie in oil. Miss Valerie sensed the challenge, and took it up. Newspaper gossips announced the race. People started to talk—and the feud was reopened.

Theo went to the well often, despite the fact that Tom Welsh ignored her almost completely. She found, this particular morning, Grandpa and his secretary sitting in the shade behind the shanty. "We're tryin' to get that there finish," Grandpa explained, after he had removed his pipe, and spat.

Tom Welsh was at his roll-top desk in the shanty. "Hello," he said glumly, when he saw her. "Can you stand some bad news?"

Theo steadied herself. "By this time—anything!" she answered.

"All right, then. We've lost a bit!"

"Where'd we lose it?" Theo asked.

Tom Welsh moaned. "A bit," he explained, "is a drilling instrument. There is no possible, no conceivable place to lose one except at the bottom of the hole. We can't go any deeper until we fish it out or break it up."

Theo sank into a chair. "How long will it take?" she asked weakly.

"Perhaps half a day. Perhaps a month. We may never get it."

She sat in silence for a moment. Then she leaned forward, close to him.

"Please fish like anything," she begged. "It's awfully important. More important than you think. This is more than an oil well. We've got to beat the Valerie well, Mr. Welsh! It's the only way I'll get my confidence back. She's beaten me in everything, and rubbed it in. Now I've got to win."

His eyes softened. "You people are funny," he sighed. "I can't figure you—but you sound as though you meant it." He walked quickly to the door. "I'll do my darnedest. That's a promise."

His darnedest was good enough. In three days the Untamed Lady was doing nicely at thirty-five hundred feet. Then Satan's Woman became bitless, and fished. Untamed Lady passed her at forty-one hundred, and struck oil at forty-four fifty.

When it was all explained to Theo she insisted upon Tom Welsh taking her to the Cocoanut Grove by way of celebration.

They danced together with moderate success. Tom Welsh, soft-spoken and pleasant when you dragged him away from oil, tried to make amends and to understand Theo and the strange world she lived in, where a well meant not only oil but an inferiority cure as well. But Theo brought the conversation back to Untamed Lady No. 1. He explained cementing off and water shut-offs. "With luck," he said, "we'll put her on the swab ten days from tonight."

Theo waited patiently for an explanation.

"It's a kind of a cleaning-out process, when they won't blow in by themselves. We lower something like a sash weight by cable, work it up and down by machinery, and stir things up down there. When we draw it up, mud and water shoot out of the well. Then, when we get the pressure up, the well starts to flow. Anyway, we hope it will."

Theo nodded solemnly. "How long do you have to swab?"

He shrugged. "The last one I brought in took only two hours."

"Ten days from now, you said? That would be a week from Tuesday?"

"With luck. Why?"

She opened her mouth to speak, then shut it abruptly. "Oh, nothing," she murmured. "I'll tell you some time."

She told him, by mail, a few days later. He stormed into the patio to find her, waving an engraved invitation in his hand. "What's this nonsense?" he roared.

"Don't shout," she said sweetly. "You got your invitation? Of course, you'll be there anyway, but I thought in case you wanted to dress—"

"Am I to understand," he interrupted, still shouting, "that you're giving a party at the well to see it come in?"

She nodded serenely. "Just a small party. No more than forty. There'll be a buffet supper in the beach house."

"The idea," said Tom Welsh decisively, "is absurd."

"Please! I've got everything planned. It will be a sensation—the Untamed Lady's coming-in party!" She chuckled softly. "And Satan's Woman is still getting a cement bath! Oh, I can't give it up now! Even the music is hired."

Tom Welsh gulped. "Music!" he roared, and paced between the banana trees as Theo watched him. Then she caught him by the arm and drooped her eyes.

Of course you've seen Theo on the screen. You know how lovely she can be. You know that no man can withstand her when she is very close and very intense. "All right," sighed Tom Welsh. "All right."

STUDIO lights arrived before the day crew left, so the news spread that Untamed Lady No. 1 was going into the movies. By the time the next shift was ready to swab, parked cars surrounded the triumphant derrick, and half the town edged the roadway. Satan's Woman No. 1, standing cemented, was quiet and deserted in the outside gloom.

The guests appeared at nine. There were men in dinner jackets, and men in polo shirts; women in dazzling evening gowns, and women in slouchy sports clothes. Tom Welsh glowered at them and refused to be introduced.

Theo, never more alluring, glided about like the star and the hostess she was. She smiled at Billy McGuire who, in yellow sweater and old golf knickers, was placing his cameras. One straddled the roof of the beach house; another squatted atop a truck; four others were hidden far and near.

The swab came up. A thin stream of mud and water shot out of the hole.

(Continued on page 56)

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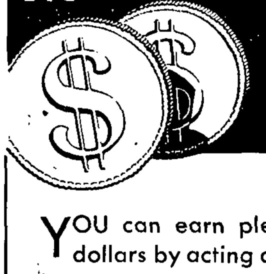

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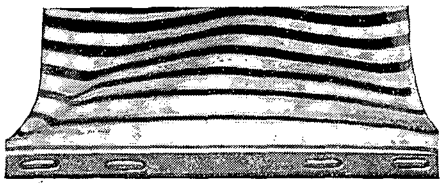

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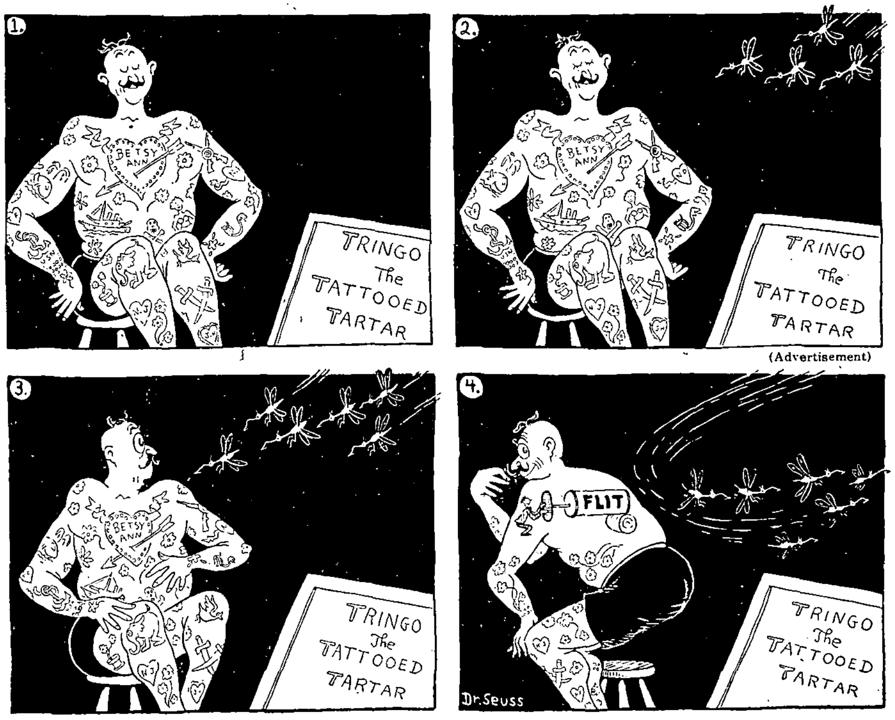
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(Advertisement)

(Continued from page 55)

There were "ohs" and "ahs" from the spectators, and above them the shrill voice of Billy McGuire shouting "Camera!" The stream died down.

It kept up this way for an hour. Then Theo climbed inside the work shed adjoining the derrick. She found herself trembling. Protected by a low metal roof, she stood beside the roaring machinery, six feet from the hole. The smell of gas was increasing. She held her breath. . . . Oh, Valerie would burn up! . . . A column roared suddenly from the mouth of the well. This time it wasn't just muddy water. It was blackish, like oil.

But, under the shed, Theo could see only a short distance upward. The spectators beyond had a better view. They saw the column rise, stand still, rise again.

"Cameras!" shrieked Billy. "Clear the foreground—you out there!"

IT WAS a beautiful sight in the vivid glow of the sunlight arcs. A well in a blaze of glory, and beyond, utter darkness. "What a shot!" cried a director. "What a shot!"

"Even money she goes over the top!" yelled a comedian. "Even money she touches that light on top of the derrick!"

Had there been any takers, the comedian would have won. But there was no time for bets. Things began to happen. The column of oil roared higher, hesitated, rose again. It touched the light bulb. But more than oil touched that bulb. Tiny grains of sand, shooting skyward like a thousand bullets, touched the light through the screen that protected it. The light popped out. Another light took its place. The light of fire at the tip of a column of oil.

It started downward. The tip of flame, in an instant, became a sheet of flame. A geyser of oil was turning into a wall of fire. Terror and a breathless silence gripped the spectators. Then one voice rose in a scream: "Keep grinding, you guys! Reload your cameras as fast as you can!"

But Theo, under the work-shed roof, saw only the oil gushing out of her well in those first few seconds. Then she heard a roar. She stepped forward and looked up. The heavens were on fire! A flaming meteor was screaming out of the sky on top of her.

She tried to run, but something happened to her high heels.

There was a stabbing pain in her ankle, and her head hit something hard. She lay face upward, and fainted with the roar of a burning universe in her ears.

The spectators were no longer silent. They screamed and shoved and pushed. Those in back raced forward to watch; the retreating ones met them halfway. It was a mad mêlée. No director present had ever staged a better mob scene.

Tom Welsh ran, too. He straight-armed two juveniles and a supervisor, and reached the edge of the sump hole. The planking of the derrick had caught; bluish flames were skimming over the sump hole. Tom Welsh lifted Theo in his arms like a leading man and carried her to safety.

A screaming voice rose above the din: "Keep 'em in the scene! Pam with 'em, you guys. Pam with 'em!"

THEY brought Theo around in five minutes. She lay on a wicker couch in the beach house, pale and trembling—too excited to feel the pain in her ankle.

Tom Welsh pushed his way through the group around her and knelt by the couch.

"All right?" he asked in an anxious whisper.

She managed a smile, and nodded. "And the well?" she asked.

"It's out." He shook his head sadly. "It—it turned into salt water, and stopped."

Someone was thumping him on the back and yelling. He looked up into the flushed face of Billy McGuire, whose eyes were shining with a fanatical light. "What stuff I got!" Billy was yelling. "What stuff! The newsreels will eat it up."

"Newsreels nothing!" Now Grandpa was beside the couch, dancing around and sucking his pipe and cackling. "Newsreels nothing, young feller! That there stuff is the finish of my story! Blamed if it ain't! I been writin' an oil story. Now ain't it a funny thing I never thought of a fire?"

Theo, weak as she was, sat bolt upright.

"Grandpa," she said solemnly, "you'd better find a car and go home and write it down."

She turned to Billy McGuire.

"Go to the studio tomorrow," she ordered, "and tell them about the stuff you got. Tell them the negative's mine because I paid for all the equipment and the raw stock. Tell them—if they're looking for an epic for me, here's the thrill climax of one already shot. Sound can go in later. They can write any story they want around it, but they've got to buy Grandpa's." She sighed contentedly. "Poor Grandpa! He'll never have another chance like this."

"I get it," grinned Billy. "But how much?"

Theo turned to Tom Welsh. "How much?" she asked.

"Eh?"

"How much to repair the well?"

Tom Welsh figured rapidly. "The cable's ruined. Machinery slightly damaged. Same for derrick. We'll have to re-cement. Twenty thousand will do it."

"Twenty thousand," Theo repeated to Billy McGuire, "and another five for Grandpa—even if they throw his story away."

"A cinch," cried Billy. He paused at the door, and his worried expression returned. "I get screen credit as director!" he shouted. His voice came back from the hall, telling someone what stuff he got.

TOM WELSH rode beside Theo in the maroon sedan. Her injured ankle rested on a pile of cushions, and her head lay back against the smooth upholstery. She rested lightly against Tom Welsh, who was turned sidewise so that he could see her.

"I just thought of something," he said suddenly.

She regarded him from beneath half-closed eyes.

"Yes?" she asked softly.

"You can't make a movie out of that rescue," he said. "I'm in those scenes."

"Well?" she asked again.

"Well, I'm not a movie actor."

"Wouldn't you like to be?" she asked gently. "You're really romantic enough to be a leading man."

He laughed nervously. "Me? A movie actor?" He thought a moment. He had seen Theo's love scenes. "I might not be so bad at that," he said. "But, say—if that gang in Texas ever found out that I—I—well, I never could go back."

She leaned just slightly closer. "Well, suppose you didn't?" she murmured.

You know, from your movies, how irresistible she can be. You can imagine her there, her head thrown back. The hair severely off her white forehead. Her eyes pleading beneath drooped lids. You know what a woman of the world she is. You mustn't blame Tom Welsh. He went down to defeat like a good Texan.

"That's so," he murmured, with a tremor in his deep voice. "Suppose I didn't!"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Why birds and fish migrate and how they maintain their sense of direction remain today among the most baffling problems of science.

New York's new "Radio City," which is to be the world's greatest entertainment center, will use—directly and indirectly—the services of about 56,000 persons during the peak period of its construction.—*By C. F. Wieler, New Haven, Conn.*

The press of America has 300 foreign correspondents writing news about 600,000,000 Europeans. Hollywood has 300 persons writing publicity about its 150 movie stars.

When a Chinese youth reaches his maturity, his mamma makes him a nice suit of "death clothes" and he—as a good, dutiful son—buys his honorable papa a choice coffin.

The Koran forbids the portrayal of the human form in all Mohammedan art and decoration.

More men than women are broadcasting in this country today because the majority of radio listeners prefer their speaking and singing voices to those of women. Why? Because the old microphone is queer. It is not "kind" to the average woman's voice.

The reasons for being tattooed have been disclosed in a survey made among 930 indelibly inked ladies and gentlemen: 36 per cent said they had it done because their friends were tattooed, 20 per cent because they wanted a reminder of some event, 20 per cent because they wanted to look "ritzy" and 19 per cent because they wanted to kill time. The other 5 per cent could not give any good reason.

The average man reaches his maximum weight of 140 pounds at 40 years of age, while the average woman does not reach her maximum of 124 pounds until she is 50 years of age.—*By L. Cross, Tranquille, British Columbia.*

The Peruvian government has just issued a decree which prohibits all agricultural, industrial and commercial enterprises from discharging, or even reducing the wages of, manual laborers.

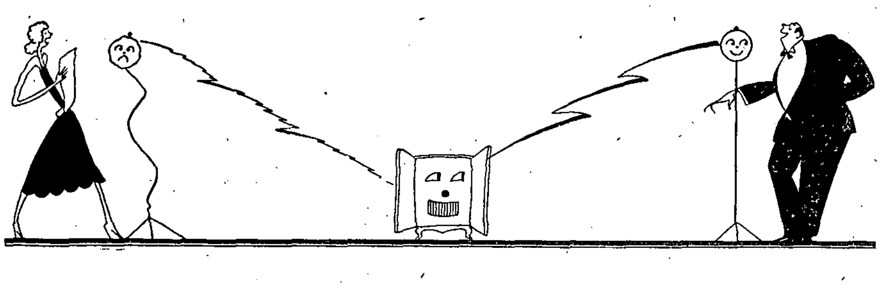
In the United States, 1 out of 5 persons murdered is a woman. In England, 2 out of 3 are women. This is due to the fact that our murders usually have mercenary motives. Theirs are usually crimes of passion.

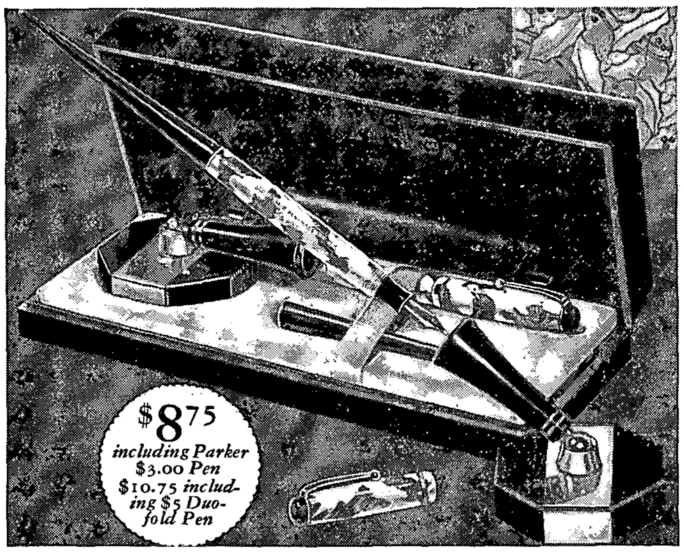
The second largest selling book in the United States today is the Handbook for Boys which is published by the Boy Scouts of America. More than 4,493,000 copies have been sold since its first edition in 1910.—*By A. M. Gruhl, Racine, Wis.*

On St. Joseph's Island off Guiana, where France imprisons her worst criminals, the convicts who are locked in the pitch-black solitary-confinement cells are let out in the daylight for an hour every 10 days so that they will not go blind.

The world's most threatened and closely guarded monarch today is Ahmed Zogu, the King of Albania. During his reign, his reforms and methods have created so many enemies that they not only have shot at him 10 times, but more than 2,000 members of vendettas have taken oaths to kill him.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





A *Thrift-time* Christmas Creation

BY PARKER

Pocket-Desk Pen Travel Set *in Permanent Bakelite Case*

No one ever received this gift before—a beautiful new Parker Fountain Pen Desk Set in a permanent Bakelite Travel Case. A gifted jewelry designer created this ensemble including a small octagonal ebony pen stand with golden bands.

The Pen is one of Parker's newest styles, for Pocket and Desk use both. Attach the tapered end, and it's a Desk Pen. Attach the cap and clip, and it's a Pocket model. Five seconds makes the change. And these fittings come in the set without extra charge.

You are asked as much for pens of some makes as Parker asks for this entire set.

The number of these exclusive Travel Sets is limited, so see them at your dealer's before they are gone.

Send your address and sample handwriting, and we'll tell you which point will most improve your penmanship; also where you can try it. Address Dept. C-3, The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

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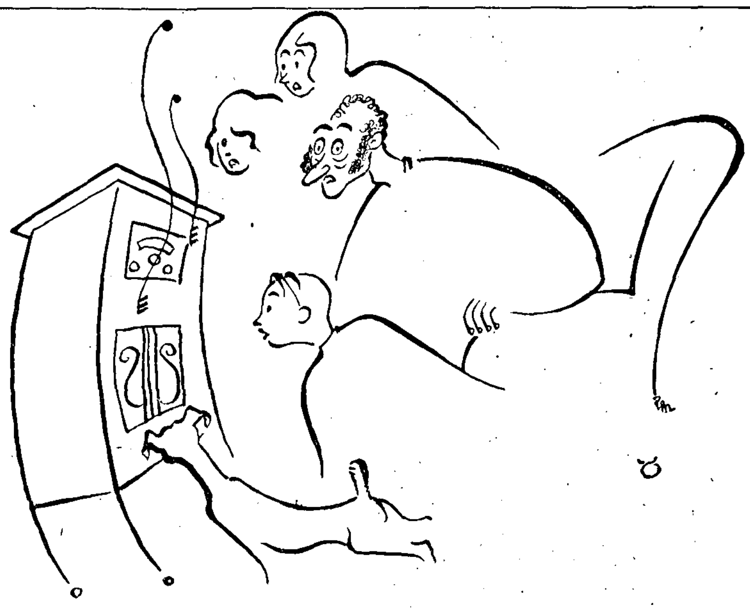

CAPTAINS, actors, kings and clowns, sobs and laughs and smiles and frowns. On the air tall tales are told to tempt the ear of young and old. Sunday nights from Collier's pages—entertainment for all ages.

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Boston	WBZ	Kansas City, Kan.	WREN	Salt Lake City	KSL
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Cincinnati	WLW	New York	WJZ	Seattle	KOMO
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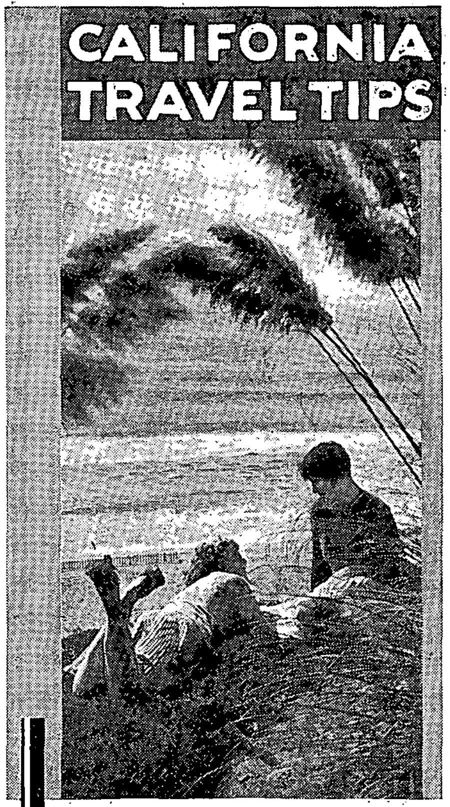
Every Sunday Evening

CALIFORNIA TRAVEL TIPS



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The White Buck

Continued from page 28

movies tonight, Hartley," she said to him.

"I changed my mind. Jennie had a date with Roly Webb."

"Oh!" said Helen. She put down her book and folded her hands in her lap. "That hurts, doesn't it, Hartley?"

He gave a little start. Then, flinging his cap across the kitchen, he came and sat down in a chair at the end of the table, facing her.

"Ey-ah," he said. "It hurts."

"You can talk to me, if you think it'll help."

He did not look at her. His long fingers drummed the table.

"Well," he said, "I'm a-goin' down East gunnin' this year. I decided tonight. I—I told Jennie I'd bring her home the white buck."

"The white buck?"

"Ey-ah. The one they're always talkin' about. John Jer'miah and his crowd been gunnin' for that buck the past three years, and I promised I'd get it for her."

"I SEE," said Helen. "I see. But wasn't that a rash promise?"

"I know 'twas. But Roly Webb was there, and he made me mad. Said I didn't have no courage to go gunnin'."

"Hartley!"

"What is it?"

"You're not going down East because you want to. You don't enjoy killing things. You've told me so a dozen times. You're *going* because *you can't stand* it to have Jennie think you're different from Roly Webb and the others."

He got up quickly; stood gripping the table.

"Well, I'm a-goin'," he said. "And there ain't no need to lug Jennie's name into it!"

"Why not? You love her, don't you?"

"Ey-ah!" he said. "I do!"

They looked at each other. Her eyes were brown and bright and still, like pools with gravelly bottoms when the sun is on them.

"I wish you didn't," she said. "I don't like her. I think she's shiftless and shallow and mean. She's so pretty you don't see it, and I don't blame you. But it's true."

"You hadn't ought to talk about her like that! You—"

"I know it. You can hate me if you want to, or you can think I'm jealous. Maybe I am. Because I like you a whole lot, Hartley. I guess I love you a little. I'd rather tell you that straight out than have you wonder about it," added the girl who, he had always told himself, was the same as his sister. *"She's no kin to you really!"*

"Helen!"

"Now you know it. And you—please don't look at me like that, Hartley! I can't help it, and I—it hasn't been so easy for me, living here in the same house with you and cooking for you and taking care of your clothes and—!" Her voice broke suddenly; and as suddenly her self-control, her inner calm, was broken. She put her head down on her folded arms and cried on the table.

He was startled and a bit frightened. It was as if a part of the old house had come tumbling down about his feet.

"Don't," he begged. "Helen, don't—!"

"Go to bed, Hartley!"

He put out his hand as though to touch her head. But he withdrew it as quickly. Turning, he hurried from the kitchen and, going upstairs, flung himself down on the bed in his room. What a grief and tangle it all was! Jennie and Helen and the white buck and Roly Webb! . . .

Creeping downstairs in the chill dark of the November morning, Hartley built up the fire in the kitchen stove and made himself a cup of coffee. John Jer'miah and the others would be along soon, shouting and honking their horns. They were leaving at dawn, and would stop by for him. He had said good-by to his family the night before.

"Hartley!"

He turned, spilling the coffee from the cup he held in his hand. There was a gray light at the windows, the ghost of day was in the room and through its unearthly shine came Helen in a dark wrapper with her long hair down her back. Her bare feet in soft moccasins made no sound. She had something black in her hands.

"Helen! What you doin' up this time o' day?"

"I wanted to give you this. I was afraid maybe you wouldn't think to take it."

She put into his hands the camera that for years had been both his tool and his treasure. He stood holding it for a moment, looking down at it and thinking with a sudden pang of all the loveliness he had captured with it. Then he slipped it into the pocket of his mackinaw.

"Thanks. Don't know as I'd have thought of it."

"You'll want to take some pictures of your trip."

"Ey-ah, I guess so," he said.

The fall of her hair was confusing; she was not the girl he had known, but a different girl, at once childlike and mature, who stood strangely revealed to him in the early morning twilight. He saw under the loose wrapper the contours of her slender body. He saw the pale triangle of her throat pointing into the little hollow between her breasts. And slowly, without willing it, his own body drew toward hers, his arms went around her and his head was against her shoulder. He could feel the throbbing pulse in her heart.

"Hartley! Good-by, Hartley!" she said.

He lifted his head and kissed her on the lips.

"Good-by, Helen."

Outside the house the sound of an automobile horn blasted the stillness of the dawn. The hunters were waiting for him . . .

AT THE end of the first week of hunting every man except Hartley and Lester Barrow had got his deer. Some had got two: the limit.

Hartley had seen two deer, but had fired at neither of them. He had not got buck fever. It was simply that he could not bring himself to attempt a kill. Besides, he still dreamed of the white buck.

It was a fading dream. How to find, he thought in his more realistic moments, that rare and ghostlike animal in this wide waste of swale and stream and long tangled slope up which one climbed to discover only a continuing wilderness?

On the final day it snowed; and as Hartley reached the crest of a beech ridge some four miles from camp, he came upon the tracks of a deer. The tracks were plain in the snow, and he followed them without hope or expectation. At noon he stopped to eat his lunch.

He was sitting on the prone trunk of a blow-down, finishing his sandwiches, when he noticed a peculiar wisp of white on the branch of a barberry bush near by. It wasn't snow. Snow doesn't come shredded, in single hairs.

Hairs!

He got up, slowly, and examined the bush. His heart began to pound. The wisp of white was undoubted evidence that the white buck had passed that way.

The white buck, whose head he had promised to bring home to Jennie Goss! The white buck of local legend, whom all the gunners of Manasquot desired, and had seen for the past three seasons in their dreams! He was on the trail of the white buck! He, Hartley Byefield—!

He grabbed his rifle and started forward along the ridge. It dipped down sharply toward a swamp. He descended the slope and, moving with inspired caution, worked his way through a clump of alders. Quietly he came to the edge of a tiny lake, a clear pool fed by hidden springs. And in the center of the pool, fetlock-deep in the silver water, stood the white buck, drinking.

Oh, beautiful and beautiful! Oh, rare and wonderful and glorious living sight! Oh, world, oh, God, that could produce such a shining virile shape, such a sound, sweet earthly creature!

Instinctively, Hartley realized his heaven-sent opportunity. There was no breeze to carry his scent to the deer. He was unseen and unsuspected.

His rifle was in his hand. Death for the deer was in his hand. Death, if he chose, for the beauty in the pool, and in the pocket of his mackinaw the camera that Helen had given him, thinking he might want to take pictures of his trip.

THERE are times, moments, when one's actions have the smoothness and the precision of a finely adjusted piece of mechanism. Mechanically, Hartley acted. Putting down his rifle in the snow he took the camera from his pocket. There was a joy in his familiarity with the thing he was doing. There was a calm and healing joy in his whole body.

He opened the camera, focussed it, and with a steady finger pressed the trigger of his friendly weapon.

The click of the shutter was distinct in the forest stillness. At the unusual sound, the deer flung up his head. For an instant Hartley found himself looking directly into those great shining brown eyes. Then, with a mighty snort, the white buck bounded from the pool. Through the alders and up the beech ridge he went wildly springing, his great antlers laid back against his shoulders and his lithe body curving in miraculous parabolas. A last leap against the sky, and he was gone.

Hartley stood up and shouted:

"I got ye, boy! I got ye!"

In the distance beyond the ridge a rifle cracked once, twice, three times. He heard the three shots hammering out echoes among the hills, and he sickened. His knees went weak and his heart seemed to turn over. Then, with a curse, he shoved the camera into his pocket, grabbed up his rifle and ran in the direction of the shots.

He ran, he plunged forward desperately through the tangled growth; he fell and got up and fought his way in a blind fury to the top of the ridge. And there, in a clearing just over the crest, he saw Roly Webb kneeling, with a knife in his hand, beside the body of the white buck.

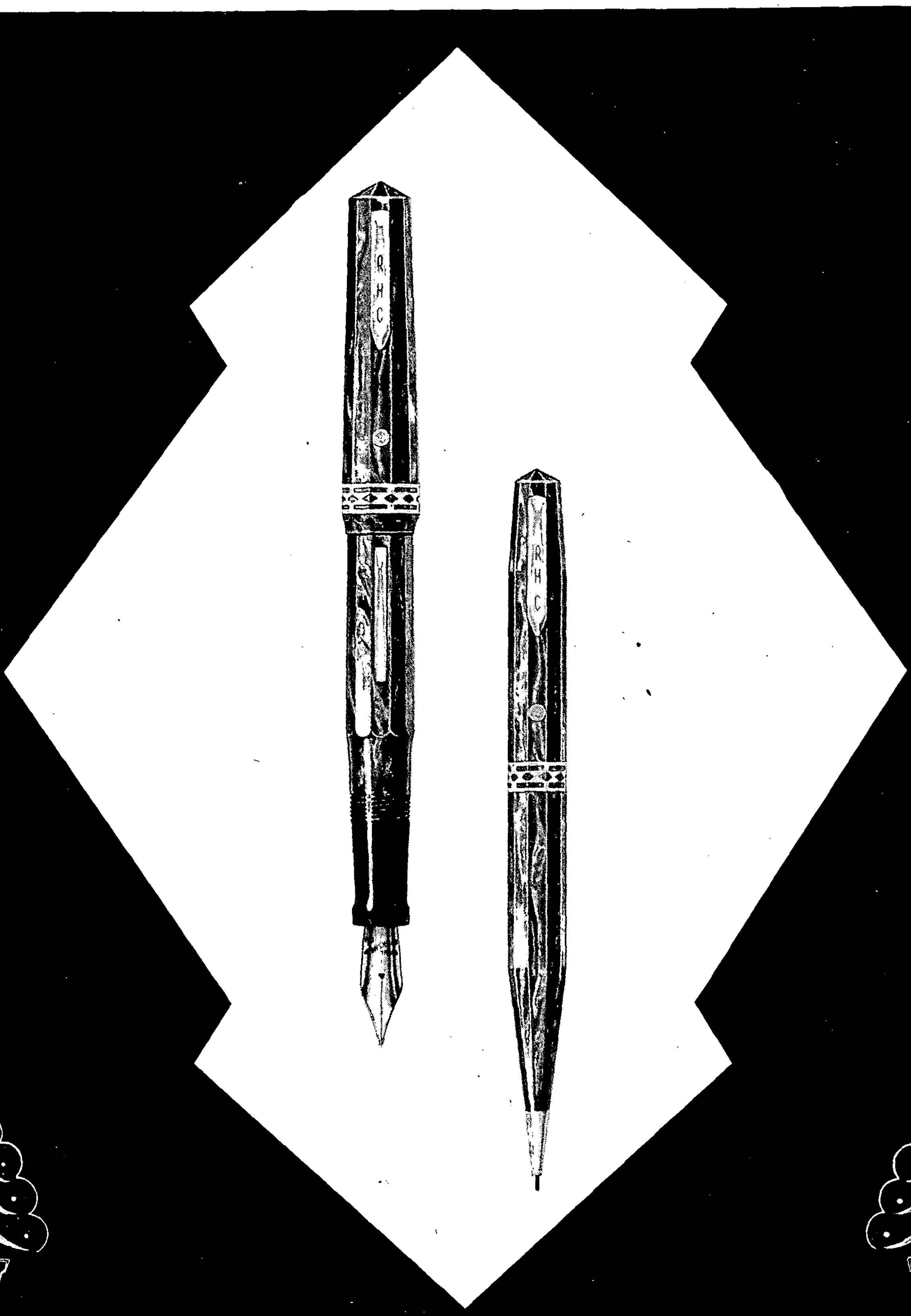
"You've killed him," said Hartley.

Roly started and looked up; then grinned widely. Here was a triumph sweeter than he had anticipated.

"Oh!" he said. "How a' ye! Got here a mite late, didn't ye? The white buck's mine!"

"You've killed him!"

(Continued on page 61)



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"SPINACH—BAH! BRING ME CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE!"

If it's food I eat it now ..thanks to TUMS

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Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) suffers frequent indigestion. Hasty eating, wrong food combinations and nervous strain are common causes. Many people say they cannot eat the very foods they like best—such as hot biscuits, mince pie, coffee—dressing and gravy—onions and radishes—cabbage—cucumbers—without getting a sour, burning sensation or a nauseating gassy fullness. Excessive smoking very often causes the same troubles.

But now there is automatic, pleasant, almost instant relief. When some favorite food distresses you, simply eat three or four Tums after meals—often one is enough. You'll like Tums. They are so much more agreeable, safe and handy than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations. Carry a roll in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

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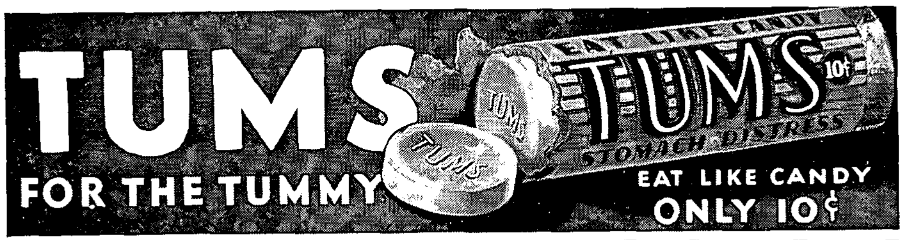


P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

"Why, Baldy, have you forgotten our bridge date?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 4
H. 10-6-4-2
D. K-9-8
C. Q-J-6-5-3

West
S. K-9-8-6-3
H. Q-9-7
D. J-10-5
C. 7-2

East
S. A-10-2
H. K-8-3
D. 7-4-3-2
C. A-8-4

South (Dealer)
S. Q-J-7-5
H. A-J-5
D. A-Q-6
C. K-10-9

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, an Auction Bridge South would bid one No Trump and there would be no excuse for any other bid. North might feel inclined to bid two Clubs on account of his worthless singleton in Spades; but the hand has sufficient No Trump assistance in three suits to make it unwise to display a danger signal.

The hand was played at Contract Bridge and many of the North and South pairs fell by the wayside when South started too timidly with a bid of one No Trump. In every such case North passed or called two Clubs and in the latter case the result, as a rule, was that North came to grief trying to make a game contract of five Clubs; in the former case South played a non-game No Trump bid although his cards would produce three-odd at that declaration. At one table after South's one No Trump and North's two Clubs, South bid three No Trumps; and at another, after North's two Clubs and South's two No Trumps, North bid three No Trumps.

South's proper initial bid was two No Trumps. He had every suit stopped, an ideal No Trump distribution and a count of 17; so there was little excuse for the timidity which caused some players to start with only one No Trump; nor was there any excuse, when South bid two No Trumps, for North to make any declaration other than three No Trumps. He had the requisite count of 6 and his singleton should not have deterred him from assisting.

Some of the Souths, after they had assumed the contract of three No Trumps, wished that they had not bid so perfectly. West's opening lead was the Six of Spades which East won with the Ace, returning the Ten. The majority of the Declarers then made the serious error of playing either the Queen or Jack; which enabled West, by playing the Trey, to establish his suit—provided a third round should be led by East—and to take four Spade tricks in all when East again obtained the lead. Of course West might have won with the Spade King and established the suit by leading his Nine; but then he would have had to rely upon entering with his Queen of Hearts, and that could not be depended upon to be a quick entry, despite the fact that there was no way for dummy to capture it.

The Declarer had no chance to make a No Trump game unless he established the Club suit; and when the second trick was won by a Spade honor in the South hand, it was necessary to lead Clubs, although the development of the play seemed to mark the Ace of Clubs in the East hand (had West held it, he probably would have won trick 2). Declarer, with one Spade trick, could be sure of winning one Heart and three Diamonds; but he must cash four Club tricks and to give him game they must be secured before the adversaries took four Spades and the Ace of Clubs. Of course South's Club lead was won by East, who led a third round of Spades, East and West saving game by taking four Spade tricks in addition to their Club Ace.

Some of the Souths did not play so superficially and, grasping the point of the hand when East returned the Spade Ten at trick 2, ducked instead of covering (a play that must insure game if East has the Ace of Clubs). West in that case did not cover either, but the third Spade round exhausted East and left him without a Spade to lead when he got in with his Club Ace. West cleared his Spades by taking out South's last honor, and East won with his Club Ace; but after that nothing could keep Declarer from making game by adding to his one Spade a Heart, three Diamonds and four Clubs.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-J-7-4
H. 8-6-3-2
D. 5-4-2
C. A-9

East
S. 10-5
H. J-5-4
D. 10-9-8
C. 8-7-6-3-2

West
S. 9
H. A-K-Q-9
D. K-J-6-3
C. Q-J-5-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-8-6-3-2
H. 10-7
D. A-Q-7
C. K-10

The White Buck

Continued from page 58

"Sure! He's mine, boy! I'm a-goin' to take his head home to Jennie. It'll look handsome over her mantel."

"Put down that knife," said Hartley. "You damn' murderer!"

Roly Webb roared with laughter.

"Murderer? That's a good 'un! Wait till I tell that in camp tonight!"

"Put down that knife!"

"Don't cal'late I will, till I've got through cleanin' my deer."

Hartley had his rifle in his hand. He placed it carefully against a tree. Then as carefully he took off his coat, folded it, and laid it on the ground.

"You'll have a-plenty to tell in camp tonight," he said, "when I git through with you, you loud-mouthed lump o' hog's fat!"

"Hartley! What's the matter with you?"

"I'm a-goin' to lick you, Roly. I've wanted to for a long time, and now I cal'late to do it. So quit butcherin' that deer, and come on! 'Tain't no four-legged fearful animal you've got to do with now!"

Roly got up from his knees. The knife dropped from his hand. He said nothing. All the bluster had gone out of him. Warily, and with a disturbing sense of wonder, he watched Hartley advancing toward him across the clearing.

There was no wind in the forest. It was wild and lonely and still. And suddenly Roly knew what the white deer had known when the bullet split his heart. The shock, the dark discovery of forces strange and stronger than his own. He clenched his hands and braced his thick body for the attack. What had happened to the sun? There was in all the world no light but that in Hartley's blazing eyes. . . .

Dusk had fallen when at last Hartley walked into camp. His face was blood-streaked. His lips were cut and swollen. His right hand was blue. He was smiling.

"Well, there!" exclaimed John Jer'miah, when he saw the boy. "What kind o' godless grief you been gettin' into, young feller?"

Hartley looked at the older man and laughed. It was a queer laugh.

"John Jer'miah," he said, "I just come down from the mountain. Roly Webb's up there. He's killed the white buck, and I've damn' nigh killed him. You best take a search party and go get 'em both."

ONE night almost two weeks later Hartley Byefield drove up to the Seaview Hotel, in Manasquot, in his car. He got out of the car, took from the front seat a flat package tied with string, and went toward the house. He lifted his hand twice before he knocked on the door.

It opened, and Jennie Goss stood shimmering before him. Her welcome was high and shrill.

"Why, Hartley! Come right in! I ain't laid eyes on you since you got back from your trip Down East!"

"I been sick abed. Caught cold comin' out o' the woods."

"Oh! And I never knew a thing about it! I'm real sorry."

"'Twa'n't nothin'. Helen looked after me."

"I bet she was glad o' the chance," said Jennie; and tried to soften the stab with a giggle.

"Don't know about that," said Hartley.

"Well, come in. Roly's here. I want you to see what he brought me."

For a moment Hartley hesitated. He had no wish to face what he knew he would find in the parlor. But Jennie put her hand on his arm (why did he know, then, she was his for the asking?) and he went with her into the room where Roly Webb was standing.

"'Lo, Roly."

"'Lo. How a' ye, Hartley?"

"I'm all right," said Hartley.

"Oh, but look!" cried Jennie, still clinging to Hartley's arm. "Just see what I got from Roly!"

Hartley did not have to raise his eyes to see the white buck's head mounted and hung over the mantel. He saw it as he had seen it that afternoon in the woods, held high and proud against the dark mass of alders. . . . No, not the head alone, but the whole living body that only he had captured. . . .

"Ain't you got a present for me, Hartley?"

He did not answer her. He was thinking of the head of a white arrow in flight. . . .

"What's the package you got under your arm?"

"That? Oh, that ain't nothin'. It's just a photograph I'm a-goin' to deliver to—to someone."

"Ain't it for me, Hartley?"

HE LOOKED down at her. He looked into her eyes, and again he knew with a definite knowledge that she was his woman if he wanted her. She had not changed. It was he who was different. He had been weak, because he had been uncertain of himself. Now he was strong, and she felt it.

Jennie never knew why he laughed just then.

"No," he said to her. "This ain't for you. And now that I've seen what Roly brought you, I cal'late there ain't nothin' for you to do but to marry him."

Having said his say, Hartley found it surprisingly simple to turn and walk out of the room. It was a relief, and more than a relief, to walk fast to his car, climb into it and drive home.

He found Helen in the kitchen, drying the last of the supper dishes. He walked up behind her, took her by the shoulders and turned her around. It did not seem a strange or a sudden thing to do.

"I got somethin' to show you," he said. "I ain't said nothin' about it till now 'cause I wa'n't sure how 'twould turn out. But now I want you to see it."

"What is it, Hartley?"

"It's the enlargement of a picture I took down East."

He unwrapped the photograph and handed it to her. She went to the table and looked at it under the light. Her brown head was bent low over the lamp.

"Oh!" she said. "How beautiful!"

"Ey-ah."

"Hartley! I know—I think I know—!"

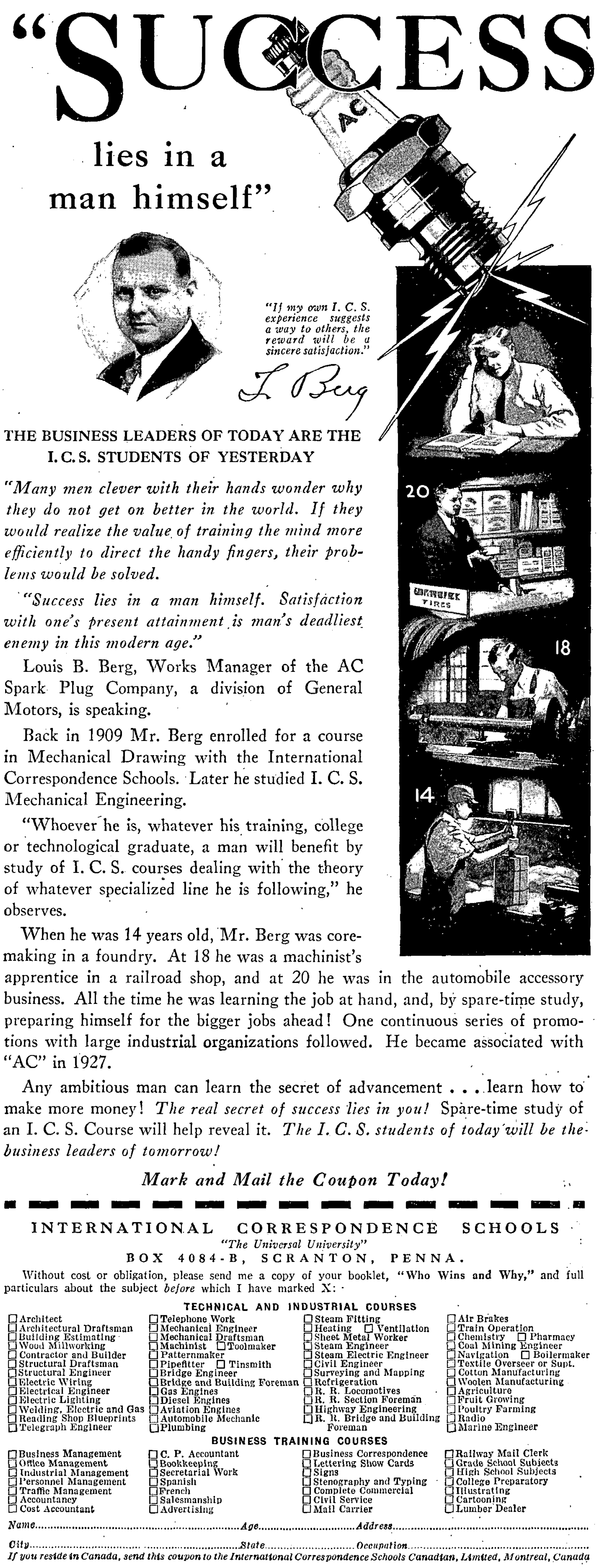
"Ey-ah," he said. "You know. You're the only one that does."

"How beautiful," she said again; and moved the photograph across the table so that her tears would not fall upon it.

He put his arm around her and laid his cheek against the brightness of her hair.

JENNIE GOSS is married now to Roland Webb. They have a bungalow on Manasquot Heights, and over the mantel of their yellow brick fireplace hangs the white buck's head. But the whole village knows that above the mantel in the old Byefield home there hangs a photograph of the white buck himself, in toto; and there is great doubt, and endless discussion, as to which is the more valuable possession.

There is no doubt in Hartley's mind, nor in the mind of Helen, his wife.



"SUCCESS lies in a man himself"

"If my own I. C. S. experience suggests a way to others, the reward will be a sincere satisfaction."

L Berg

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Louis B. Berg, Works Manager of the AC Spark Plug Company, a division of General Motors, is speaking.

Back in 1909 Mr. Berg enrolled for a course in Mechanical Drawing with the International Correspondence Schools. Later he studied I. C. S. Mechanical Engineering.

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When he was 14 years old, Mr. Berg was core-making in a foundry. At 18 he was a machinist's apprentice in a railroad shop, and at 20 he was in the automobile accessory business. All the time he was learning the job at hand, and, by spare-time study, preparing himself for the bigger jobs ahead! One continuous series of promotions with large industrial organizations followed. He became associated with "AC" in 1927.

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AFTER two years of depression we had a panic. That passed as swiftly as it came and now we are convalescent and on the road to recovery.

Prophecy is still a cheap and dangerous commodity but there can be little doubt of the high importance of the recent changes for the better.

In a very real sense our latest difficulties have been psychological. In September what was bad became worse because millions of people were frightened. Even a stampede of wild horses has to stop somewhere, however, and we, too, settled down and began to use our minds instead of our fears. Almost instantly affairs were actually better.

The fundamental improvement is the increased price level of such basic commodities as wheat, cotton, oil and silver. The rise in agricultural prices not only enlarged the actual buying power of a considerable section of the American people but also gave hope and courage to a vaster throng not immediately benefited.

No prophet is needed to foresee better times ahead if we use even a minimum of intelligence in the management of our affairs.

As much as upon any other group responsibility for our continued recovery rests upon bankers. When, after Great Britain went off the gold standard, depositors began to withdraw their money and to hoard gold, the banks were hardest hit. Many were destroyed by fear.

Having been the victims of fear, bankers should know the dangers of excessive prudence. Least of all should banks refuse credit where credit is reasonably due. Credit and prices are inseparably connected. Prosperity must be underwritten by intelligent banking.

Everybody, including Eugene Meyer, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, now admits that the Federal Reserve System can be improved. Legislation affecting the Reserve System will be introduced in this session of Congress.

Whatever changes are made, the economic, not the political, control of the Reserve Board should be strengthened. The Reserve Board did not check the great bull market in stocks in 1927 and 1928. Warnings were issued, but either the Board lacked the power or was unwilling to use its resources to put on the brakes.

At any rate the Federal Reserve System is up for scrutiny. The Reserve Board is the best existing agency to exercise the control which Senator La Follette and others have proposed to give to a national economic council.

No economic board or council, however, can operate successfully if it is subject to political control. The temptation not to interfere in a speculative orgy is greater than a politician, looking for votes, can be expected to resist.

Even so conservative a President as Calvin Coolidge would have found it immensely difficult to try to halt such a rise in prices as occurred during 1927 and 1928. A man of less definite judgment would be paralyzed with fear of the political consequences of a policy which halted speculation when all the world seemed bent upon gambling in securities.

It is vital, therefore, in whatever changes are made, to remove the decisions of the Reserve Board or of a possible national economic council even further from political control. The business health of the nation is too important to be made a pawn in any man's game of politics no matter how eminent he may be.

How large a part our stock speculations played in precipitating the world depression, and how much we were the victims of unsettled conditions in other lands are issues which history will make clear.

It is, however, absolutely certain now that full recovery depends upon the restoration of other nations which owe us money and with whom we would like to continue to do business.

For this reason, the sooner the unavoidable issue of German reparations and international debts is faced and settled as finally as possible, the better for all concerned. Political timidity in Congress shies away from making important decisions on the eve of a Presidential campaign. Still nobody is going to be elected next year on a platform of hesitation and cowardice. The best politics this season will be based on courage and discerning leadership.

Moreover, we are in no position to refuse to discuss with other peoples the lowering of the existing barriers to international trade. Among its other consequences the last tariff act lessened the buying power of many importing countries. Our sugar schedules prostrated Cuba. American manufacturers were compelled to establish foreign branch factories because of new tariffs imposed on American goods. A world economic conference to consider reciprocity on tariff regulations might well prove to be of enormous benefit to us.

We are convalescent after a long illness. Health is ahead. Economic health, like physical well-being, doesn't just happen in our complicated modern world. Prosperity is worth thought and intelligent protection.

As the skies become lighter, however, we must also remember that prosperity does not emerge full grown. Conditions improve here and there. One industry shoots forward while another lags. Despite rising commodity prices and high hopes, many will still remain unemployed and helpless.

Let's see that none suffer the pangs of hunger, that none are without adequate clothing and shelter during this winter.

And as the depression vanishes let's be very certain that before the wheel again turns downward we shall have made rational preparations to provide an assurance of safety and of decent support for those willing and competent workers who through no fault of their own are not needed at their familiar tasks.

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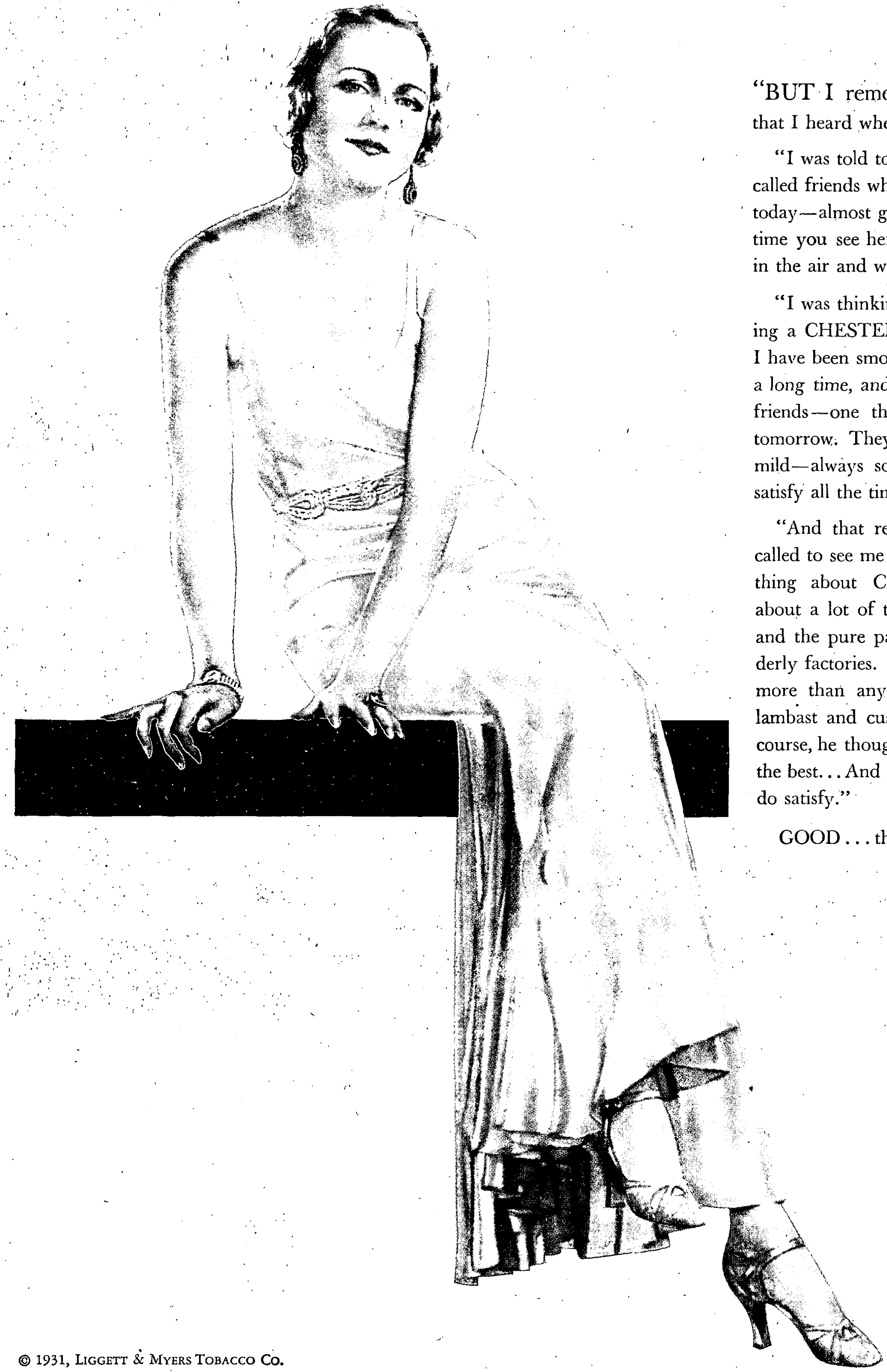

"BUT I remember some of the things that I heard when I was younger.

"I was told to watch out for one of those so-called friends who is so mighty glad to see you today—almost going to hug you; and the next time you see her, is holding her head high up in the air and won't even speak to you.

"I was thinking about this while I was enjoying a CHESTERFIELD cigarette. You know, I have been smoking CHESTERFIELDS quite a long time, and they are not like some of our friends—one thing today and another thing tomorrow. They are *always* the same—always mild—always so pleasing in taste. They just satisfy all the time.

"And that reminds me of a salesman who called to see me the other day to tell me something about CHESTERFIELD. He talked about a lot of things, about the pure tobacco and the pure paper and about the clean, orderly factories. But the thing that pleased me more than anything else was that he didn't lambast and cuss out any other cigarette. Of course, he thought that CHESTERFIELD was the best... And I rather agree with him. They do satisfy."

GOOD . . . they've got to be good!

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